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EMINENT ETONIANS.

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT ETONIANS:

WITH

NOTICES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF ETON COLLEGE.

BY

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DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR,

TO

THE REV. EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY, D.D.,

HEAD MASTER OF ETON.

IN

ADMIRATION OF HIS ZEALOUS AND ABLE DISCHARGE OF

A HIGH NATIONAL DUTY.

PREFACE.

I HAVE endeavoured to prepare and collect in this volume a series of memoirs of the most eminent men who have been connected with Eton, by education or office, during the four centuries that have elapsed since the foundation of the College to the present time.

The project is one which Rawlinson and many others have, in the course of the last eighty years, undertaken and announced, but it has never before been completed.

It is, indeed, more difficult than it would appear at first sight. The "Alumni Etonenses" of Harwood, the "Registrum Regale" of the Rev. G. H. Dupuis, and Allen's Manuscripts, which are preserved in Eton College Library, make it easy to ascertain all the eminent Etonians who have been educated on the foundation, and who afterwards became members of the sister foundation of King's College, Cambridge.

From the same works, especially from the "Registrum," the names of all the Provosts and Fellows of Eton may be learned, with brief but useful epitomes of their lives. But there are no similar catalogues of the Oppidans,—that is to say, of the great majority of those who have been educated at Eton for the last three centuries; nor do the works to which I have referred, at all notice the students on the foundation, who, by being superannuated, or other causes, did not succeed to scholarships at King's.

After collecting and arranging the information which I obtained from these sources, and adding the names of the great men who are familiarly known to have been Etonians, such as Wotton, Waller, Walpole, Gray, Porson, Canning, &c., I found it necessary to examine a very large number of biographical collections, such as "Johnson's Lives of the Poets;" the "Biographia Britannica;" Chambers's, Gorton's, and Cunningham's Biographical Dictionaries; the "Biographie Universelle;" several Cyclopædias, and many more works of various kinds, in order to collect the names of those, whose eminence in life is well known, but whose Eton education is not equally notorious.

I have also largely (and, I fear, wearisomely) availed myself of the kindness of my Eton friends in making researches on the subject.

All this was preliminary to the composition of the Memoirs themselves.

I fear that, notwithstanding the labour which I have employed, and the valuable information which has been supplied to me by others, the following enumeration of our "Heroes Etonenses" is not free from omissions. I fear this especially with regard to the Eton Prelates of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

In a work which I published a few years ago, I investigated, and fully discussed, the details of the education, discipline, &c., that have existed, and now exist, at Eton. The same work contained a brief historical account of the foundation of the College, and of its early fortunes. I have incorporated in this volume some of the archæological information which I then compiled; but I have not felt it necessary in these pages to re-write the modern history of Eton,—to describe the present condition and system of the school.

I beg to take this opportunity of thanking the numerous friends who have kindly aided me in the preparation of this work. I wish more particularly to express my gratitude to the Rev. Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D., Head Master of Eton; to the Rev. G. R. Green, one of the Fellows of Eton;

to the Rev. W. G. Cookesley, one of the Assistant Masters; to Spencer Walpole, Esq., M.P.; to Dr. R. G. Latham, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and to W. Wakeford Attree, Esq., Barrister-at-law. I also beg to tender my respectful thanks to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, for their permission to avail myself of the manuscripts and other sources of information which are preserved in the College Library.

2, Mitre Court Chambers, Temple,
May 25*th*, 1850.

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EMINENT ETONIANS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The Founder—The Original Charter—State of Learning in England—The first Buildings—The Charter, Statutes, and College Arms—First Members of the College take Possession—Life of King Henry the Sixth—William Waynflete—Archbishop Rotherham—Bishop West, Judge Conyngsby, &c.—Collegers and Oppidans—Master Paston at Eton—His Latin Verses, and his Letter to his Brother—Eton's Peril under Edward the Fourth—Saved by Provost Westbury—Was Henry the Seventh an Etonian?

FEW periods of English history are so little inviting to a thoughtless reader as the reign of King Henry the Sixth. The first portion of it presents to our notice a series of defeats and humiliations abroad; the latter part supplies the confused narrative of a savage civil war at home. Yet, the personal character of the sovereign, whose reign was thus troubled and calamitous, is well deserving the attentive study of all, who esteem goodness more than greatness. And, when wearied with the ever recurring features of the rabble of crowned conquerors who fill so large a space in every historian's pages, the mind may gladly repose in the contemplation of the meek and much-suffering Henry of Windsor. He was the truest Christian gentleman that ever sat upon a throne. His way of life was neither sullied by cruelty, nor polluted by vice, nor debased by meanness. He bore without arrogance, and without repining, the extremes of good and evil fortune. He loved religion, wisdom, and mercy, with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength. He devoted himself earnestly and reverently to the high and princely task of diffusing the blessings of education among those who sometimes were his subjects, but whom he always cherished as his fellow-countrymen and his fellow-Christians.

The fact that Henry the Sixth was the founder of Eton College, is of itself, if carefully considered, sufficient to make his reign an epoch of national interest, not only to Etonians, who gratefully revere the "Piam Memoriam," but to all who bear in mind the influence which this great public school has exercised over the hundreds and thousands of Englishmen, whose education was received within her walls. For four centuries Eton has given this country a bright and unfailing supply of "men duly qualified to serve God in Church and State." She has for four centuries been the nursing mother and the shelter of statesmen, generals, philosophers, poets, orators, judges, and divines; of Προμαχοι in every struggle for intellectual eminence, and in all the nobler conflicts of active life. I may be permitted to hope that the following recapitulation of the most distinguished of those who have received their education, or borne office within her walls, may serve as some slight memorial of honour to Eton. At any rate it will be a mark of one Etonian's grateful recollections.

Our Royal Founder was born on the 6th of December, A.D. 1421. The 6th of December is the Saint's day of St. Nicholas, which was the cause of Henry's dedicating his Colleges to that Saint, as well as to the Blessed Virgin. On the last day of August, 1422, while yet an infant nine months old, he became, by the death of his father Henry the Fifth, King of England; and the death of Charles the Sixth of France, in the October of the next year, gave Henry the Sixth the title of King of France; the greater part of which country was then actually subject to the English dominion. Henry's childhood and early youth were chiefly passed at Windsor Castle, where he had been born. His uncles, during his infancy, held the regencies of England and France, while the personal care and education of the young king were entrusted to his great uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, better known by his subsequent title of Cardinal Beaufort.

The terrific scene which Shakespeare has drawn of the Cardinal's death-bed (though wholly imaginary) has almost inseparably connected his name, in our minds, with the idea of the blackest guilt. But even if we believed the charges brought against him in other respects, we must admit that he fulfilled his duty towards his royal pupil with exemplary fidelity and care. The young king became a ripe and good scholar in all the learning

of the age. With the acquisition of knowledge the love of knowledge increased in him; and the wish soon dawned of extending to others the intellectual benefits of which he was himself a partaker. The old chronicler, Hall, in speaking of the causes which led Henry the Sixth to found Eton College and King's College, Cambridge, says of him, "He was of a most liberal mind, and especially to such as loved good learning; and those whom he saw profiting in any virtuous science, he heartily forwarded and embraced." Still stronger in Henry's mind was the desire of marking his gratitude to God by founding and endowing some place of pious instruction and Christian worship. From "the stately brow of Windsor's height" he had often in boyhood gazed on the rich lowlands at its base, through which the Thames "wanders along its silver winding way." There, northward of the Castle on the opposite bank of the river, the little village of Eton, with its humble parish church, met his eye; and the sounds of devotion must often have been wafted thence at matins and at even-song to the ears of the devout king. It was on this spot that he resolved to found one of his intended Colleges; and no sooner had he taken on himself the government of his kingdom than he prepared to carry that resolution into effect. The first charter of foundation of Eton College was granted by Henry on the 11th of October, in the nineteenth year of his life and reign. The commencement of it deserves translation and perusal for the sake of the light which it throws on the primary objects and on the personal character of the founder:—

"Henry by the Grace of God, King of England and France and Lord of Ireland, to all to whom these Presents may come, Greeting.

"The triumphant Church that reigns on high, whose head is the Eternal Father, and to which hosts of saints minister, while quires of angels sing the glory of its praise, hath appointed as its vicar upon earth the Church militant, which the only-begotten Son of the same God hath so united to himself in the bond of eternal love, that He hath deigned to name her His most beloved Spouse; and in accordance with the dignity of so great a name, He, as a true and most loving Spouse, hath endowed her with gifts of His grace so ample, that she is called and is the mother and the mistress of all who are born again in Christ; and she hath power

as a mother over each of them; and all the faithful honour her with filial obedience as a mother and a ruler. And through this worthy consideration sainted princes in bygone time, and most particularly our progenitors, have so studied always to pay to that same most Holy Church the highest honour and devout veneration, that, besides many other glorious works of their virtues, their royal devotion has founded not only in this our kingdom of England, but also in divers foreign regions, hostels, halls, and other pious places, copiously established in affluence of goods and substance. Wherefore we also, who, as the same King of kings, through whom all kings reign, hath ordained, have now taken into our hands the government of both our kingdoms, have from the very commencement of our riper age, turned it in our mind and diligently considered how, or after what fashion, or by what kingly gift suited to the measure of our devotion, and according to the manner of our ancestors, we could do fitting honour to that our same most Holy Lady and Mother, so that He the great Spouse of the Church should also therein be well pleased. And at length, while we thought these things over with inmost meditation, it has become fixed in our heart to found a College in the parish church of Eton, near Wyndesore, not far from the place of our nativity, in honour and in aidance of that our Mother who is so great and so holy. Being unwilling therefore to extinguish so holy an inspiration of our thought, and desiring with our utmost means to please Him, in whose hand are the hearts of all princes, in order that He may the more graciously lighten our heart, so that we may hereafter direct all our royal actions more perfectly according to His good pleasure, and so fight beneath His banner in the present Church, that after serving the Church on earth, we, aided by His grace, may be thought worthy to triumph happily with the Church that is in heaven, We, by virtue of these presents, and with the consent of all interested therein, do found, erect and establish, to endure in all future time, to the praise, glory and honour of Him who suffered on the cross, to the exaltation of the most glorious Virgin Mary his mother, and to the support of the most Holy Church, His Spouse, as aforesaid, a College to be ruled and governed according to the tenor of these presents, consisting of and of the number of one provost and ten priests, four clerks and six chorister boys, who are to serve daily there in the celebration of divine worship, and of twenty-five poor and indigent

scholars who are to learn grammar[1]; and also of twenty-five poor and infirm men, whose duty it shall be to pray there continually for our health and welfare so long as we live, and for our soul when we shall have departed this life, and for the souls of the illustrious Prince, Henry our father, late king of England and France; also of the Lady Katherine of most noble memory, late his wife, our mother; and for the souls of all our ancestors and of all the faithful who are dead: [consisting] also of one master or teacher in grammar whose duty it shall be to instruct in the rudiments of grammar the said indigent scholars and all others whatsoever who may come together from any part of our kingdom of England to the said College, gratuitously and without the exaction of money or any other thing."

It is indeed evident that King Henry had taken active steps towards the realisation of his pious purpose at even an earlier period of his reign, than the date of this Charter. He had before this purchased the advowson of the parish church of Eton, and his procuratory bears date on the 12th of September in his nineteenth year, by which instrument he empowered certain persons to act as his proctors, and to treat in his behalf with the Bishop of Lincoln, respecting the appropriation of the then parish church of Eton to the intended College: it being his design that the chapel of the College should be erected on the site of the old church, and that it should be the parish church of Eton as well as the College chapel.

Attention has justly been drawn to the time of Henry's life when he addressed himself to this great work; and it has been truly observed in honour of Eton College, and its sister foundation King's College, Cambridge, "that they were not erected to atone for former acts of injustice, cruelty, and murder, or the enormities of a licentious and profligate life, which have too often been the principal, if not the sole causes of the erection of religious houses, and the forming collegiate societies. Many of these foundations may be said to have been laid in rapine, in sacrilege, and in blood: and the structures were considered by those who caused them to be erected, as permanent acts of penitence and remorse."[2] But Henry's royal munificence

[1] *Grammatica.* This formed the first part of the Trivium of the Schoolmen, and treated of the ancient languages exclusively.

[2] Ackerman's History of the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, &c., p. 7.

proceeded from the love of good, and not from the fear of ill. "And," as the same historian of our public schools observes, "it is also to the honour of this founder, and his colleges, that when his piety and love of learning had suggested the magnificent designs, the means for ending them were not, as too often happened in similar foundations, obtained from plundering other establishments, nor from the forfeited estates of subjects condemned for treason; of whom there were so many examples, and which he was advised to do, his coffers being by no means in an overflowing state; or from the patrimony of minors, who, as his wards, were at his mercy, but whose rights he protected by his justice: on the contrary, the ample provision he made for the completion of his munificent designs were from his own demesne lands, and the estates of some of the alien priories, which, founded in England, were appropriated to religious houses abroad, and several of them in places which were confederated in active hostilities against him, and, therefore, withdrawn by their own acts and deeds from his protection. These endowments he accordingly assumed, as supreme lord of the land; not, as his rapacious successor, Henry the Eighth, afterwards did, for secular purposes, to say no worse of them; but, on the united principles of justice and humanity, from which he never deviated, he continued them in perpetuity to purposes of the same religious spirit, but far superior utility."

Thus did King Henry the Sixth in the early part of his life and reign, a period which, though saddened by defeat abroad, and troubled by factions at home, was a period of tranquillity compared with the War of the Roses, which soon followed, show that his truly noble ambition was "to enlarge the boundaries of religion and science in the bosom of peace." Nor did he ever abandon this his earliest undertaking. The civil war which soon broke out, and the temporary ruin of the House of Lancaster, prevented him from establishing his Colleges on the full scale of princely grandeur which he had designed. But, "what he was enabled to do, he did well;" and he left Eton and King's so far firmly planted, that they have flourished for four hundred years in efficiency and renown even beyond the most exalted expectations, in which their royal Founder could ever have indulged."

In the passage already translated and quoted from the original charter of Eton, King Henry speaks of the "Hostels, halls, and

other pious places," then existing in England, and "copiously established through the devotion of his royal progenitors in affluence of goods and substance." Numerous places of religious education had already been endowed, both by royal and private founders, in England before Henry's time; but the magnificent foundations of William of Wykeham, at Winchester and Oxford, were the examples which King Henry principally followed. His uncle and tutor, Cardinal Beaufort, had, as Bishop of Winchester, been the Visitor of Winchester College and New College, Oxford; and Beckington, who became Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Lord Chancellor of England, one of Henry's favourite statesmen, had been educated on Wykeham's foundation. Their influence over Henry would naturally lead him to make careful inquiry into the constitution of Winchester and New College, and would predispose him to take William of Wykeham as his chief model; nor could he have selected a nobler one. He resolved, like Wykeham, that the school which he founded, should be connected with a College in one of the Universities, whither the best of the foundation scholars of his school should proceed to complete their education, and where a permanent provision of the amplest nature should be made for them.

The College which he founded at Cambridge for this purpose, and to which he gave the name of King's College, was the largest and most splendidly endowed collegiate foundation in that University. Henry ordained that it should comprise a Provost, and seventy Fellows or Scholars, who were to be supplied from Eton, as vacancies occurred in their number. His final design for the Collegiate body at Eton (for, the scheme of the original charter was considerably modified by him), was, that it should consist of a Provost, ten fellows, ten chaplains, ten clerks, sixteen choristers, an upper and an under master, seventy scholars, and thirteen servitors. These were to form the members of the foundation; but a careful examination of Henry's charters shows that he not only designed Eton to be a College where gratuitous instruction and maintenance should be provided for indigent scholars, and whence King's College at Cambridge should be recruited, but that he contemplated Eton becoming (as it speedily did become) a central place of education, whither the youth from every part of England should resort.

The state of literature in England and indeed in Europe in

general, was by no means brilliant at this period. Some learned Greeks had already left Constantinople for Italy, and communicated some acquaintance with their language; but it was almost unknown in the Western kingdoms. Latin, from being the language of the Church, had never ceased to be studied; but it was more the Latin of the missals and the schoolmen than that of the classics. The Roman law formed one of the branches of learning in our Universities (involving also the study of the Latin tongue), but the logic and metaphysics of the schoolmen continued to form the main pursuits of men who devoted themselves to a learned life.

All these studies were blended with divinity, and their professors were almost invariably ecclesiastics. But laymen also, as Hallam remarks, received occasionally a learned education; and indeed "the great number who studied in the Inns of Court is a conclusive proof that they were not generally illiterate." The common law required some knowledge of two languages; and we may consider, on the same high authority, that in 1440 "the average instruction of an English gentleman of the first class would comprehend common reading and writing, a tolerable familiarity with French, and a slight tincture of Latin; the latter retained or not, according to his circumstances and character, as school learning is at present."[3]

By letters patent, dated at Wyndesore, 12th September, An. Reg. 19, Henry nominated and appointed Robert Kent, William Lynde, and William Warryn, "for the oversight of our Rioll College of our Lady of Eaton, beside Wyndesore." The works were commenced in 1441; the chapel being the first part of the College that was built. The first stone of this was laid on the third day of July, in that year, William Lynde being clerk of the works, and John Hampton,[4] surveyor. Roger Keyes was

[3] Hallam's Literature of Europe, vol. i. p. 72.

[4] Hampton's accounts, and other accounts respecting the expenses of the building, are preserved in the College Archives, and a copy of them may be seen in the MS. History of Eton in the British Museum, vol ii., p. 157, et seq. In the December of the first year of the building, twelve carpenters, thirty-three freemasons, and two stonemasons, besides twelve labourers, were employed. The freemasons received 3*s.* a-week each, without deducting for holidays; the stonemasons and carpenters had 2*s.* 6*d.* a-week, if it was a week with one or more holidays in it; for a week without holidays their wages were 3*s.* The labourers had 4*d.* a day each, but were only paid for working days, which were on an average not more than five a week, as nothing was done on any

master of the works, and gave such satisfaction to Henry that he made him a grant of arms. For the purpose of expediting the building, workmen were forcibly collected from every part of the realm. This arbitrary power was then a branch of the Royal Prerogative often exercised on similar occasions. The letter is extant by which Henry required his Chancellor to grant the necessary warrants for impressment[5] to John Westerley and John

of the festivals or fast-days in the calendar. Throughout the period of the works in Henry the Sixth's time, the wages seem to have been much the same: skilled workmen, such as plumbers, sawyers, tilers, &c., receiving 6*d.* a day, and common labourers 4*d.* The same accounts give some curious information as to prices of various articles. Ale cost three half-pence per gallon; four skins of parchment cost 3*d*; glue was 8*d.* per pound. The charge for sending a man to London is 2*s.*, which is stated to be at the rate of 8*d.* per day for his necessary expenses. This would seem to include entertainment for man and horse, as another item is:—"*Ric Halley: for his expenses riding to ye Chaunshelers for* ii *Commyssyouns, by* ii *dayes at* 8*d. ye day,* 1*s.* 4*d.*" The Caen stone, which was imported for building the chapel, cost from 8*s.* to 9*s.* per ton. The ragg stone [*i. e.* stone in great masses], which was brought from Boughton, near Maidstone, for the same purpose, cost 1*s.* per ton at the quarry. The carriage to London cost 1*s.* per ton, and the further carriage to Eton cost 1*s.* 4*d.* more. The ashlar stone [*i. e.* freestone of different lengths and thickness], which was dug at Maidstone, was wrought at the quarry by workmen at the King's expense. About 16 or 20 feet of ashlar thus wrought made a ton. A hundred feet of ashlar cost 9*s.* The conveyance to London cost 6*s.* 11*d.*, and the further freight to Eton was 6*s.* 8*d.* more. Very large quantities of stone were also brought from Hudleston, and Stapulton in Yorkshire. This cost at the quarry 1*s.* per ton. The land-carriage to the river Humber was 1*s.* Thence it came down that river and by sea to the Tower of London. This cost 4*s.* a ton, and the further freight up the Thames to Eton was 1*s.* 4*d.* more. About the latter end of the second year of the building, the brick-kiln was finished. This was at Slough. The bricklayers are then first distinctly mentioned in the accounts. They received 6*d.* per day each, with 2*d.* more to Robert Chirche, called the *Wardenlayeer and Brekelayeer.* Large quantities of straw are mentioned in the accounts, which were brought to be used at the brick-kiln, and for the workmen's beds. The straw, including carriage, cost some of it 10*d.* and some 12*d.* per load.

The bricks were principally burnt with thorns, but some seacoal was used, which cost 7*s.* a chaldron.

The labourers were sharply fined for any fault. If they lost or broke anything it was stopped out of their wages. Fines on different labourers are entered:—"*For chiding,* 2*d.; for letting of his fellowes,* 8*d.; for looking abaut,* 2*d.; for shedding lime,* 6*d.*" &c., &c. Only one fine of a skilled workman is booked; it is of a stone-mason, who was fined 3*d.* for going away without licence.

The reader will observe from the next note, that many if not most of the workmen and labourers were pressed forcibly into the service.

[5] BY THE KING.

"Reverend Fader in God. Right trusty and right well-beloved. We grete you wel: and wol and charge you that you do make our letters of commission severally in due forme; oon [one] directed unto Robert Westerley, maister mason of the werkes of oure newe Collaige of Eton, yeving hym power by the same to take as many masons wheresoever they may be founden, as may be thought necessary for the said werke;

Beckley. I have quoted this letter at length in a note, and there is another letter directing the Chancellor to give similar power of the King's press to John Smyth, warden of masons, and Robert Whately, warden of carpenters, at Eton, who are to have "*power to take in what place so ever hit be, al manere of werkmen, laborers, and cariage, such as eyther of them shal seme necessarie or behoveful in their crafts to the edificacion of oure collage of our lady of Eton.*"[6]

In the same year (1441) Henry granted another charter to the College. A third was granted in 1444, and others in 1447, and 1449, and 1459. All of these were solemnly confirmed in various Parliaments; and thus the sanction of the assembled Legislature of the Realm was formally given to the foundation and endowment of Eton. The statutes were principally drawn up in 1444, and received some additions in 1445, 1446, and 1454.

The arms of Eton College are well known. They were granted by the Royal Founder in 1449, by a deed still extant,[6] and to which I draw attention, not merely on account of the heraldic reasons which it gives why particular emblems were assigned to Eton, but for the proofs which it contains of Henry's benevolent and enlightened spirit.

The recital in the commencement of this grant states Henry's hope that his College of Eton may, by God's blessing, remain a perpetual ornament of Divine praise: it states his desire, not merely to equal, but to surpass his predecessors in munificence, and his wish that this work of his hands should be adorned with every possible splendour and dignity. It then expresses the truly royal sentiment, that "*If men are ennobled on account of ancient hereditary wealth, much more is he to be preferred and to be styled truly noble, who is rich in the treasures of the sciences and wisdom, and is also found diligent in his duty towards God.*"[7]

and another directed to John Beckley, mason, yeving him power by the same to take cariages and al other things necessary for the same werke. Wherein ye shall do unto us good pleasir. Yeven under oure signet, at oure manoir of Shene, the vi day of Juyn.

"To the Reverend Fader in God oure Right trusty and welbeloved the Bishop of Bathe, oure Chancelleur of Englande."

[6] See Bentley's Excerpta Historica.

[7] Nam, si inveteratæ et per genus ductæ divitiæ nobiles faciunt, multo præstantiores est et verè dicendus nobilis, qui in scientiarum thesauris et prudentiæ locuples, necnon in divinis obsequiis, diligens invenitur.

The deed next states the King's intention to impart nobility to his College, and then comes the grant of arms. "We assign, therefore, as arms and ensigns of arms—On a field Sable, three Fleur-de-lis, Argent. Our design being that our newly founded College, enduring for ages to come (whose perpetuity we mean to be signified by the stability of the Sable colour) is to produce the brightest flowers in every kind of Science, redolent to the honour and most divine worship of Almighty God and the undefiled Virgin and glorious Mother, to whom, as on other occasions, so in founding this College most especially, we offer with an ardent mind a hearty and most earnest devotion. To which arms that we may also impart something of Royal nobility, which may declare the work to be truly royal and renowed, we have resolved that portions of the arms which by royal right belong to us in the kingdoms of England and France, be placed in the chief of the shield, Party per pale Azure, with a flower of France, and Gules with a Lion passant, Or."[8]

In his two first charters, Henry had named as Provost of Eton, Henry Sever, who had been chaplain and almoner to King Henry the Fifth, and was afterwards Dean of Westminster and warden of Merton College, Oxford. There is a tradition that John Stanbury, a divine, high in the king's favour for his learning and abilities, was the first Provost; but though it is probable that Henry may have consulted him respecting his designed College, there is no proof of his ever having been actually nominated to office in it, and Sever must be regarded as the first titular Provost of Eton.[9]

Sever himself never took actual possession of his office; for before the buildings were sufficiently advanced for the members of the College to occupy them, Henry had resolved on making William of Waynflete, Provost. The character and career of this eminent man will be considered in the memoir of his life. For the present it may merely be stated that in 1442, King Henry induced Waynflete to leave the head-mastership of Winchester, to assume the same station at Eton College; and in 1443 King Henry elevated him to the Provostship. Together with Waynflete, five fellows of Winchester, and thirty-five of the scholars

[8] I have chiefly taken the translation of this passage from Mr. Bentley, p. 45.

[9] See "Alumni Etonenses," and the authorities there cited.

of that College, migrated to Eton, and became the primitive body of Etonians.

It was on the feast of St. Thomas (the 21st December) 1443, that Waynflete and his companions received possession of Eton College from the Royal Commissioners. Some temporary buildings must have been erected for their accommodation; as the works of the chapel were carried on for many years afterwards, and were certainly incomplete in 1463. The other parts of the same College were still more imperfect; the accounts in the Archives show that they were unfinished as late as the commencement of Henry the Eighth's reign.

Though our royal Founder never witnessed the completion of the fair fabric which he had designed, he saw his school of Eton in actual existence, and beheld the fruits of his bounty ripening, before the full outbreak of the calamities which overwhelmed him in the latter part of his life. But it was only during a few years that King Henry the Sixth was permitted to devote himself, in undisturbed possession of his crown, to his subjects' good. The defeats of our armies in France, and our ignominious expulsion from that country, exasperated the English nation against its rulers: and Henry's marriage (1444) with Margaret of Anjou, a near relation of the French King, increased the popular discontent. Such, however, was the respect inspired by Henry's personal character, that no one ever ventured to accuse him as being the cause of any of the measures, either of foreign or domestic policy, which were clamoured against by the people. His Queen and his courtiers were hated and assailed, but the good King himself was always spoken of with compassion and esteem. But when disaster and disorder increased; and when the glory, which Henry the Fifth's victories had thrown upon the House of Lancaster, was utterly eclipsed in the defeats sustained by his son's generals, men began to murmur among themselves that, according to lineal inheritance, the English crown belonged to another family; and that the head of that family was the Duke of York, a brave soldier, and a true Englishman, and, as such, hating, and hated by Queen Margaret and her knot of favourites, who misguided England's counsels, and brought dishonour upon England's arms.

"Βαρεῖα δ' ἀτῶν φάτις ξὺν κότῳ
Δημοκράντου δ' ἀρᾶς τίνει χρέος."

And while it was thus gathering against the Lancastrians,

Henry was, in 1453, visited by the severest affliction that can befal humanity. This was a malady, that for some time affected both mind and body: and, till the year 1455, the King remained in a state absolutely incapable of exercising any of the duties of his station, and the Duke of York acted as Protector of the kingdom.

During this interval, Henry's ill-fated son, Edward Plantagenet, was born (13th October, 1453). The first gleam of restored intellect which Henry showed was fifteen months afterwards, and was caused by the sight of his little child. In the simple words of the old chronicler—"On the Monday afternoon the Queen came to him, and brought my lord prince with her, and then he asked what the prince's name was, and the Queen told him Edward; and then he held up his hands and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew till that time, nor wist not what was said to him, nor wist not where he had been, whilst he had been sick, till now."

It was probably the birth of this heir to the House of Lancaster, that caused the Duke of York to assert his hereditary claim to the English crown. While Henry was childless, the Duke was his next of kin, and stood next in succession to the throne, even if the validity of Henry's title was admitted. But Prince Edward's birth seemed to doom Richard of York and his house for ever to the obscurity of a private station; unless an effort should be made to win back by force the crown of which Richard the Second had been forcibly deprived. Moreover the rancour of Queen Margaret and her partisans against the Duke grew continually fiercer, as he grew suspected. He seems to have had, to a great extent, the excuse,—too common in all revolutionary times,—that his only choice lay between inflicting and suffering violence. Worse men, if not bolder men, than himself, were at his side and urged him forward, and finally, after various scenes of intrigue and tumult, the civil war of the Roses began in 1455; a war in which more Englishmen sometimes perished in a single battle, than had fallen by the sword during the whole French wars of the preceding fifty years.

The details of this part of English history are hopelessly confused; nor is there anything in them that should induce us to delay in trying to thread their sanguinary maze. But throughout the vicissitudes of the contest Henry's virtues shine unblemished;

nor did the most vehement partisan of the House of York ever connect his name with any of the charges of cruelty and bad faith, which the rival factions so generally, and so justly, preferred against each other. His integrity and humanity were more than once honourably conspicuous; and, though averse to all bloodshed and violence, he showed also that his gentleness was untainted with cowardice, nor could any threat of peril to himself ever make him abandon a friend. When the Yorkists first attacked the town of St. Alban's, in which Henry was shut up with a few of his principal adherents, the Yorkists sent a herald into the town, offering to treat Henry with all loyalty and respect, provided the Duke of Somerset and some others of his associates were delivered up to them. Henry firmly refused, declaring that "sooner than abandon any of the lords that were faithful to him, he was ready that day in their quarrel to live and die." In the assault on the town, which followed, Henry was wounded and taken prisoner, and three of the most zealous chiefs of his, or rather of the Queen's party, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Clifford, were slain.

The Duke of York did not even yet publicly claim the crown. The rising against Henry was glossed over under the pretext of having been undertaken in order to rescue the King from evil ministers. But the Duke assumed the real management of affairs, and a relapse of Henry into helpless illness seemed to promise a speedy opportunity of converting the title of Protector into that of King, and forcibly setting aside Prince Edward from the succession. But the fierce spirit of Queen Margaret strove incessantly to re-organise and inspirit the adherents of the Red Rose of Lancaster. Henry recovered his health, and, in 1456, once more assumed his kingly post; and a temporary reconciliation, in which Henry alone was sincere, was effected with the Duke. Henry, who, as the historian[1] truly says, had long acted as the only impartial man in his dominions, "laboured to mitigate the resentments of the two parties: and at last had reason to hope that his endeavours would be crowned with complete success. By common agreement they repaired with their retainers to London (January 26th, 1458): the loyalists were lodged without, the Yorkists within, the walls: and the mayor at the head of five thousand armed citizens undertook to preserve the peace. The Duke assembled

[1] Lingard.

his partisans every morning at the Black Friars: their resolves were communicated by the Primate and other prelates to the loyalists, who met at the White Friars every afternoon: and the proceedings of the day were in the evening laid before the King, who, with several of the judges, resided at Berkhampstead. At length, as umpire between them, he pronounced his award: that within the two following years a chantry should be founded at the expense of the Duke of York, and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, for the souls of the three lords slain in battle at St. Alban's: that both those who were dead, and the lords who had been the cause of their death, should be reputed faithful subjects: that the Duke of York should pay to the Dowager Duchess of Somerset and her children, the sum of five thousand, the Earl of Warwick to the Lord Clifford that of one thousand, marks: and that the Earl of Salisbury should release to Percy, Lord Egremont, all the damages he had obtained against him for an assault, on condition that the said Lord Egremont should enter into a sufficient recognisance to keep the peace for ten years. The next day Henry, attended by his whole court, walked in procession to St. Paul's. In token of their reconciliation the Queen was conducted by the Duke of York: and the lords of each party walked before them arm in arm as friends and brothers. To the beholders it was a spectacle which appeared to promise harmony and peace: but no external ceremony could extinguish the passions of ambition and revenge, which yet lay smouldering in their breasts."

These passions, in which Henry was no participator, soon broke out again into open war. The Earl of Salisbury, at the head of a party of Yorkists, defeated a Lancastrian detachment at Blore Heath (1459), and soon afterwards the rival forces were fully arrayed against each other near Ludlow: the King's army being 60,000 strong. The King sent the Bishop of Salisbury to his opponents with offers of reconciliation and pardon, which were rejected, and a sanguinary battle seemed inevitable, when Sir John Trollope, at the head of the best troops that the Duke had collected, left the camp of the insurgents, and placed himself and men on the side of the King. The remaining army of the Yorkists instantly broke up in consternation: their leaders fled beyond seas, and for a time Henry's crown seemed secured.

Henry's first act was to grant an amnesty to the mass of the

insurgents whom their leaders had abandoned. In the Parliament which was immediately convened at Coventry, the Duke of York, the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Warwick, and other Yorkist chiefs, were attainted as traitors; but it was with the greatest difficulty that Henry's consent was obtained to this act of severity. He insisted on the addition of a clause enabling him to pardon his enemies, and reverse their attainder when he should think fit; and he made his ministers strike entirely out of the bill some vindictive provisions which they had inserted, by which the punishment of forfeiture of property was to be inflicted on the Lord Powis and two other Yorkist lords, who had surrendered at discretion and implored Henry's mercy, when the insurgent army was dispersed.

The military genius of the Earl of Warwick soon restored the Yorkist cause, and at the battle of Northampton, July 2, 1460, King Henry was a second time made prisoner. He was conducted to London with apparent respect, but on the 16th of October the Duke of York formally asserted that Henry was an usurper, and claimed before the assembled Lords of Parliament the crown of England as his own immediate right. Henry's answer to this claim was manly, sensible, and just. His words to the Lords were:—"My father was king; his father was also king: I have worn the crown forty years from my cradle: you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the like to my fathers. How then can my right be disputed?" The Lords who heard him hesitated; but it is to be remembered that the keenest partisans of the Duke, and whose interests and safety were bound up with his success, were all present at that Parliament, while Henry's staunchest adherents had either fallen in the late battle or were fugitives from their victorious enemies. But whatever may have been the doubts of that assembly, Hallam truly says, that, "with us, who are to weigh these ancient factions in the balance of wisdom and justice, there should be no hesitation in deciding that the house of Lancaster were lawful sovereigns of England. If the original consent of the nation, if three descents of the crown, if repeated acts of Parliament, if oaths of allegiance from the whole kingdom, and more particularly from those who now advanced a contrary pretension; if undisturbed, unquestioned possession during sixty years, could not secure the reigning family against a mere defect in their genealogy, when were the people to

expect tranquillity? Sceptres were committed, and governments were instituted, for public protection and public happiness, not certainly for the benefit of rulers, or for the security of particular dynasties. No prejudice has less in its favour, and none has been more fatal to the peace of mankind, than that which regards a nation of subjects as a family's private inheritance. For, as this opinion induces reigning princes and their courtiers to look on the people as made only to obey them, so when the tide of events has swept them from their thrones, it begets a fond hope of restoration, a sense of injury and of imprescriptible rights, which give the show of justice to fresh disturbances of public order, and rebellions against established authority. Even in cases of unjust conquest, which are far stronger than any domestic revolution, time heals the injury of wounded independence, the forced submission to a victorious enemy is changed into spontaneous allegiance to a sovereign, and the laws of God and nature enjoin the obedience that is challenged by reciprocal benefits. But far more does every national government, however violent in its origin, become legitimate, when universally obeyed and justly exercised, the possession drawing after it the right; not certainly that success can alter the moral character of actions, or privilege usurpation before the tribunal of human opinion, or in the pages of history, but that the recognition of a government by the people is the binding pledge of their allegiance so long as its corresponding duties are fulfilled."

Henry's meek virtues had so far interested the feelings of the people in his favour, that when the Duke of York seemed about forcibly to dethrone the King, he found, says the old chronicler, that men of all ranks and conditions murmured against such an outrage. [Cœpit protinus status omnis et gradus, ætas et sexus, ordo et conditio, contra eum murmuranter agere.] After a few more savage battles and still more savage executions had hardened men's hearts, the people applauded the heir of the house of York, who deposed King Henry; but, for the present, the good-feeling of the nation saved his crown: and a compromise was effected, by which Henry was to retain the crown during his lifetime, but, after his death, it was to devolve to the Duke and his heirs. But the haughty spirit of Queen Margaret scorned such conditions, and the rights of Henry's son were still upheld by many of the Barons. The civil war was renewed with more ferocity than ever.

The Duke of York was defeated and slain, and King Henry was restored to his Queen and son, and placed at the head of a victorious army. But the son of the Duke of York occupied London, and took the decisive step of causing himself to be proclaimed King of England as Edward the Fourth. The battle of Towton, fought on the 29th of March, 1461, in which both Kings were present, was the crisis of the struggle between the houses. Edward's triumph was complete. Twenty-eight thousand Lancastrians perished on the field, and Henry with difficulty escaped to the Scottish borders. At the battle of Hexham in 1465, he witnessed the rout of another army that had rallied round him; and again escaping from the field, he sought an asylum in the wilds of Lancashire and Westmoreland. There he wandered more than a year, protected from the angry search of King Edward by the loyal devotion of the inhabitants of these districts. One John Machell, of Crakenthorp in Westmoreland, is mentioned in Rymer[2] as often having given shelter and concealment to the fugitive King.

At length a monk of Abingdon betrayed him; and King Henry was taken away captive to London. At his entrance into the capital of his late kingdom, the discrowned monarch was treated with studied indignity. Proclamation was made, forbidding any one to show him any sign of respect; and with his feet tied to the stirrups as a prisoner, he was publicly led three times round the pillory, and then conducted to the Tower, where he was kept for several years in rigorous confinement; his wife and son being during this time refugees abroad.

In 1470, the quarrel between Warwick and Edward caused the King-making baron to espouse the Lancastrian side. Edward was driven from the kingdom, and Warwick solemnly conducted Henry from the Tower. With the crown on his head, the restored King was led in solemn procession to St. Paul's. A Parliament was summoned, in which Edward was pronounced an usurper, and the crown was declared to belong to King Henry and his heirs.

Henry had exhibited Christian fortitude in his prison, and he showed Christian charity when thus unexpectedly re-invested with power. Holinshed collects several anecdotes of Henry's forgiving disposition, one of which clearly refers to this date, and I will cite

[2] Rymer, xi. 575; see Lingard, vol. v. 245.

here the passage of the old chronicler:—"He was so pitiful, that when he saw the quarters of a traitor against his crown over Criplegate, he willed it to be taken awaie, with these words, 'I will not have any Christian so cruelly handled for my sake.' Many great offences he willingly pardoned, and receiving at a time a great blow from a wicked man which compassed his death, he only said, 'Forsooth, forsooth, yee doo fowlie to smite a King anointed so.' Another also, which thrust him into the side with a sword, when he was prisoner in the Tower, was by him pardoned when he was restored to his throne and kingdom."

Henry's restoration to liberty and power lasted only for a few months. Warwick had released him in October, and before the end of the following April, King Edward had returned, Warwick had been defeated and killed at Barnet, and King Henry was sent back to his prison, in the Tower, never to quit it again alive. On the 4th of May, Queen Margaret, who had brought an army over from France to aid Warwick, was defeated and taken prisoner at Tewkesbury, and Henry's son, Prince Edward, was brutally put to death by the Yorkists in cold blood after the battle. On the 22nd of the same month it was announced to the citizens of London that King Henry had died in the Tower of grief. No one believed the assertion of King Edward that his rival king had died a bloodless death. A report, almost universal, prevailed that the royal captive had been murdered, and Richard of Gloucester was charged by public fame as having committed the murder with his own hand. No certain evidence ever was or ever can be found as to the precise mode of King Henry's death; and the characters of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third form the strongest testimony against them.

Henry's body was first buried privately at Chertsey Abbey. The popular reverence for him caused a belief to spread that miracles were wrought at his tomb at that place, and the Yorkist rulers caused his bones to be removed to Windsor. Henry the Seventh finally deposited them among the tombs of the English kings at Westminster.

The same prince, when he had obtained the English throne, applied to Pope Julius to canonise Henry the Sixth, and surely there is many a saint in the calendar far less deserving of that honour. The fees demanded at Rome for a royal canonisation were so heavy that the frugal mind of King Henry the Seventh

abandoned the project. But the virtues of Henry the Sixth are his best canonisation; nor need he have a fairer shrine than the College which his own piety founded, and which his own bounty endowed.

Having thus sketched the history of the foundation of Eton, and of our Founder, I proceed to the separate consideration of the eminent Etonians of the fifteenth century, and foremost of these stands, our first actual Provost:—

WILLIAM OF WAYNFLETE.

The father of this distinguished statesman, divine, and scholar seems to have sometimes borne the surname of Patten, sometimes that of Barbour. Indeed surnames among the mass of the population were at that period used with little fixity or regularity. William the son was known, at least after the period of his taking holy orders, by the designation of William of Waynflete. The old chronicler, Holinshed, says—"It was a fashion in those days from a learned spirituall man to take awaie the father's surname (were it never so worshipful or ancient) and give him for it the name of the town he was born in." He cites several instances of this, and states "that it in like manner happened to William Waynflete, is a matter right proveable."[3]

Waynflete was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and he seems to have entered into holy orders in the year 1420. His age at this time may be guessed at, but the precise year of his birth is uncertain. In 1429, he was appointed Head-Master of Winchester, and for many years Waynflete discharged his duties there ably, diligently and successfully, when King Henry the Sixth became acquainted with him and resolved to make him the chief of his Eton College. Waynflete thus became an intimate favourite with King Henry; and to his honour be it recorded, that he was true to his royal patron in his adversity as well as in the time of his prosperous fortunes. Waynflete's appointment, first to the Head-Mastership and then to the Provostship of Eton, has already been mentioned. His biographer, Chandler, says his family arms had been *a field fusily ermine and sable*: and that when he was made Provost he inserted *on a chief of the second three lilies slipped,*

[3] Holinshed, 232; Chandler's Life of Waynflete, p. 11.

argent; being part of the arms of the College: which addition he made because from Eton he derived honour and dignity.

In 1447, the wealthy and important see of Winchester became vacant by the death of Cardinal Beaufort: and King Henry, of whom it is truly written that he was "circumspect in ecclesiastical matters, and particularly cautious not to bestow preferment on persons undeserving, or in a manner unworthy of his own dignity," immediately appointed Waynflete to that high episcopal dignity. He was consecrated at Eton on the 13th of July in that year; on which occasion the Winchester College presented him with a horse which cost 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; and gave money (13*s.* 4*d.*) to the boys at Eton.[4] And it was at Eton that the new bishop held his first general ordination on Sunday, the 23rd of December following, by special licence from the Bishop of Lincoln.

In the next year Waynflete received a peculiarly honourable testimony of the confidence reposed in him by King Henry.[5] The King, possibly perceiving the troubles that were about to overwhelm the nation, was solicitous to insure the completion of his two Colleges: and made a testamentary provision for it, whereby he declared that "in consideration of the great discretion, the high truth, and the fervent zeal for his welfare," which he had proved in the Bishop of Winchester, he constituted him by his will, dated at Eton on the 12th of March, 1447, his surveyor, executor, and director; and also sole arbiter of any variance which might happen with his feoffees.

Waynflete, in the year after his promotion, founded Magdalen College, Oxford; and exerted himself zealously in the general advancement of learning in that University. He was now also prominently engaged by King Henry in the administration of State affairs; the condition of which was rapidly becoming more and more alarming. The continued ill-success of our arms in France had made the nation discontented with its rulers; and the public disaffection and disorder was fearfully augmented by the factions which raged among the leading nobility. Waynflete took an active and wise part in the suppression of Cade's insurrection. When summoned to attend a council in the tower, where Archbishop Stafford, Lord High Chancellor, had taken refuge, Waynflete forthwith repaired thither to give it as his opinion that by offering hopes of pardon to the mass of the insurgents they

[4] Chandler, p. 40. [5] Chandler, p. 42.

might probably win them over without bloodshed. Accordingly, Waynflete formed one of a deputation, which, on the next day, crossed the river and undertook the perilous task of parleying with the rebels. By wisely offering pardon to all but the ring-leaders, and by causing a grant of pardon under the Great Seal to be passed and published, Waynflete drew back many to their loyalty; the rest of the rebels began to doubt and distrust each other, and the dispersion of the formidable host of mutineers commenced that very night.

In a similar spirit of wisdom and moderation, Waynflete seems to have earnestly, though ineffectually, exerted his influence both spiritual and temporal to avert the threatening outbreak of civil war, between the partisans of the claims of the House of York, and the adherents of the reigning dynasty. He was with King Henry when the Yorkist and the Lancastrians were first arrayed in arms against each other on Blackheath, in 1452. Waynflete was then employed by his sovereign on the welcome task of going to the camp of the enemies, to inquire into the causes of their rising in arms, and to propose terms of reconciliation. He succeeded in bringing about a temporary compromise between the parties; and at least delayed the shedding of English blood in civil war. In 1456, Waynflete was appointed Lord Chancellor of England: an office then usually appropriated to ecclesiastics. Waynflete held the Great Seal of England for three years and nine months; a period of civil warfare, during which he firmly adhered to the House of Lancaster, and presided in some of the most important Parliaments that were convened in Henry's name during that struggle. He continued high in Henry's favour, and loyal to Henry's cause to the very last. And after the overthrow of the Lancastrians, though at first menaced with the displeasure of Edward the Fourth, he continued unmolested and respected by the victorious Yorkists. He lived to see the triumph of Henry the Seventh, and to rejoice at the dissensions, which had so long afflicted England, being terminated by that Prince's marriage with Elizabeth of York. Waynflete died in 1486, having been Bishop of Winchester for thirty-nine years. During the latter part of his long life the duties of his See, and the affairs of his own foundation, Magdalen College, Oxford, principally occupied his attention. But he was not unmindful of Eton. Leland, the old antiquary, writes that he had been informed on good authority

that "a good part of the building of Eton College accrued by means, and at the expense of Waynflete; for he was a very great favourer of the work begun by King Henry, but left very imperfect and rawly." And, as Chandler observes, we have documentary evidence to corroborate this. Waynflete appears in the accounts, as an annual pecuniary benefactor to Eton, as early as 1441, and for many years after that date. He agreed with one Orgard, or Orchyrd, for the digging of a quantity of stone at Hemington, to be delivered within a limited time for the use of Eton, and of his own College. He also contracted for lead for Eton, in 1482. In the same year (25th July), Dr. Berne, his Vice-president, paid by his order from the revenue of Magdalen for the carriage of stone for the chapel at Eton. It is probable that the stone work of both Colleges was then nearly finished, as the quarry at Hemington was let to a stone-mason, at the end of 1482.[6]

One of the earliest scholars who received part of their education at Eton was THOMAS ROTHERHAM, who obtained in after life the high dignities of Archbishop, Cardinal, and Lord High Chancellor of England.

He took the surname of Rotherham from the town of that name in Yorkshire, where he was born. The name of his family was Scott. Fuller remarks, of Rotherham's adopting the name of his birth-place, "This I observe the rather, because he was (according to my exactest inquiry,) the last clergyman of note with such an assumed surname: which custom began now to grow out of fashion: and clergymen began, like other men, to be called by the name of their fathers." Rotherham was admitted a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, from Eton, in the month of July, 1444. Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says of him:—"He studied at King's College, Cambridge, and was one of the earliest Fellows on this Royal foundation, which has since produced so many distinguished men; three Chancellors — Rotherham, Goodrich,[7] and Camden, and many most eminent lawyers — as Chief Justice Sir James Mansfield, Chief Justice Sir Vicary Gibbs, Mr. Justice Patteson, Mr. Justice Dampier, and his son the present Judge of the Stannary Court."

Fuller, after mentioning Rotherham's being a Fellow of King's, tells us, "that he was afterwards Master of Pembroke Hall, in

[6] Chandler, p. 154.

[7] Lord Campbell is inaccurate as to him.

Cambridge, and Chancellor of that University: here he built of his own proper cost (saving something helped by the scholars) the fair gate of the school [the little school under the University Library] with fair walks on each side, and a library on the east thereof. Many have mistaken this for the performance of King Richard the Third, merely because his crest, the boar, is set up therein. Whereas the truth is that Rotherham, having felt the sharp tusks of that boar (when imprisoned by the aforesaid king, for resigning the great seal of England to Elizabeth, relict of Edward the Fourth), advanced his arms thereon, merely to ingratiate himself."

He was while young, on account of his reputation for learning and piety, chosen by the Earl of Oxford to be his Chaplain. Rotherham's connection with that nobleman brought him under the notice of Edward the Fourth, who took him into his own service, and finding him to be an able and steady partisan of the House of York, treated him with marked favour. Through the patronage which Rotherham thus acquired, he went, as old Fuller expresses it, through many Church preferments, being successively Provost of Beverley, Bishop of Rochester, Lincoln, and Archbishop of York. On his appointment to the last mentioned high office, the Pope made him a Cardinal, with the title of Cardinal of Saint Cecilia. It is, however, by his inferior but more English ecclesiastical title of Archbishop Rotherham, that historians generally speak of him.

During the time that Rotherham was Bishop of Lincoln, King Edward committed the Great Seal of England to his custody. Lord Campbell, who terms Rotherham "the distinguished successor" of Chancellor Booth, thus describes the first part of his career as a statesman and a judge:—

"Soon after his elevation to the office of Chancellor he was called to open a session of Parliament after a prorogation, and by holding out the prospect of a French war he contrived to obtain supplies of unexampled amount. In the beginning of the following year he passed a great number of bills of attainder and restitution, with a view to the permanent depression of the Lancastrians. On the 14th of March, by the King's command, he returned thanks to the three estates, and dissolved the Parliament, which had lasted near two years and a half.[8] Since the beginning of Parliaments

[8] 1 Parl. Hist. 433.

no one had enjoyed an existence nearly so long. Formerly there was a new parliament every session, and the session did not last many days. But as the power of the House of Commons increased, it was found of great importance to have a majority attached to the ruling faction, and disposed to grant liberal supplies. When such a House was elected there was a reluctance to part with it, and prorogations were gradually substituted for dissolutions; but the keeping of the same Parliament in existence above a year was considered a great innovation.

"The History of Croyland points it out as something very remarkable, that during this Parliament of Edward the Fourth no less than three several Lord Chancellors presided. 'The first,' adds that authority, 'was Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath, who did nothing but by the advice of his disciple, John Alcock, Bishop of Worcester; the next was Lawrence Booth, Bishop of Durham, who tired himself with doing just nothing at all; and the third was Thomas Rotherham, Bishop of Lincoln, who did all, and brought every thing to a happy conclusion.'"[9]

During a few months in 1476, the Great Seal was withdrawn from Rotherham; but it was restored to him before the end of that year, and he continued to be the Chancellor and principal adviser of King Edward during the remainder of his reign.

"Edward, immersed in pleasure and indulging in indolence, unless excited by some great peril, when he could display signal energy as well as courage,—threw upon his minister all the common cares of government.

"A Parliament met at Westminster in January, 1477, when Lord Chancellor Rotherham, in the presence of the King, Lords and Commons, in the Painted Chamber, declared the cause of the summons from this text, 'Dominus regit me et nihil mihi deerit;' upon which he largely treated of the obedience which subjects owe to their Prince, and showed, by many examples out of the Old and New Testament, what grievous plagues had happened to the rebellious and disobedient; particularly that saying of St. Paul, *Non sine causâ Rex gladium portat.* He added, that 'the Majesty of the King was upheld by the hand and counsel of God, by which he was advanced to the throne of his ancestors.'

"Lord Chancellor Rotherham now found it convenient to pass an act repealing all the statutes, and nullifying all the proceedings of

[9] Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."

the Parliament which sat during the 100 days, 'alleged to have been held in the 49th year of Hen. VI., but which,' it was said, 'was truly the 9th of Ed. IV.' He then obtained great popularity by an act showing the dislike to Irishmen, which still lingers in England, and which, with little mitigation, was long handed down from generation to generation,—'to oblige all Irishmen born, *or coming of Irish parents*, who reside in England, either to repair to and remain in Ireland, or else to pay yearly a certain sum there rated for the defence of the same.' We fear this was not meant as an absentee tax for the benefit of Ireland, but was, in reality, an oppressive levy on obnoxious *aliens*, such as was imposed on the Jews till they were finally banished from the realm.

"Now began the fatal dissensions in the Royal family which led to the destruction of the House of York, and the extinction of the name of Plantagenet. There is reason to think that the Chancellor did all that was possible to heal the dispute between the King and his brother, the Duke of Clarence.

"On the 20th of January, 1482, the Chancellor opened Edward's last Parliament with a speech from the text, *Dominus illuminatio mea et salus mea;* but we are not told on what topics he enlarged; and nothing was brought forward during the session except a code or consolidation of the laws touching 'excess of apparel,' with a new enactment, 'that none *under the degree of a Lord* shall wear any mantle, unless it be of such a length that a man standing upright, *il lui voilera la queue;*'—so that, instead of appearing in flowing robes, and with a long train, the privilege of the nobility now was to show the contour of their person to the multitude."[1]

"Before Edward IV. was laid in his grave, disputes began between the Queen's family and the Duke of Gloucester, her brother-in-law, who from the first claimed the office of Protector, and soon resolved at all hazards to seize the crown. Lord Chancellor Rotherham sided with the Queen, and when with her daughters and her younger son she had taken sanctuary within the precincts of the Abbey at Westminster, where on a former distress during the short restoration of Henry the Sixth, she had been delivered of the Prince of Wales, he interfered in his sacred character of Archbishop to prevent her and the objects of her affection from being forcibly laid hold of by Richard, who contended that the ecclesiastical privilege of sanctuary did not apply

[1] Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."

to them, as it was originally intended only to give protection to unhappy men persecuted for their debts or crimes. A messenger came from Richard to Rotherham, to assure him, 'that there was no sort of danger to the Queen, the young King, or the royal issue, and that all should be well;' to which he replied,—'Be it as well as it will, I assure him it will never be as well as we have seen it.' Being at a loss how to dispose of the Great Seal, which he no longer had a right to use, he went to the Queen and unadvisedly delivered it up to her, who certainly could have no right to receive it; but repenting his mistake, he soon sent for it back, and it was restored to him.

"Rotherham has escaped all suspicion of being knowingly implicated in the criminal projects of Richard; but he was unfortunately made the instrument of materially aiding them. The Queen still resisted all the importunities and threats used to get possession from her of the infant Duke of York, observing 'that, by living in sanctuary, he was not only secure himself, but gave security to his brother, the King, whose life no one would dare to aim at, while his successor and avenger remained in safety.'"

Richard, with his usual art and deceit, applied himself to Rotherham and another ex-Chancellor, Archbishop Bourchier, and contrived to persuade them that his intentions were fair, and that his only object in obtaining the release of the young Prince was, that he might keep the King, his brother, company, and walk at his coronation. These holy men at last prevailed with the Queen to give a most reluctant assent. Taking the child by the hand, and addressing Rotherham, she said:—"My Lord Archbishop, here he is; for my own part I can never deliver him; but if you will needs have him, take him: I will require him at your hands." She was here struck with a kind of presage of his future fate; she tenderly embraced him, she bedewed him with her tears, and bade him an eternal adieu.

"Rotherham appears soon after to have surrendered the Great Seal into the hands of the Protector. There is no record of the transfer or delivery of it during the reign of Edward the Fifth. But we know that while the young King still lived and his name was used as sovereign, John Russell was appointed to the office, and must have sworn fidelity to that sovereign."[2]

When Richard the Third had made himself King, Rotherham

[2] Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."

was imprisoned and detained in custody for some time by the order of that sovereign, who regarded him with great suspicion. Either by compulsion or by persuasion, Richard soon acquired some ascendancy over Rotherham; and the Archbishop, on being released from imprisonment after the death of the Lady Anne, Richard's first wife, was not unwilling to employ his influence with King Edward's widow, in order to promote Richard's scheme of marrying his niece Elizabeth, who afterwards, by the fate of war, became the Queen of Henry the Seventh; and Rotherham certainly identified himself so far as an adherent of Richard's, as to place the crown on his head at his second coronation at York, a little time before the battle of Bosworth, in which King Richard lost both crown and life. It is not to be wondered at that Henry the Seventh showed Rotherham no favour. But there is no reason to suppose that the ex-Chancellor of Edward the Fourth suffered any persecution from the restored Lancastrians. He seems to have passed the remainder of his days in quiet, and died in the year 1500 at the age of seventy-six. He was buried in his own cathedral in a vault which was opened in 1735. A bust, remarkably well sculptured in wood, was there found, which was justly believed to be a likeness of the Archbishop; and from it was taken the fine painting of Rotherham which is in King's College, Cambridge, and which has been so frequently engraved.

Among the Etonians of this century who attained high office in Church and State, there is one, the early part of whose history is rather more curious than creditable. NICHOLAS WEST, born at Putney in Surrey, was educated on the foundation at Eton, and succeeded thence to a scholarship at King's in 1484. The late Provost, Goodall, in his MS. notes to the "Alumni Etonenses," has thus epitomised West's biography:—

"Nicholas West, born at Putney in Surrey. Being factious and turbulent, while he was Scholar, he set the whole College. (*i. e.* King's) together by the ears about the Proctorship; and when he could not obtain his desire, he set the Provost's lodge on fire, and, stealing away certain silver spoons, departed from the College: but shortly after became a new man, repaired to the University, and commenced D. D. He had a great faculty in opening the dark places in Scripture; was likewise well experienced in the canon and civil laws. Was often sent ambassador by

King Henry the Seventh to foreign princes. Was made Dean of Windsor, and Registrar of the Order of the Garter. Bishop of Ely in 1515. In lieu of the wrong he had done to the College, he gave it many rich gifts and plate, and built part of the Provost's lodge. Queen Catherine chose him and Fisher her advocates in the cause of divorce, wherein he incurred the king's displeasure. He kept daily in his house one hundred servants, to the meanest of which he gave 40 shillings per annum, and to some more; and to each of them 7½ yards of cloth for their winter and summer liveries. He relieved daily two hundred poor folks at his gates with warm meat and drink. In time of dearth he distributed great sums of money among those of the Isle. He lived Bishop of Ely seventeen years and six months, and lyeth buried at Ely, under a tomb built by him before his death."

Fuller's account of Bishop West, in his "Worthies of England," is distinguished by more than an average spice of that writer's exquisite and most expressive quaintness. Fuller says that when West was a youth at King's College, Cambridge, he was "a Rakel in grain; for, something crossing him in the College he could find no other way to work his revenge than by secret setting on fire the master's lodgings, part whereof he burnt to the ground. Immediately after, this incendiary (and was it not high time for him?) left the College; and this little Herostratus lived for a time in the country debauched enough for his conversation.

"'But they go far who turn not again;' and in him the old proverb was verified. 'Naughty boys sometimes make good men.' He seasonably retrenched his wildness; turned hard student, became an eminent scholar and most able statesman; and, after smaller promotions, was at last made Bishop of Ely, and often employed in foreign embassies. And now, had it been possible, he would have quenched the fire he kindled in the College, with his own tears: and in expression of his penitence he became a worthy benefactor to the house, and rebuilt the master's lodgings firm and fair from the ground. No bishop of England was better attended with menial servants, or kept a more bountiful house; which made his death so much lamented: anno Domini, 1533."

Another eminent man was Oliver Kyng, who left Eton for King's in 1449. He was made Canon of Windsor in 1483, Bishop of Exeter in 1492, and Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1495.

He was principal secretary to the Founder's unfortunate son, Prince Edward: and he is entitled to the praise "*principibus placuisse viris,*" of each of the rival dynasties. For he was entrusted with the same confidential office by Edward the Fourth, Edward the Fifth, and Henry the Seventh. (*Alumni Etonenses.*)

JEFFERY BLYTHE went from Eton to King's in 1483. He is honourably mentioned as Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1503, and as having been entrusted by Henry the Eighth with the important office of Lord President of Wales. He was accused of treason, but "cleared himself very worthily of the charge." He died in 1533. (*Alumni Etonenses.*)

THOMAS LANE, an Etonian who went to King's in 1497, was made Bishop of Norwich in 1499. WILLIAM CONYNGSBY, who left Eton for King's in 1497, was the first Judge of the Common Law Courts that Eton is recorded to have produced. Conyngsby was made Serjeant-at-Law in 1541, and was appointed by Henry the Eighth one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench in 1541.

The Provosts of Eton during this century, besides Sever, and Waynflete, were JOHN CLERC, one of the five fellows brought by King Henry the Sixth from Winchester in 1442. He was made Vice-Provost of the College in 1443, and succeeded to the Provostship, when Waynflete resigned upon being made Bishop of Winchester in 1447. Provost Clerc only held his office for a few months, as he died in the December of the same year, and was succeeded by WILLIAM WESTBURY, who had previously been Head-Master. Westbury deserves to be remembered as the Camillus of Eton, who rescued her from the grasp of a barbarous spoiler. His noble resistance to Edward the Fourth in behalf of King Henry's foundation will be presently described. He was Provost of the College which he saved, for nearly thirty years; until his death in March, 1477, when he was succeeded by HENRY BOST, who for some years held the Provostship of Queen's College, Oxford, as well as that of Eton.

The Etonians of this century, whom we have been considering individually, were all on the foundation; but it is certain that Eton, even so early as its Founder's time, was resorted to as a place of education by the youth of the higher orders, as well as by the class for whose immediate advantage the benefits of the foundation were primarily designed. These students, not on the foundation, were lodged in the town of Eton, and thence called

Oppidans. The expense of maintaining these students fell entirely on their relations. The scholars on the foundation, who in after times have generally been called the Collegers of Eton, were lodged and boarded in the College buildings, and at the College expense. They seem to have been placed in two large chambers on the ground-floor in the old quadrangle of the College, three of the upper boys being placed in each, with authority over the others, and responsible for good conduct being maintained in the dormitory. The upper and lower master had their separate apartments in the upper story of the same building. Many years elapsed before "Long Chamber," which has in the last few years been done away with, was built, and made the common dormitory of all the scholars. A dinner in the hall was provided daily for all the members of the College, and also supper. And every scholar received yearly a stated proportion of coarse cloth, which probably was at first made available as a chief article of clothing, but has long ceased to be made up in any useful form.

The vicinity of Eton to Windsor, the usual place of Royal residence, and of the Court, probably aided much to make Eton from its very commencement the first place of education in the land. An interesting anecdote is cited in the MS. History, in the British Museum, apparently first told by one of King Henry's chaplains, who was an eye-witness of what he relates, which shows both how early the school was frequented by the connexions of the King's attendants, and the gentle but earnest anxiety of the Founder for his young Alumni. "When King Henry met some of the students in Windsor Castle, whither they sometimes used to go to visit the King's servants whom they knew, on ascertaining who they were, he admonished them to follow the path of virtue, and besides his words would give them money to win over their good-will, saying to them, 'Be good boys; be gentle and docile, and servants of the Lord.'" [Sitis boni pueri, mites et docibiles, et servi Domini.]

In the well-known collection called the Paston Letters[3] there is preserved a curious document, which proves both how early the sons of the English gentry were educated at Eton, and also that from the very first period of the school's existence, skill in Latin versification was regarded as the crowning excellence of an

[3] See vol. i. p. 297 of Original Letters; it is referred to by Hallam.

Etonian. The letter I refer to, is one written on the 14th of February, 1467, by William Paston, junior, from Eton, to his elder brother, John Paston, at the family seat in Norfolk. The young student, who seems at the date of the letter to have been about eighteen or nineteen, and who was evidently an Oppidan, thanks his brother for money sent him to pay for his board, and for some figs and raisins which he was expecting by the first barge. He then narrates a love affair, and describes the merits of a young gentlewoman to whom he had been introduced at a wedding-party in the neighbourhood by his Dame. The young gentleman seems even at that tender age to have been wary in his love, and does not omit to mention the money and plate that would form his fair Margaret's immediate dowry, and also her reversionary interests, which he wishes his brother to inquire further into. And, as if he distrusted his own taste in beauty, he wishes his brother to see the young lady and judge for himself, and says, "Specially behold her hands, for and if it be, as it is told me, she is disposed to be thick." He seems impatient to leave Eton, and tries to convince his brother that he only lacks skill in versification to make his education complete. To show what progress he is making in this requisite, he quotes with a good deal of self-satisfaction a Latin hexameter and pentameter distich of his own making, on a given theme, which he also quotes. The verses are not calculated to impress us with a very high opinion of young Paston's knowledge of quantity, &c.; but they throw valuable light on the state of education then existing in England, and on the system pursued at Eton soon, if not immediately, after its foundation.

As this earliest specimen of an Etonian's letter to his friends is both an amusing and valuable record of the time, I have quoted it entire in a note,[4] adopting the modernised form given by the original collectors and publishers of the work referred to.

[4] *From the* PASTON LETTERS.

Letter 22.

From Master Wm. Paston at Eton to his Worshipful Brother, John Paston, be this delivered in haste.

Right reverend and worshipful Brother, after all duties of recommendation, I recommend me to you, desiring to hear of your prosperity and welfare, which I pray God long to continue to his pleasure, and to your heart's desire; letting you wit that I received a letter from you, in which letter was 8*d.* with the which I should buy a pair of Slippers.

Farthermore certifying you as for the 13*s.* 4*d.* which ye sent by a Gentleman's man, for my board, called Thomas Newton, was delivered to mine Hostess, and so to my

Among the troubles which clouded over the latter years of Henry the Sixth, and the wars which overthrew his dynasty, his favourite foundation suffered grievous curtailments from the ample measure and proportion which his munificence had designed for it. Not only was the progress of the buildings checked, but Edward the Fourth, besides actually taking away from Eton large portions of its endowments, obtained in 1463 a bull from Pope Pius the Second for dissolving Eton College and merging it in the College of St George at Windsor. From this imminent destruction Eton was saved by the strenuous exertions of William Westbury, "clarum et venerabile nomen" to all Etonians, whom the Founder had made Provost, and who publicly and solemnly

Creansor [Creditor] Mr. Thomas Stevenson; and he heartily recommended him to you; also ye sent me word in the Letter of 12 lb. of Figgs and 8 lb. of Raisins, I have them not delivered, but I doubt not I shall have, for Alweder told me of them, and he said, that they came after in another Barge.

And as for the young Gentlewoman, I will certify you how I first fell in acquaintance with her; her father is dead, there be two Sisters of them, the elder is just wedded; at which wedding I was with mine hostess, and also desired [invited] by the Gentleman himself, called William Swan, whose dwelling is in Eton. So it fortuned that mine Hostess reported on me otherwise than I was worthy; so that her mother commanded her to make me good Cheer; and so in good faith she did; she is not abiding where she is now, her dwelling is in London; but her Mother and she came to a place of hers five miles from Eton, where the wedding was, for because it was nigh to the Gentleman, which wedded her Daughter; and on Monday next coming, that is to say, the first Monday of clean Lent, her Mother and she will go to the Pardon at Sheene, and so forth to London, and there to abide in a place of hers in Bow Church-Yard; and if it please you to enquire of her, her Mother's name is Mistress Alborow, the name of the Daughter is Margaret Alborow, the age of her is, by all likelyhood, 18 or 19 years at the farthest; and as for the money and plate it is ready whensoever she were wedded; but as for the Livelihood, I trow [I believe], not till after her Mother's decease, but I cannot tell you for very certain, but you may know by enquiring.

And as for her Beauty, judge you that, when you see her, if so be that ye take the labour, and specially behold her hands, for and if it be as it is told me, she is disposed to be thick.

And as for my coming from Eton, I lack nothing but versifying, which I trust to have with a little continuance.

Quare, Quomodo. Non valet hora, valet mora.
Unde dī.....
Arbore jam videas exemplum. Non die possunt
Omnia suppleri, sed tā* illa mora.

And these two verses aforesaid be of mine own making.

No more to you at this time, but God have you in his keeping.

Written at Eton the even of St. Mathias the Apostle in haste, with the hand of your Brother

WILLIAM PASTON, Junior.

Eton, Wednesday, 23d of February,
1467-8, 7 E. IV.

* *Tamen.* The words preceding the distich were most likely the theme set for verses.

protested against the designed incorporation, and exerted himself so effectually both with King Edward and the Pope, that the bull was revoked, and King Edward restored to Eton many of the possessions which he had originally taken from it. Still the College, though saved, suffered severely, nor was the full number of members of the various branches of the foundation ever completed. The actual number kept up has consisted of a provost, a vice-provost, six fellows, two chaplains, ten choristers, the upper and lower master, and the seventy scholars.

With the accession of Henry the Seventh, Eton was restored to royal favour. There is a tradition, that this prince had in his boyhood been educated at Eton for some time, by the direction of King Henry the Sixth. This tradition prevails not only at Eton but in very high quarters. I have heard that the late King William the Fourth used to speak of Henry the Seventh as having been a student at Eton. It is far from being impossible or improbable that such may have been the fact, but I have searched in vain for any documentary historical evidence of it, and in the absence of such testimony, I have not felt justified in formally claiming the founder of the Tudor dynasty as an Etonian. The only printed authority that I could find, is Sandford. Sandford was Lancaster Herald of Arms in the reign of Charles the Second, and compiled a genealogical history of the Kings and Queens of England by the direction of that prince, who is stated in the preface to Stebbing's edition of the work, to have "very largely contributed towards the compleating thereof." Sandford, in the commencement of his account of Henry the Seventh, says that "While he was a child, *and a scholar in Eton College*, he was there by King Henry the Sixth, prophetically entitled the Decider of the then difference between that prince and King Edward the Fourth." In the margin, Sandford cites as his authority *Edw. Hall*, fol. 224. But on turning to "Hall's Chronicle," at the part referred to, we find a mere allusion to what he had stated before at folio 211, at which passage Hall's words are:—"Jasper, Erle of Pembroke, toke this childe, being his nephew, out of the custody of the lady Herbert; and at his returne he brought the child *to London* to Kyng Henry the Sixte, whom when the Kyng had a good space by himself secretly beholden and marked both his wit and likely towardness, he said to such princes as were then with him, 'Lo, surely this is he to whom both we and our adversaries

leving the possession of all thynges shall hereafter give room and place.'" When we remember that Hall was an Etonian, and zealous for the glory of Eton, as many passages in his works demonstrate, we can hardly believe that he would have omitted to chronicle a circumstance so honourable to Eton, as that it had ever ranked among its students the sagacious founder of the dynasty of the Tudors.

The College buildings were continued during Henry the Seventh's reign, and also during the early years of the reign of Henry the Eighth. The accounts of this last period are also preserved. They show a small increase in the rate of wages over the sums paid sixty years before.

CHAPTER II.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Croke the Scholar.—Bishop Aldrich.—Hall the Historian.—Bishop Foxe.—Bishop Cox.—Sir Thomas Sutton.—Walter Haddon.—Sir Thomas Smith.—Sir Henry Savile.—Admiral Gilbert.—Oughtred.—Tusser.—Phineas and Giles Fletcher.—The Martyrs.—Henry the Eighth's Survey.—Old Consuetudinarium.—State of School in 1660.

RICHARD CROKE.

Richard Croke, once renowned through the Continent by his Latinised name "Crocus," was one of the earliest and most eminent revivers of classical studies in Western Europe. Croke received his education at Eton during the last years of the fourteenth and the five first years of the fifteenth century. He became a scholar at King's College, Cambridge, in 1506. Croke acquired not merely an English but an European celebrity as a Hellenist, and was indeed one of the first, if not the very first, who taught the Greek language publicly in any university north of the Alps.

While still a scholar of King's, Croke visited Oxford, and there studied the Greek language under the famous Grocyn, the friend of Erasmus. Grocyn gave private lessons in Greek, and Croke, during the time that he was able to pass at Oxford, was one of his most diligent and successful pupils. Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who discerned Croke's abilities and love of learning, was a generous friend to the young student; and by Warham's liberality Croke was enabled to proceed to Paris and other universities of Europe, in all of which he zealously availed himself of every opportunity of further improvement. His reputation for scholarship spread far and wide on the Continent. He received the high distinction of being elected Greek professor by the University of Leipsic. This appointment was more complimentary than lucrative, as Croke's stipend was only a few guilders a year, but he was entitled to receive payment for extra tuition from private pupils. At Leipsic, Croke "had the high honour of first

imbuing the students of North Germany with a knowledge of Greek." [1]

After thus shining at Leipsic for three years, Croke became professor of Greek at Louvain. But the zeal for acquiring a knowledge of the Hellenic literature in the original began now to be generally felt in our own universities. England was no longer disposed to afford foreigners a teacher of Croke's ability. He was invited home by the University of Cambridge in 1519, and appointed Public Orator and Greek Professor. Here, as at Leipsic, he was the first public teacher of that language. Erasmus and other learned Greek scholars, who had resided at Cambridge before Croke's appointment, had indeed taught Greek, but they taught it only to private pupils, as Grocyn had formerly taught Croke himself at Oxford. Two speeches have been preserved, which Croke delivered at Cambridge in his capacity of Public Orator. Their subject is the praise of Hellenic literature, and they were evidently given with a view to encourage the Cambridge men to the study of Greek. Mr. Hallam, in his History of the Literature of Europe during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, has given copious extracts from these orations of Croke's, which well deserve perusal.[2]

[1] See Hallam's History of European Literature, vol. i. chap. iv. Mr. Hallam, in one of his notes, thus collects the testimony of Croke's renown on the Continent :—" Crocus regnat in Academia Lipsiensi, publicitus Græcas docens literas. Erasm. Epist. clvii. 5th June 1514. Eichhorn says, that Conrad Celtes and others had taught Latin only, iii. 272. Camerarius, who studied for three years under Croke, gives him a very high character ; qui primus putabatur ita docuisse Græcam linguam in Germania, ut plane perdisci illam posse, et quid momenti ad omnem doctrinæ eruditionem atque cultum hujus cognitio allatura esse videretur, nostri homines sese intelligere arbitrarentur. Vita Melanchthonis, p. 27 ; and Vita Eobani Hessi, p. 4. He was received at Leipsic 'like a heavenly messenger :' every one was proud of knowing him, of paying whatever he demanded, of attending him at any hour of the day or night. Melanchthon apud Meiners, i. 163."

[2] " The subject of Croke's orations is the praise of Greece and of Greek literature, addressed to those who already knew and valued that of Rome, which he shows to be derived from the other. Quin ipsæ quoque vocalationes Romanæ Græcis longe insuaviores, minusque concitatæ sunt, cum ultima semper syllaba rigeat in gravem, contraque apud Græcos et inflectatur nonnunquam et acuatur. Croke of course spoke Greek accentually. Greek words, in bad types, frequently occur through this oration.

" Croke dwells on the barbarous state of the sciences, in consequence of the ignorance of Greek. Euclid's definition of a line was so ill translated, that it puzzled all the geometers till the Greek was consulted. Medicine was in an equally bad condition ; had it not been for the labours of learned men, Linacre, Cop, Ruel, quorum opera felicissime loquantur Latinè Hippocrates, Galenus et Dioscorides, cum summa ipsorum invidia, qui, quod canis in præsepi, nec Græcam linguam discere ipsi voluerunt, nec

In 1524 Croke took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in that year Henry the Eighth, who had heard honourable mention of him, engaged him as tutor to the young Duke of Richmond. Being thus brought under Henry's immediate notice, Croke rose rapidly in royal favour, and was soon employed by the king in matters of the highest responsibility and importance. The

aliis ut discerent permiserunt. He then urges the necessity of Greek studies for the theologian, and seems to have no respect for the Vulgate above the original.

"Turpe sanè erit, cum mercator sermonem Gallicum, Illyricum, Hispanicum, Germanicum, vel solius lucri causa avide ediscat, vos studiosos Græcum in manus vobis traditum rejicere, quo et divitiæ et eloquentia et sapientia comparari possunt. Imo perpendite rogo viri Cantabrigienses, quo nunc in loco vestra res sitæ sunt. Oxonienses quos ante hæc in omni scientiarum genere vicistis, ad literas Græcas perfugere, vigilant, jejunant, sudant et algent; nihil non faciunt ut eas occupent. Quod si contingat, actum est de fama vestra. Erigent enim de vobis tropæum nunquam succumbuturi. Habent duces præter cardinalem Cantuariensem, Wintoniensem, cæteros omnes Angliæ episcopos, excepto uno Roffensi, summo semper fautore vestro, et Eliensi, etc.

"Favet præterea ipsis sancta Grocini et theologo digna severitas, Linacri πολυμαθεια et acre judicium, Tunstali non legibus magis quam utrique linguæ familiaris facundia, Stopleii triplex lingua, Mori candida et eloquentissima urbanitas, Pacei mores doctrina et ingenium, ab ipso Erasmo, optimo eruditionis censore, commendati; quem vos olim habuistis Græcarum literarum professorem, utinamque potuissetis retinere. Succedo in Erasmi locum ego, bone Deus, quam infra illum, et doctrinâ et famâ, quanquam me, ne omnino nihili fiam, principes viri, theologici doctores, jurium etiam et medicinæ, artium præterea professores innumeri, et præceptorem agnovere, et quod plus est, a scholis ad ædes, ab ædibus ad scholas honorificentissime comitati perduxere. Dii me perdant, viri Cantabrigienses, si ipsi Oxonienses stipendio multorum nobilium præter victum me non invitavere. Sed ego pro mea in hanc academiam et fide et observantia, etc.

"In his second oration, Croke exhorts the Cantabrigians not to give up the study of Greek. Si quisquam omnium sit qui vestræ reipublicæ bene consulere debeat, is ego sum, viri Cantabrigienses. Optime enim vobis esse cupio, et id nisi facerem, essem profecto longe ingratissimus. Ubi enim jacta literarum mearum fundamenta, quibus tantum tum apud nostrates, tum vero apud exteros quoque principes, favoris mihi comparatum est; quibus ea fortuna, ut licet jam olim consanguineorum iniquitate paterna hæreditate sim spoliatus, ita tamen adhuc vivam, ut quibusvis meorum majorum imaginibus videar non indignus. He was probably of the ancient family of Croke. Peter Mosellanus calls him, in a letter among those of Erasmus, juvenis cum imaginibus.

"Audio ego plerosque vos a literis Græcis dehortatos esse. Sed vos diligenter expendite, qui sint, et plane non alios fore comperitis, quam qui igitur linguam oderunt Græcam, quia Romanam non norunt. Cæterum jam deprehendo quid facturi sint, qui nostras literas odio prosequuntur, confugiunt videlicet ad religionem, cui uni dicent omnia postponenda. Sentio ego cum illis, sed unde quæso orta religio, nisi è Græcia? quid enim novum testamentum, excepto Matthæo? quid enim vetus? nunquid Deo auspice a Septuaginta Græce reditum? Oxonia est colonia vestra; uti olim non sine summa laude a Cantabrigia deducta, ita non sine summo vestro nunc dedecore, si doctrina ab ipsis vos vinci patiamini. Fuerunt olim illi discipuli vestri, nunc erunt præceptores? Utinam quo animo hæc a me dicta sunt, eo vos dicta interpretemini; crederetisque, quod est verissimum, si quoslibet alios, certe Cantabrigienses minime decere literarum Græcarum esse desertores."—*Hallam.*

question about the king's divorce from Queen Catherine was then in agitation, and Croke's ability, and also his reputation abroad, induced Henry to send him to the Italian universities to obtain opinions from them in favour of the divorce.

On Croke's return to England he received an earnest invitation from the University of Oxford to settle there as teacher of Greek. Croke went accordingly to Oxford in 1532, and that University was the fourth that was indebted to him for first diffusing generally among its students a knowledge of the Greek language. Croke was made by King Henry one of the twelve canons on Cardinal Wolsey's foundation at Oxford, and afterwards removed to Exeter College in that university. He died in London in 1558. Some of Croke's works were reprinted and published at Leipsic during the last century, with an introduction by Boemius, in which honourable mention is made of their author as the reviver of Greek literature. Croke's letter from Italy to Henry the Eighth on the subject of the divorce may be seen in Burnet's History of the Reformation, where there is also a full account of Croke's mission. (*Chalmers' Biog. Dict.—Hallam's Hist. of Literature.*)

ROBERT ALDRICH.

Robert Aldrich, born at Burnham in Buckinghamshire, was an Eton boy during the first years of this century, and became a scholar of King's in 1507. He returned to Eton as Headmaster in 1515, and held that office till 1520. In 1531 he was made Archdeacon of Colchester; in 1534 Canon of Windsor and Registrar of the Garter. In 1535 he succeeded Dr. Lupton as Provost of Eton, and presided over our College till 1547, when he resigned the provostship. Two years after he was made Provost, he had been made Bishop of Carlisle; he died at Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, on the 5th of March, 1555.

Aldrich, like Croke, was a zealous promoter of the revival of classical learning in England; and, like Croke, he was in his youth a personal friend of Erasmus. While that learned foreigner was at Cambridge, Aldrich was his constant assistant in the task of collating manuscripts, and in abridging the contents of many of the old literary treasures which they discovered. In after life he was Erasmus's correspondent, who seems to have retained a high

esteem and affection for him, and, in writing to others, describes him as "blandæ eloquentiæ juvenem." Leland, the antiquarian, was another familiar friend of Aldrich's, and has written his panegyric in the "Illustrium Virorum Encomia."

Aldrich's reputation at the university is also proved by the fact, that in 1523 he was one of the Cambridge preachers, who at that time were sent out by the university to preach in different parts of England, and dispense sound doctrine, as the Judges are sent out on circuit to dispense sound law.

With an ample share in the ardour for classical studies which then prevailed in Europe, and with an unusual share of classical learning, Aldrich seems also to have participated in that peculiar taste for abusive controversy in which learned men of all ages and nations have so copiously indulged. His first writings were directed against Robert Whittington, a grammarian of the time, whom, according to approved custom, he scolded with all the offensive stores of the Latin language. Aldrich's command of Latin was ready, and his style strictly classical. There are some other works of his in that tongue, which he wrote when he became Registrar of the Order of the Garter. He then abridged and translated into Latin the "Registrum Chartaceum," which his predecessor had written in French. Aldrich added in the same language an account of the institution of the order, and he continued its Fasti till the time when he became Bishop of Carlisle. These treatises were printed and published during the last century. Some antiquarian critics have called in question the accuracy of Aldrich's facts, but all have concurred in admiring his Latinity. (*Chalmers' Biog. Dict.—Biog. Dict. of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*)

The name of JOHN ANDREWS occurs in the list of the students who left Eton for King's in 1511; and there is an account affixed to his name in the Registrum Regale, which attracts notice, though by no means of a favourable nature. It reminds us that, on arriving at that year of our college annals, we have approached the period when the abuse which roused Luther's ire, and became the immediate cause of the Reformation, was at its height in Europe. The harbour and the works that protected the shore of Boston, in Lincolnshire, fell into great decay in the early part of this century. The persons who undertook the repairs procured from the Pope a grant of indulgence of absolution from sins for all who should aid

in this work of charitable utility and necessity. So far this case of abuse of papal power does not sound like a remarkably gross one; but, unfortunately, the documents which were the vouchers of papal absolution were looked on as a sort of negotiable instruments and marketable commodities. Andrews bought them up, and then retailed them at an advanced price: a speculation by which he is said to have realised an immense fortune.

A purer name, and more pleasing to record, is that of NICHOLAS HAWKINS, who left Eton for King's in 1514. Dr. Hawkins was Archbishop of Ely, and was employed abroad on state affairs as an ambassador in 1534, when, during his absence from this country, he was nominated Bishop of Ely. He died as he was returning to England to take possession of his see, and was by some supposed to have been poisoned. It is recorded of this good man that, during the time when he was Archdeacon of Ely, there was a grievous famine in the Isle of Ely and its neighbourhood; and that he caused all his plate and all his valuable goods to be sold, in order to buy food for his poor neighbours; and that, instead of the customary state in which he had been living, he was served on wooden dishes and earthen pots, restricting himself to the most cheap and spare diet, and to the least possibly costly apparel. (*Registrum Regale.—Harwood's Alumni Etonenses.*)

EDWARD HALL, whom some call the Chronicler, and some the Historian, was next to Hawkins in the school at Eton, and was afterwards his contemporary at King's. Hall, after leaving Cambridge, applied himself to the study of the common law, at Gray's Inn, by which society he was called to the bar. He was appointed Common Serjeant of the city of London, and a Judge in the Sheriff's Court. He died in 1547.

Hall's historical work was entitled by its author "The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke." It was dedicated to King Edward the Sixth. It commences with the reign of Henry the Fourth, and was completed by its author only as far as the twenty-fourth year of Henry the Eighth. Hall had left papers and notes for the remainder of his work, which he intended to bring down as far as the end of that king's reign. These were compiled and arranged by Grafton, who published the whole work. Opinions differ as to Hall's value as an historian, so far as regards the important points of care and accuracy. It is a great misfortune, especially so far as regards the earlier part of

his works, that he does not quote by name the authorities from whom he drew his materials. He frequently mentions the conflict of preceding writers, but does not specify who they were, or how far they were contemporaneous with the events which they recorded. He strives hard to rise above the meagre creeping gait of the old chroniclers, and the effects of a classic education are continually visible in his work. Stow says of him that he "writ in a lusty and flourishing style." But his efforts at fine writing are by no means happy, and his most elaborate passages consist of harsh and ungainly imitations of Latin. The exordium of his history may serve as a specimen.

"What mis-chief hath insurged in realmes by intestine division, what depopulacion hath ensued in countries by civil dis-censions, what detestable murder hath been committed in citees by separate faccions, and what calamitee hath ensued in famous regions by domestical discords and unnatural controversy, Rome hath felt, Italy can testify, Fraunce can bear witness, Beame (Bohemia) can tell, Scotlande may write, Denmark can shewe, and especially this noble realme of Englande can apparently declare and make demonstration."

His character of our royal founder is a much more favourable sample of Hall's style, and deserves quotation for the sake of its subject matter.

"Kyng Henry was of stature goodly, of body slender, to which proportion all other members were correspondent: his face beautifull, in the which continually was resident the bountie of mynde with which he was inwardly endued. He did abhorre of his own nature all the vices as well of the bodye as of the sowle; and from his verie infancie he was of honest convers-ation and pure integritie; no knower of evill, and a keper of all goodness; a despiser of all thinges which be wonte to cause the myndes of mortal menne to slide, fall or appaire [grow degenerate]. Beside this pacience was so radicate in his harte, that of all the injuries to him committed (which were no small nombre) he never asked vengeance nor punishement; but for that, rendered to Almightie God his creator hartie thanks, thinking that by this trouble and adversitie his synnes were to him forgotten and forgiuen. What shall I saie that this good, this gentle, this meke, this sober and wise man did declare and affirme that those mis-chefes and miseries partly came to hym for his owne offence, and partly for

the hepyng of synne upon sinne wretchedly by his auncestors and forefathers: wherefore he little or nothing esteemed or in anywise did turment or macerate hymself, whatsoever dignitie, what honor, what state of life, what child, what friend he had lost, or missed; but if did sound an offence toward God, he looked on that, and not without repentance, but mourned and sorrowed for it. These and other offices of holynes caused God to work miracles for him in his life tyme (as olde menne saied); by reason whereof, Kyng Henry the Seventh, not without cause, sued to July, Bushup of Rome, to have him canonized, as other sainctes be: but the fees of canonizing of a King were so great a quantitie at Rome (more than the canonizing of a bushoppe or a prelate although he sitte in Saincte Peter's chaire) that the said king thought it more necessary to kepe his monye at home for the profit of his realme and country, rather than to impoverish his kyngdome for the gaining of a new holy day of Saincte Henry: remitting to God the judgment of his will and intent. This Kyng Henry was of a liberall mynde, and especially to such as loved good learning; and those whom he saw profitte in any virteous science he hartely favoured and embraced, wherefore he first holpe his owne young scholars to attein to dis-cipline, and for them he founded a solempne school at Eton, a towne next unto Wyndesore, in the which he hath stablished an honest colege of sad priestes, with a great nombre of children whiche bee there of his coste frankely and freely taught the eruditaments and rules of grammar. Beside this he edified a princely colege in the Universitie of Cambridge called the Kynges Colege, for the further erudicion of such as were brought up in Eton, which at this daie so flourisheth in all kyndes as well of litterature as of tongues that above all other it is worthy to be called the Prince of Coleges."

Edward Foxe, who was elected from Eton to King's in 1512, and was made Provost of King's in 1528, was one of the statesmen and divines who co-operated in bringing about the Reformation. In the same year in which he was made Provost of King's, he was sent with Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, on an embassage to Rome, on the subject of Henry the Eighth's divorce. He was then almoner; and Burnet says that he was reputed one of the best divines in England. He was afterwards employed on embassies both in France and in Germany. It was Foxe who first introduced Cranmer to King Henry, by relating Cranmer's advice

given to Gardiner and himself, that they should wait no longer for the slow and uncertain judgment of the Court of Rome, but have the question, as to the legality of the King's marriage, determined by the opinions of the most learned Universities and scholars in Christendom. The King sent Foxe and Gardiner to Cambridge, where, after great difficulty, they obtained an opinion from the University against the validity of the marriage, as the King desired. Foxe was particularly active, some years afterwards, in persuading the convocation at Canterbury to acknowledge the King as supreme head of the Church. In 1535 he was made Bishop of Hereford, and in the same year was sent to Germany on a fruitless negotiation with the confederate Protestant Princes then assembled at Smalkalde. He returned to England in 1536, and died at London in 1538. He is said to have been a man of considerable abilities, but of more caution. He was rather a secret wellwisher to the Reformation than an open friend; but, by judiciously employing his influence, and exerting himself at every opportunity, when he could do so without risk of persecution, he materially aided the progress of that great revolution in our Church and State. (*Life in Aiken.—Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation.*)

RICHARD COX was born at Whaddon, in Buckinghamshire, and educated at Eton, whither he afterwards returned, to educate others. He became a scholar of King's in 1519, where he speedily acquired a high reputation for learning. Cardinal Wolsey was at this time engaged in founding Christ Church, in Oxford; and, as Fuller says, "This great Prelate, desiring that his college should be as fair within as without, and have learning answerable to the building thereof, employed his emissaries to remove thither the most hopeful plants of Cambridge, and this Richard Cox among the rest. He became afterwards schoolmaster of Eton which was happy with many flourishing wits under his endeavours, and Haddon among the rest, whom he loved with filial affection: nor will it be amiss to insert the poetical pass between them:—

Walter Haddon to Dr. Cox, his schoolmaster.

"Vix caput attollens e lecto scribere carmen,
Qui velit, is voluit scribere plura—Vale."

Dr. Cox to William Haddon, his scholar.

"Te magis optarem salvum sine carmine, fili,
Quam sine te salvo carmina multa—Vale."

"Hence he was sent for, to be instructor to Prince Edward, which with good conscience to his great credit he discharged." Fuller proceeds: "Here, reader, forgive me in hazarding thy censure in making and translating a distich upon them.

> *"Præceptor doctus, docilis magis an puer ille?*
> *Ille puer docilis, præceptor tu quoque doctus."*
> "Master more able, child of more docility?
> Docile the child, master of great ability."

"On Edward the Sixth's accession to the throne, Cox became a great favourite at Court. He was made a Privy Councillor, and the King's Almoner. King Edward used to say of his tutors that Randolph, the German, spake honestly; Sir John Cheke talked merrily: Dr. Coxe, solidly; and Sir Anthony Cooke, weighingly."

Cox was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1547. On Queen Mary's accession he was deprived of all his preferments and confined for a short time in the Marshalsea. Being released, and perceiving the coming storm of persecution he went abroad and resided at Strasburg until Queen Mary's death. He then returned to England, and was one of the divines appointed to revise the Liturgy. He frequently preached before Queen Elizabeth, who esteemed him highly and made him Bishop of Ely. He presided over that see for twenty-one years, and was regarded as one of the chief pillars of the English Church. He died in 1581, in his eighty-second year.

Harwood says of him—"it must be remembered of this Bishop, that he was the first who brought a wife to live in a college." (*Harwood's Alumni Etonenses. — Fuller's Worthies. — Burnett's Hist. Reformation.*)

Sir Thomas Sutton, the founder of the Charter-house, born at Knaith, in Lincolnshire, in 1532, of an ancient and opulent family, was placed at Eton, and educated there, by the advice, and under the direction, of Dr. Cox, whose name has been lately mentioned. He matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1551, whence he went to Lincoln's Inn, with a view of studying the law. He spent, however, the whole of Queen Mary's reign in travelling abroad.

Returning home, in 1562, he entered into the possession of a handsome fortune, his father having died during his absence. He now became a courtier; but a courtier such as most of Queen

Elizabeth's were,—distinguished for his successful activity in military service.

He was appointed Master of the Ordnance at Berwick, and "while he was thus acquiring that glory which is the peculiar purchase of military exploits, he grew not less distinguished by an extraordinary access of wealth. Soon after his arrival in the North, he had purchased of the Bishop of Durham the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, famous for coal-mines in that bishopric; and in 1570 obtained a lease from the Crown, for the term of seventy-nine years. These prospered so fast, that on his coming up to London, in 1580, he brought with him the quantity of two horse-loads of money, and was reputed to be worth fifty thousand pounds. About the middle of the year 1582, he married Elizabeth, daughter of John Gardiner, Esq., of Grove-place, in the parish of Chalfont St. Gyles, in Buckinghamshire, and widow of John Dudley, of Stoke-Newington, in Middlesex, Esq., a near relation of the Earl of Warwick. This lady brought him a very considerable estate, and among the rest, a moiety of the manor of Stoke-Newington, which being near London, he made that house his country seat; and purchasing in the city a large house, near Broken Wharf, in the parish of St. Mary, Somerset, he took up the business of a merchant, which his ready cash enabled him to follow with such great credit, and so much to his advantage, that he soon became one of the chief merchants of London, and is said to have had no less than thirty agents abroad; and his riches flowing in with every tide. Mr. Sutton was likewise one of the chief victuallers of the navy, and seems to have been master of the barque called 'Sutton,' of seventy tons and thirty men, in the list of volunteers attending the English fleet, against the Spanish Armada, in 1588."

One of his biographers states that "it is very probable that he was the principal instrument in the defeat of that Armada. For Sir Francis Walsingham having, by the help of a Popish priest, his spy, procured a copy of the King of Spain's letter, giving an account of his mighty preparations to the Pope, the invasion was hindered for a whole year by our merchants, who, at the instance of Sir Francis, gathered up the chief bills of the Bank of Genoa, and drawing their money out of it just as King Philip had ordered bills upon that bank to set his fleet out to sea, those bills were through necessity protested, so that patience became the only

remedy. His Majesty was obliged to wait the arrival of his Plate Fleet from the Indies, for the necessary supplies; and England had thence time to prepare for the reception of the Invincible Armada. Mr. Sutton was at this time the chief and richest merchant in London, and, considering his obligations to the Crown, together with his known loyalty, no doubt can be made but he was also the chief of those merchants who drained the bank of Genoa, according to a strong tradition that prevails at Charter-house."

In 1602 Sutton was left a widower. He had hitherto lived in a style of open and sumptuous hospitality; but after this bereavement he lost all relish for society, and passed the remainder of his days in seclusion. He now formed the resolution of disposing of his vast wealth in the foundation of some great public charity; and considering himself thenceforth only a steward of his possessions, he lived in the most frugal manner. "But before he had fixed upon any particular plan for carrying that design into execution, he was greatly alarmed, in the year 1608, with the news of a design to raise him to the peerage, in the view of laying him thereby under an obligation to make King Charles I., then Duke of York, his Heir. Upon the first notice that came to his ears of this project, he immediately put a stop to it; and having received a letter from Mr. Joseph Hall, (afterwards Bishop of Norwich), exciting him to come to some determination in his intended charity, he soon after, on the 10th of March 1609, petitioned the King in Parliament, for an Act to empower him to erect an hospital at Hallingbury-Bouchers, in Essex. The petition was accordingly granted; but in a little time, changing his mind as to the situation, he purchased, of the Earl of Suffolk, Howard House, or the late dissolved Charter-house, near Smithfield, for the sum of thirteen thousand pounds, where he founded the present hospital of Charter-house, in 1611. He designed to be himself the first Master of it; but soon after the grant, being seized with a slow fever, and perceiving his end to approach, he hastened, and by a deed, dated on the 30th of October that year, nominated the Reverend John Hutton, Master of Arts, and Vicar of Littlebury in Essex, to that post. On the first of November he signed an irrevocable deed of gift of the estates specified in the letters patents to the governors in trust for the hospital. On the second of that month he made his last will,

wherein he bequeathed several other considerable benefactions; after which, his fever, still increasing, put a period to his life, on the 12th of December following, in the seventy-ninth year of his age."

The excellence of the Carthusian foundation, which consists of a Master, a Preacher, a Schoolmaster, and Usher, forty scholars, and eighty pensioners, and various officers, is well known; and there have been few among the merchant princes of England who have acquired their wealth more honourably, or who have employed it more charitably and patriotically than Sir Thomas Sutton. (*Biog. Brit.—Ackerman's Hist. of the Charterhouse.*)

Walter Haddon, an eminent scholar of this period, was born in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1516. He was educated first at Eton, under Dr. Cox; and in 1533 was elected scholar of King's College, Cambridge. He stood high among the university men of his time for the purity of his Latin style. His fame as a scholar was not confined to Cambridge; and it is said Queen Elizabeth was once asked which she preferred, Buchanan or Haddon; on which her reply was, "Buchannum omnibus antepono; Haddonum nemini postpono."

Haddon's chief pursuit was civil law, in which he took his degree, and was made public lecturer. He held also the professorship of rhetoric and oratory. During the short reign of Edward the Sixth, he was made Master of Trinity College, in the room of Bishop Gardiner. The office of Vice-Chancellor was conferred upon him in 1550; and in two years after, though not qualified for the office according to the statutes, he was chosen President of Magdalen College, Oxford. On the succession of Queen Mary, he withdrew from his public offices, and retired into private life. He escaped in safety during that troubled time, by keeping himself in strict privacy; but on the death of Queen Mary he again appeared, under the sanction of Royal favour, and became distinguished under the patronage of Elizabeth. By her he was made Master of Requests; and was appointed, by Archbishop Parker, Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. He was also employed, by the Queen, on several embassies, and was made a Commissioner at the Royal Visitation of the University of Cambridge. In 1565 and 1566 he was appointed, with Dr. Walton, agent at Bruges, for restoring the ancient commerce between England and the Netherlands. He was also the principal compiler

and translator into Latin of the code of ecclesiastical law, entitled "Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum," edited by John Fox, in 1571. He died in 1572, aged 56. (*Cunningham's Biography.—Alumni Etonenses.*)

In 1547, Sir Thomas Smith succeeded Bishop Aldridge as Provost of Eton. This learned man was educated at Queen's College, in Cambridge: where he became so eminent for learning, that King Henry the Eighth chose him one of his scholars; and, for his encouragement and better maintenance, allowed him a yearly pension, as was then customary. In 1531, he was chosen Fellow of his College; about which time, it is said that "he closely applied himself to the reading of the best authors, such as Plato, Demosthenes, and Aristotle. By his great diligence he acquired, in about two years time, a perfect skill in Greek, and was appointed, in 1535, to read the public Greek Lecture in the University. Besides his public Lecture, he also read privately in his College upon Homer's Odyssey. In 1536, he was made University Orator, which place he filled with great applause."

According to Fuller he then, at the King's express desire, visited the principal universities on the Continent, in order to perfect himself as far as possible in classical learning. Smith availed himself of this opportunity to acquire an extensive and scientific knowledge of modern as well as ancient languages. On his return to Cambridge in 1542, he was made Regius Professor of the Civil Law.

Smith was a zealous co-operator with Sir John Cheke, in enforcing at Cambridge that which Erasmus and the best scholars considered to be the true pronunciation of Greek. Hallam says:—"The early students of that language, receiving their instructions from natives, had acquired the vicious uniformity of sounds belonging to the corrupted dialect. Reuchlin's school, of which Melanchthon was one, adhered to this, and were called Itacists, from the continual recurrence of the sound of Iota in modern Greek, being thus distinguished from the Etists of Erasmus's party. Smith and Cheke proved by testimonies of antiquity, that the latter were right; and 'by this revived pronunciation,' says Strype, 'was displayed the flower and plentifulness of that language, the variety of vowels, the grandeur of diphthongs, the majesty of long letters, and the grace of distinct speech."

Smith also attempted to amend the orthography of the English

language, but he found this a far more difficult task than correcting the orthoepy of the Greek. Smith published a treatise, "*De rectâ et emendatâ Linguæ Anglicæ Scriptione.*" In this Smith's censures and theories were true enough, as one of his Biographers states—"He maintained that the manner of *Writing* many of our English words was both absurd and improper. As, for instance, in these words, *Please, Sonne, Moone, To, Toe, Meane,* he said those sounds are not comprehended which we would express; and in some of them the syllables are stuffed with needless letters, which letters by themselves have their certain natures, as he observed, and being joined after that manner, have not that force which they ought to have. And again, in other words, he took notice we had no letters that expressed what we spake, and therefore he thought it necessary to have more letters. So he framed twenty-nine letters, whereof nineteen were Roman, four Greek, and six English or Saxon. The five vowels he augmented to ten, by distinguishing them into long and short, and making certain accents over, or on the side of, those that were to be pronounced long. He allowed no diphthongs nor double consonants, nor any *E's* at the end of words not being sounded. He was for throwing out entirely, and banishing from the alphabet, the letter *Q* as useless; *Ku* expressing the full power of *Qu*, for, without the vowel *U*, the letter *Q* is never written. And the same uselessness he found to be in the letter *C*, for it is always expressed either by *K* or *S*, but he retained it in his alphabet to serve instead of *Ch*. Mr. Strype caused this alphabet to be engraved on a copper-plate, and placed it in the Appendix to Sir Thomas's Life."

Many learned Philologists since Smith's time have been offended with the same mischievous absurdities in our system of spelling that roused his indignation. Many also have proposed excellent systems to supersede the existing chaos. It is indeed only within the last few weeks that the "FONETIC NUZ" has been withdrawn from circulation. But

"——— Usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi,"

aye, and of *scribendi* also, has prevailed over every theorist; and our children's children will probably have to learn to spell on a system, which makes the task a hundredfold more difficult than it would be if our pens traced the alphabetical symbols as our lips pronounce the alphabetical sounds.

On the accession of King Edward the Sixth, Smith's known zeal for the cause of the Reformation, and his high reputation for learning and ability, caused him to be taken into office by the Lord Protector Somerset, who made him one of his Masters of Requests. It was at this time that he obtained the Provostship of Eton, and was also made Steward of the Stannaries in Cornwall; an office to which he was recommended by his credit as an excellent metallist and chemist.

In 1548, he was advanced to the high office of Secretary of State, and knighted. He was repeatedly employed on important embassies to the Emperor's Court and to the Court of France, and throughout Edward's reign he enjoyed the highest favour and prosperity.

On Queen Mary's accession, he was deprived of all his offices, including his Provostship: but through the intercession and care of many powerful personal friends, his life and liberty were not assailed. On Queen Elizabeth coming to the throne, Sir Thomas was restored to royal favour, and trusted with many high employments.

In 1572, "whilst he was abroad, the Queen conferred upon him the place of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; and the 24th of June following, he was constituted Secretary of State, in the room of William Lord Burghley, made Lord High-Treasurer. Having obtained the year before a grant of a rich parcel of land called *the Ardes* in Ireland, he sent a colony thither in 1572, and endeavoured to settle it at the expense of several thousand pounds. The next, and indeed the last, memorable action of his was in 1575, when he procured an Act of Parliament for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the two Colleges of Eaton and Winchester, importing that in all college leases, a third part at least of the old rent should be reserved and paid in corn; that is to say, in good wheat at the rate of six shillings and eight-pence the quarter, or under, and good malt at the rate of five shillings the quarter, or under."

Blackstone has made some remarks on this statute, which in these days of Californian diggings are not undeserving of attention. He says—

"There is yet another restriction with regard to college leases, by statute 18 Eliz. c. 6, which directs, that one third of the old rent, then paid, should for the future be reserved in wheat or

malt, reserving a quarter of wheat for each 6*s.* 8*d.* or a quarter of malt for every 5*s.*; or that the lessee should pay for the same according to the price that wheat and malt should be sold for, in the market next adjoining to the respective colleges, on the market-day before the rent becomes due. This is said to have been an invention of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and Sir Thomas Smith, then principal Secretary of State; who, observing how greatly the value of money had sunk, and the price of all provisions risen, by the quantity of bullion imported from the new-found Indies, which effects were likely to increase to a greater degree, devised this method for upholding the revenues of colleges. Their foresight and penetration have in this respect been very apparent; for, though the rent so reserved in corn was at first but one-third of the old rent, or half what was still reserved in money, yet now the proportion is nearly inverted; and the money arising from corn rents is, *communibus annis*, almost double to the rents reserved in money."

Sir Thomas Smith died in 1577, in the sixty-third year of his age. (*Biog. Brit.*)

SIR HENRY SAVILE.

In May 1596, Eton received as her Provost Henry Savile. This distinguished scholar had been a member first of Brasenose College, Oxford, and afterwards of Merton College, where he was elected a Fellow in 1578, being at that time of the age of twenty-one years. When he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1570, he read as his public exercise for that degree a dissertation on the Almagest of Ptolemy, which at once raised his reputation to the highest pitch in the university both for mathematical and classical learning. In 1578 he travelled on the Continent, where he formed friendships with many learned men, and obtained many important manuscripts, some of which were original, while some, though copies, were copies of great value in England. He was not only a most learned but a most accomplished man, which must greatly have facilitated his introduction on his return at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, who read Greek and mathematics with him, and held him in the highest esteem. In 1585 he was made Warden of Merton, and eleven years afterwards was chosen Provost of Eton. Savile exerted himself greatly to increase the fame of the College,

and took every opportunity of introducing among its Fellows men of learning and reputation, one of whom was the celebrated John Hales. Savile is said to have been stern in his theory and practice of discipline respecting the scholars. He preferred boys of steady habits and resolute industry to the more showy but more flighty students. He looked on the sprightly wits, as they were termed, with dislike and distrust. According to his judgment, irregularity in study was sure to be accompanied by irregularity in other things. He used to say, "Give me the plodding student. If I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate: there be the wits." James the First, on his accession to the throne of England, expressed a particular regard for Savile, and offered him preferment either in Church or State. Savile, however, declined all offers of further promotion, and only accepted the honour of knighthood, which was conferred on him at Windsor in 1604.

In the same year in which Savile was knighted he had the misfortune to lose his only son; and, having now no one to inherit his name and estate, he resolved to consecrate his fortune to the advancement of learning. He himself defrayed the expense of the splendid edition of St. Chrysostom, which was printed at the Eton College press, and which is said to have cost him no less than 8000*l*. He also founded two new professorships at Oxford, one of geometry and one of astronomy, the first appointments to which he obtained for Henry Briggs and John Bainbridge. The French biographer of Savile remarks how many eminent men have filled the mathematical chair which Savile founded. Among them he enumerates, with just praise, Wren, Wallis, Halley, Gregory, Keill, Bradley, and Hornby.

Savile certainly deserves the credit of having been almost the founder of the study at Oxford; for, in the preamble of the deed by which he endowed his two professorships, he recites that at that time "Geometry was almost totally unknown and abandoned in England." As above mentioned, Briggs was his first mathematical professor; but Aubrey says that Savile first sent for Gunter for this purpose, who "coming with his sector and quadrant, fell to resolving of triangles, and doing a great many fine things. Said the grave knight, 'Do you call this reading of geometrie? this is showing of tricks, man;' and so dismissed him with scorn, and sent for Briggs."

Savile was also a munificent donor of valuable books and manuscripts to Oxford; and he paid the expense of the new font of Greek types which was cast for the press of that university.

He obtained an European reputation for scholarship, not merely by his great edition of Chrysostom, but also by a version of Tacitus, with notes which were thought worthy in the next century of being translated into Latin, and published on the continent by Gruterius. He was also the first Englishman that contributed to the modern scholar's knowledge of ancient antiquities. He published, in 1598, his "View of Certain Military Matters, or Commentaries concerning Roman Warfare:" a work which Hallam terms "one displaying an independent and extensive erudition;" and which was translated into Latin and printed at Heidelburg as early as 1601.

But, after all, Sir Henry's fame rests mainly on the great fact that he was one of the learned and pious men to whom we owe our present Translation of the Bible. His name appears among those to whom the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Apocalypse, were allotted, as their peculiar task.

Sir Henry Savile died at Eton on February 19th, 1621. He is buried in the College Chapel. He was married, but left no family. An amusing anecdote is told of Lady Savile, who, like the wives of other hard-reading men, was jealous of her husband's books. The date of the anecdote is the time when Savile was preparing his great edition of Chrysostom. "This work," we are told, "required such long and close application, that Sir Henry's lady thought herself neglected; and coming to him one day into his study, she said, 'Sir Henry, I would I were a book too, and then you would a little more respect me.' To which, one standing by, replied, 'You must then be an almanack, madam, that he might change you every year,' which answer, it is added, displeased her:—a fact that we can readily believe. The same lady, when Sir Henry was ill, threatened to burn Chrysostom, for killing her husband, but was dissuaded by an eulogy from Mr. Bois on the sweet preaching of the Saint of the Golden Mouth." (*Chalmers' Biog. Dict.—Biographie Universelle.*)

ADMIRAL GILBERT.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of that bold band of English mariners, who threw such lustre on the reign of Elizabeth, was a native of Devonshire, and half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh. He was born in 1539. He was educated at Eton, and for a short time studied at Oxford: he was also entered at the Temple. The intellectual training which Gilbert thus received in early youth, bore ample fruit during the active scenes in which the rest of his life was past. For he, like his illustrious kinsman, and most of the other Elizabethan heroes, combined the various glories of the scholar, the orator, the author, the sailor and the soldier, and the statesman. Being introduced at court by an aunt who was in the Queen's service, young Gilbert was easily led to forsake the legal for a military career; and he soon distinguished himself in the expedition to Havre, which took place in 1563, and also on other occasions. He was intrusted, while quite a young man, with the arduous and responsible duty of quelling Fitzmorris's rebellion in Ireland; and so ably did he conduct himself there, that he rose to be Commander-in-chief and Governor of the Province of Munster; and received the honour of knighthood from the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, on New-Year's day, 1570. On his return to England he married a lady of large fortune, and in 1571 was returned to the House of Commons a member for Plymouth. He distinguished himself by the force and grace of his oratory in the English Parliament, as he had previously done in the Irish House of Commons, in which he had held a seat during his Munster command. He was employed in active service in the Netherlands in 1572; and, on his return, he diligently applied his mind to the question of the existence of a north-west passage round America; a problem which has never ceased to occupy the adventurous spirits of this country. He published, in 1576, his "Discourse to prove a passage by the north-west to Cathaia and the East Indies." This treatise is preserved in Hakluyt's old collection of voyages, and it well deserves perusal. It shows its author to have been a man of great learning and information, and a good logician, though more happy in opposing the theories of others than in supporting his own. Some of the reasons which he gives to prove "what

commodities would ensue, this passage once discovered," are worth quotation, for the light which they throw on the state of England at the time, and the proof they give of the antiquity of the prescription of emigration, as a panacea for the nation's ills. Gilbert says: "Also we might inhabite some part of those countryes, and settle there such needy people of our countrey, which now trouble the common wealth, and through want here at home, are enforced to commit outrageous offences, whereby they are dayly consumed with the gallows." . . . . . "Also here we shall increase both our ships and mariners without burdening the state, and also have occasion to set poore men's children to learn handicraftes, and thereby to make trifles and such like, which the Indians and those people do so much esteeme; by reason whereof there should be none occasion to have our countrey combred with loiterers, vagabonds, and such like idle persons." Gilbert professes his readiness to offer himself to bring these things into effect; and to prove that he has laboured to make himself sufficient for the enterprise, he alludes to some scientific improvements which he had devised in the mariner's card, and in the instrument for determining the longitude; and his concluding words worthily express the heroism which all the actions of his life attested. "Give me leave without offence always to live and die in this mind, that he is not worthy to live at all, that for feare or danger of death shunneth his countrey's service, and his owne honour: seeing death is inevitable, and the fame of vertue immortall. Wherefore in this behalf, 'Mutare vel timere sperno.'"

Two years after the publication of this treatise, Sir Humphrey obtained a most ample patent from the Crown, authorising him to occupy and colonise any parts of the North American continent that were not already in the possession of any of the Queen's allies. This was the first scheme of British colonisation in America. Sir Humphrey sailed forth, not as a mere explorer and transient visitor of new regions, but as the permanent occupant and future ruler of a new world. The right of an English Queen to assume as her own, and to deal with as her own, all such lands beyond the pale of Christendom as might be discovered in her name, was implicitly believed in by the English of that age. And Queen Elizabeth had granted to Gilbert as his own for ever all such "heathen and barbarous countries as he might discover," with absolute authority there both by sea and land. The sole reser-

vations in favour of the English Crown were, that he and his successors should do homage to Elizabeth and her successors, and that they should render a tribute of the fifth part of all gold and silver that the new regions might produce. Gilbert, accompanied by Raleigh,[3] sailed at once for the New World with a small squadron, but was soon driven back by stress of weather to England with the loss of one of his best ships. Undismayed by this repulse, Sir Humphrey sailed again in 1583, and reaching Newfoundland in the month of August in that year, he took formal possession of the territory round the harbour of St. John's.[4] He granted several leases of land in his projected colony to the adventurers who were with him, and though none of them remained at Newfoundland that winter, several afterwards returned and took possession of their allotments by virtue of Sir Humphrey's grants. It is, therefore, with justice that Sir Humphrey Gilbert has been

[3] Sir Walter Raleigh, step-brother to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, was one of his companions in this enterprise; and although it proved unsuccessful, the instructions of Sir Humphrey could not fail to be of service to Raleigh, who at this time was not much above twenty-five, while the Admiral must have been in the maturity of his years and abilities.—*Tytler's Life of Raleigh; Warburton's Conquest of Canada.*

[4] "Raleigh, who by this time had risen into favour with the Queen, did not embark on the expedition, but he induced his royal mistress to take so deep an interest in its success that, on the eve of its sailing from Plymouth, she commissioned him to convey to Sir H. Gilbert her earnest wishes for his success, with a special token of regard—a little trinket representing an anchor guided by a lady. The following was Raleigh's letter, written from the Court:—'Brother,—I have sent you a token from her Majesty, an anchor guided by a Lady, as you see; and further, her Highness willed me to send you word, that she wished you as great good hap and safety to your ship as if she herself were there in person, desiring you to have care of yourself as of that which she tendereth; and therefore, for her sake, you must provide for it accordingly. Farther, she commandeth that you leave your picture with me. For the rest I leave till our meeting, or to the report of this bearer, who would needs be the messenger of this good news. So I commit you to the will and protection of God, who sends us such life and death as he shall please or hath appointed. Richmond, this Friday morning. Your true brother, WALTER RALEIGH.'—This letter is indorsed as having been received March 18, 1582-3, and it may be remarked that it settles the doubt as to the truth of Prince's story of the golden anchor, questioned by Campbell in his *Lives of the Admirals.* In the *Heroölogia Anglica*, p. 65, there is a fine print of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, taken evidently from an original picture; but, unlike the portrait mentioned by Grainger, it does not bear the device mentioned in the text. Raleigh's letter explains this difference. When Sir Humphrey was at Plymouth, on the eve of sailing, the Queen commands him, we see, to leave his picture with Raleigh. This must allude to a portrait already painted; and of course the golden anchor then sent could not be seen in it. Now, he perished on the voyage. The picture at Devonshire House, mentioned by Grainger, which bears this honourable badge, must therefore have been painted *after* his death."—*Tytler's Raleigh*, p. 45; *Grainger's Biographical History*, vol. i. p. 246; *Cayley*, vol. i. p. 31; *Prince's Worthies of Devonshire; Warburton's Conquest of Canada.*

called the father of our North American empire. In the September of 1583, Gilbert left St. John's Harbour to explore the coast, being himself on board a small sloop, *The Squirrel*, of only ten tons burden, and having two larger vessels with him. One of his consorts soon foundered in a storm; and Gilbert then steered for home through a tempestuous sea, still remaining in the little sloop, and accompanied by the *Golden Hind*, the survivor of the two larger ships. The latter vessel alone ever reached land. On the ninth of September her crew saw the last of the sloop that carried Gilbert. They were close to her for a short period during that day, both vessels being in imminent peril, especially the *Squirrel*. The *Golden Hind* drifted by her a little before nightfall, and the crew of the larger bark plainly discovered Gilbert standing on the stern with a book in his hand, and they heard him exclaim to his men, "Courage, my lads, we are as near Heaven at sea as on land."

For some hours those on board the *Golden Hind* saw a small light rise and fall at a little distance from them, and they knew that it was the lantern of their admiral's vessel that was plunging and rolling among the stormy waves. Soon after midnight the light suddenly disappeared. The little bark had been swallowed up by the sea, and the brave and good Sir Humphrey Gilbert had perished with her. (*Chalmers' Biog. Dict.—Hakluyt's Voyages.—Warburton's Conquest of Canada.*)

WILLIAM OUGHTRED.

The increased attention that has lately been paid at Eton to the study of mathematics, augments the pleasure with which we recognise among the Etonians of the sixteenth century the first mathematician of his time, and one of the ablest that England has ever produced. William Oughtred was born at Eton in 1573, was educated on the foundation of the College, and became a Kingsman in 1592. Aubrey, in his curious biographical memoir of Oughtred, says: "His father taught to write at Eaton, and was a scrivener; and understood common arithmetique, and 'twas no small help and furtherance to his son to be instructed in it when a school-boy." Oughtred made diligent use of the advantages which Eton and Cambridge gave him for acquiring classical and philosophical instruction; but the bent of his genius was to

the mathematics; and in boyhood, youth, manhood and old age, he spent the greatest part of his time in what he fondly termed "the *more* than Elysian fields of the mathematical sciences." At the age of twenty-three he wrote his Horologiographia Geometrica, a treatise on geometrical dialling, which was first published in 1647. In 1600, he projected the instrument now known as the Sliding Rule, by which the processes of addition and subtraction are performed mechanically; and which by the use of logarithmic scales is adapted for the similar performance of multiplication and division. Oughtred set little value on this most ingenious and scientific invention, nor was it till thirty years afterwards that his casual mention of it in conversation with one of his pupils caused it to be given to the world. A most dishonest attempt was made by a person named Delemain to pirate the invention, but Oughtred then came forward and fully vindicated his title as the original discoverer. In 1631 appeared Oughtred's "Arithmeticæ in Numero et Speciebus Institutio," or as it was speedily and generally called his "Clavis." This work soon became the text-book for mathematical students at Cambridge, and the first mathematicians of the age lent Oughtred their assistance in passing successive editions through the press. Other works of high merit and reputation on mathematical subjects were published by him during his life; and, according to Aubrey, more scientific discoveries might have been given by him to the world, had it not been for the penurious disposition of a lady whom he married, and who "would not allow him to burn candle after supper, by which means many a good notion is lost and many a problem unsolved." This, however, seems only to have been the case in his extreme old age; for Aubrey elsewhere tells us, on the authority of Oughtred's eldest son, that Oughtred "studyed late at night: went not to bed till 11 o'clock; had his tinder box by him; and on the top of his bedstaffe he had his ink-horne fixed. He slept but little. Sometimes he went not to bed in two or three nights, and would not come down to meale till he had found out the *quæsitum*." The same authority states, "None of his sonnes he could make any great scholar. He was a little man, had black hair and black eies, with a great deal of spirit. His witt was always working; he would draw lines and diagrams in the dust."

Oughtred's marriage, which Aubrey thinks to have been so prejudicial to science, took place some time after he obtained the

living of Albury, in Surrey, to which he was presented about 1600. He was rector of this parish for more than half a century, and was uniformly esteemed and beloved for his exemplary discharge of his pastoral duties. It certainly appears, according to Aubrey, that some of the neighbouring clergy at first criticised his sermons rather severely; yet even these admitted that in his old age, when he attended a little more to the study of divinity and a little less to that of mathematics, "he preached admirably well."

He resided at his living, and his house was frequented by scientific men of all nations, who came to consult him and do him honour; and it also was continually filled with pupils, who sought the benefit of his teaching. Among others, the Earl of Arundel engaged his services to instruct his sons. Aubrey says, "that this nobleman was Oughtred's great patron, and loved him entirely. One time they were like to have been killed together by the fall of a grott at Albury, which fell downe but just as they were come out. My Lord had many grotts about his [Oughtred's] house, cutt in the sandy sides of hills, wherein he delighted to sitt and discourse."

Fuller says that Oughtred was "unanimously acknowledged the prince of mathematicians;" and there is a strong proof of how high Oughtred's fame must have stood abroad, in the fact, which Aubrey records, that when the troubles of the civil wars broke out in England, the Duke of Florence invited Oughtred over to Italy, and offered him 500*l.* a-year; but Oughtred declined it on account of his religion.

Oughtred did indeed pass through the troubles of these times without actual molestation, though not without some hazard. In 1646 he was in danger of a sequestration; but by the influence of Lilly, the astrologer, he escaped.

Oughtred retained his faculties both of body and mind in rare perfection to the great age of eighty-seven. His death is said to have been accelerated by excess of joy at hearing of the restoration of King Charles the Second. Fuller, in his Book of Worthies, says of him, "This aged Simeon had a strong persuasion that before his death he should behold Christ's anointed restored to the throne, which he did accordingly, to his incredible joy, and then had his *dimittis* out of this mortal life, Jan. 30th, 1660." (*Biog. Brit.*)

Thomas Tusser, the author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," and the favourite poet of English agriculturists, was an Etonian, and was at Eton during this century. Southey says of him:—

"This good, honest, homely, useful old rhymer was born about

the year 1520, at Rivenhall, near Witham, in Essex. He died about the year 1580, in London, and was buried in St. Mildred's Church, in the Poultry. The course of his industrious but unprosperous life, is related by himself among the multifarious contents of his homespun Georgics; a work once in such repute that Lord Molesworth, writing in 1723, and proposing that a school for husbandry should be erected in every county, advised that 'Tusser's old Book of Husbandry should be taught to the boys, to read, to copy, and to get by heart;' and that it should be reprinted and distributed for that purpose."

Udall was Headmaster of Eton while Tusser was there, and the poet thus records the severity of his "*Plagosus Orbilius*:"—

"From Paul's I went to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase;
Where fifty three stripes given to me
At once I had,
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was.
See, Udall, see the mercy of thee
To me poor lad."

I must plead guilty to an inability to wade through Tusser. We know that

"*Molle atque facetum*
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœnæ,"

but the author of our English Georgics is utterly destitute of these qualities. Tusser's versification, however, is curiously elaborate for the time when he wrote. Warton has pointed this out. His rhythm also is always good, and his language free from inversions; two merits that have probably gone far in insuring his permanent popularity among the class for which he wrote.

I turn with pleasure to two other Eton poets of a little later period, to PHINEAS and GILES FLETCHER.

Southey says, "No single family has ever in one generation produced three such poets as Giles and Phineas Fletcher, and their cousin the dramatist." Eton has the honour of having educated the two first of the poetical triumvirate. They were the sons of Dr. Giles Fletcher, who will be soon mentioned in these pages. Phineas Fletcher was elected from Eton to King's in 1600. He became a Fellow of the College in due course, and continued to be one till 1621, when he was presented to the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, by Sir Henry Willoughby. He held this living till his

death in 1650. The poem of "The Purple Island," by which he is known to posterity, was chiefly written by him in youth, as is proved by allusions in it to the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. "The Purple Island" is a long allegorical poem, wherein a shepherd gives to his companions, under the guise of describing an island, its inhabitants, and enemies, first an anatomical description of the human body, and then a metaphysical account of the passions, vices, and virtues of the human mind. No genius could render such a subject attractive; but it is greatly to the credit of the author's purity and taste, that in his hands no part of it is coarse or repulsive. He is an obvious admirer and follower of Spenser; and those who find the "Faery Queen" tedious, will certainly find "The Purple Island" unreadable. On the other hand, a true lover of Spenser will read Fletcher with pleasure. His versification is graceful, his language clear and well-chosen, and there are some passages in his poem which would command the praise of all who became acquainted with them. I select for quotation the description of Despair and the Two Deaths, among the foes whom the Old Dragon sends against the Soul:—

"The second in this rank was black Despair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night:
His looks fast nail'd to Sin; long sooty hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide staring fright:
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head
Light, Heav'n, and Earth, himself, and all things fled:
A breathing corpse he seem'd, wrapt up in living lead.
* * * * *

"Instead of feathers on his dangling crest
A luckless raven spread her blackest wings;
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
But deathful verses and sad dirges sings;
His hellish arms were all with fiends emboss,
Who damned souls with endless torments roast,
And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd ghost.

"Two weapons, sharp as death he ever bore,
Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly darts;
Sin at his side, a two-edged sword he wore,
With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts;
Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath
Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth:
And round about was wrote, 'Reward of sin is death.'

"The last two brethren were far different,
Only in common name of Death agreeing;
The first arm'd with a scythe still mowing went;
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;

Born deaf, and blind; nothing might stop his way:
No pray'rs, no vows his keenest scythe could stay,
Nor beauty's self, his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

"No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;
Down falls the young, and old, the boy and maid;
Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him;
All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh array'd:
The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
And horrour brings in midst of love's alarms:
Too well we know his pow'r by long experienc'd harms.

"A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
Some more, some less, fear his all frighting face;
But most, who sleep in downy pleasure's bed;
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high;
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet lie.

"The second far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphur streams;
Which creeping round about him fill'd with smart
His cursed limbs, that direly he blasphemes;
Most strange it seems, that burning thus for ever,
No rest, no time, no place these flames may sever;
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth never."

The other brother, GILES FLETCHER, after leaving Eton, went to Trinity College, Cambridge. He, like his brother, took holy orders, and held the living of Alderton in Suffolk. Nothing more is recorded of him; save that he died at Alderton while yet in the prime of life. He chose a far superior subject for his poem, to that which his brother had selected. Giles's poem is on Christ's Victory and Triumph. Hallam correctly decides that "he has more vigour than his elder brother, but more affectation in his style." I cannot concur with Hallam in adding that "he has less sweetness and less smoothness." I will quote a portion of the song of the sorceress in the scene of the Temptation. Many of these lines seem to me to be eminently smooth and sweet:—

"Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:
* * *
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,

While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

"See, see the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay:
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Giles Fletcher, like his brother, is of the Spenserian school; and, like his brother, sometimes ventures to compete with their common master. It is singular that each should have given an elaborate allegorical description of Despair, as if to try how closely they could follow their master in one of his most celebrated performances. The passage in Christ's Triumph on Earth, in which the description of Despair is given, is also remarkable, as having afforded a hint to Milton for his description of the first meeting between the Tempter and our Saviour in the "Paradise Regained:"—

"Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from Heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages, that den below,
And all the day in lazy covert drouse,
Since him the silent wilderness did house:
The Heav'n his roof, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass:
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did pass.

" At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

" A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline ;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine."

* * * * *

" Thus on they wandred ; but these holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man, did cover.
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds ;
And round about the stinking corps did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over
His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

" He was the son of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chatt'ring lie,
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming suphur fry.
At once compelled to live, and forc'd to die,
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry
Of 'Oh !' and 'Ah !' and 'Out, alas ! that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die !'

" Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood all comers to devour,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave.
The ground no herbs, but venomous, did bear,
Nor ragged trees did leave ; but every where
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

" Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,
And through the shady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly float,
While ever with her wings the screech owl smote
Th' unblessed house : there on a craggy stone
Celeno hung and made his direful moan,
And all about the murdered ghost did shriek and groan.

"Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell;
But he himself with night for darkness strove.
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look, their glimpse did show
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

"His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd fast;
And as he musing lay, to stony fright
A thousand wild chimeras would him cast:
As when a fearful dream in midst of night,
Skips to the brain, and phansies to the sight
Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root:
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

"Now he would dream that he from Heaven fell,
And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he sinking was to Hell,
And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall
Him seemed Hell, and then he out would crawl:
And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,
Lest him, perhaps, some fury had espied,
And then, alas! he should in chains for ever bide.

"Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,
He never durst to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the door he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were;
And still he thought he felt their craples tear
Him by the heels back to his ugly den:
Out fain, he would have leapt abroad, but then
The Heav'n, as Hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men."

Perhaps the finest stanzas in Giles Fletcher's poem are those in which the remorse of Judas is described:—

"For, him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly, nay, never stay'd,
Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd.
Oft changed he place, in hope away to wind;
But change of place could never change his mind:
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

"There is but two ways for this soul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it perges;
To flie to Heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging scourges,

Feed on the howling ghosts, and fiery surges
Of brimstone roll about the cave of night,
Where flames do burn and yet no spark of light,
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaspheming spright.

"There lies the captive soul, aye-sighing sore,
Reck'ning a thousand years since her first bands;
Yet stays not there, but adds a thousand more,
And at another thousand never stands,
But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands:
And now the stars are told, and sands are run,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas! but now all is begun."

THE MARTYRS.

In several of the preceding memoirs in this chapter I have alluded to the religious troubles and persecutions of Queen Mary's reign. Besides the eminent men whom I have already mentioned as having shared the sufferings of the Reformed Church during that period, many more Etonians are recorded in the *Alumni Etonenses*, as having been afflicted for conscience' sake. I do not stop to particularise them all; but our humble tribute of gratitude and honour must be said to Four, whose faith was strong even unto death, and who sealed their belief with their blood. These are John Fuller, who became a scholar of King's in 1527; and was burnt to death on Jesus Green in Cambridge, April 2nd, 1556: Robert Glover, scholar of King's in 1533; burnt to death at Coventry on the 20th of September, 1555: Lawrence Saunders, scholar of King's in 1538; burnt to death at Coventry on the 8th of February, 1556: John Hullier, scholar of King's also, in 1538; burnt to death on Jesus Green, Cambridge, on the 2nd of April, 1556. I have condensed from Fox some account of the Martyrdom of the two last. The narrative of John Glover's sufferings may also be found in that writer. (*Townshend's Edition*, vol. vii.) Respecting Lawrence Saunders, the old Martyrologist of the Reformation says:—

"After that Queen Mary, by public proclamation in the first year of her reign, had inhibited the sincere preaching of God's holy word, as is before declared, divers godly ministers of the word, which had the cure and charge of souls committed to them, did, notwithstanding, according to their bounden duty, feed their flock faithfully, not as preachers authorised by public authority

(as the godly order of the realm was in the happy days of blessed King Edward), but as the private pastors of particular flocks; among whom Laurence Saunders was one, a man of worshipful parentage. His bringing up was in learning from his youth, in places met for that purpose, as namely in the school of Eton; from whence (according to the manner there used) he was chosen to go to the King's College in Cambridge, where he continued scholar of the College three whole years, and there profited in knowledge and learning very much for that time. Shortly after that, he did forsake the university, and went to his parents, upon whose advice he minded to become a merchant, for that his mother, who was a gentlewoman of good estimation, being left a widow, and having a good portion for him among his other brethren, she thought to set him up wealthily; and so he, coming up to London, was bound apprentice with a merchant, named Sir William Chester, who afterward chanced to be sheriff of London the same year that Saunders was burned at Coventry." . . . "Saunders tarried not long time in the traffic of merchandise, but shortly returned to Cambridge again to his study; where he began to couple to the knowledge of the Latin, the study of the Greek tongue, wherein he profited in small time very much. Therewith, also, he joined the study of the Hebrew. Then gave he himself wholly to the study of the holy Scripture, to furnish himself to the office of a preacher."

Fox then describes Saunders' arrest, trial, and condemnation.

"The next day, which was the 8th of February, he was led to the place of execution in the park without the city, going in an old gown and a shirt, bare-footed, and ofttimes fell flat on the ground, and prayed. When he was come nigh to the place, the officer appointed to see the execution done, said to master Saunders, that he was one of them which marred the Queen's realm, with false doctrine and heresy, 'wherefore thou hast deserved death,' quoth he; 'but yet, if thou wilt revoke thine heresies, the Queen hath pardoned thee: if not, yonder fire is prepared for thee.' To whom Master Saunders answered, 'It is not I, nor my fellow preachers of God's truth, that have hurt the Queen's realm, but it is yourself, and such as you are, which have always resisted God's holy word; it is you which have and do mar the Queen's realm. I do hold no heresies; but the doctrine of God, the blessed gospel of Christ, that hold I; that believe I;

that have I taught; and that will I never revoke.' With that, this tormentor cried, 'Away with him.' And away from him went Master Saunders with a merry courage towards the fire. He fell to the ground, and prayed: he rose up again, and took the stake, to which he should be chained, in his arms, and kissed it saying, 'Welcome the cross of Christ! welcome everlasting life!' and being fastened to the stake, and fire put to him, full sweetly he slept in the Lord.

"And thus have ye the full history of Laurence Saunders, whom I may well compare to St. Laurence, or any other of the old martyrs of Christ's church; both for the fervent zeal of the truth and gospel of Christ, and the most constant patience in his suffering, as also for the cruel torments that he, in his patient body, did sustain in the flame of fire. For so his cruel enemies handled him, that they burned him with green wood, and other smothering, rather than burning fuel, which put him to much more pain, but that the grace and most plentiful consolation of Christ, who never forsaketh his servants, and gave strength to St. Laurence, gave also patience to this Laurence, above all that his torments could work against; which well appeared by his quiet standing, and sweet sleeping in the fire, as is above declared."

The following are portions of Fox's record of the fiery trial and victory of Hullier:—

"Concerning the story of John Hullier, martyr, partly mentioned before, for the more full declaration of the death and martyrdom of that good man, because the story is but rawly and imperfectly touched before; for the more perfecting thereof, I thought thereunto to add that which since hath come to my hand, as followeth.

"First, John Hullier was brought up at Eton College; and after, according to the foundation of that house, for that he was ripe for the university, he was elected scholar in the King's College, where also, not tarrying full three years of probation before he was Fellow of the College, he after a little season was one of the ten conducts in the King's College, which was anno 1539.

"Then at length, in process of time, he came to be a curate of Babraham, three miles from Cambridge, and so went afterward to Lynn; where he, having divers conflicts with the Papists, was from thence carried to Ely to Dr. Thirleby, then bishop there; who,

after divers examinations, sent him to Cambridge Castle, where he remained but a while. From thence he was conveyed to the town-prison, commonly called the Tolbooth, lying there almost a quarter of a year, while at length he was cited to appear at Great St. Mary's on Palm Sunday eve, before divers doctors, both divines and lawyers, amongst whom was chiefest Dr. Shaxton; also Dr. Young, Dr. Segewick, Dr. Scot, Mitch, and others; where, after examination had, for that he would not recant, he was first condemned, the sentence being read by Dr. Fuller. . . . .

"On Maundy-Thursday coming to the stake, he exhorted the people to pray for him; and after holding his peace, and praying to himself, one spake to him, saying, 'The Lord strengthen thee;' whereat a sergeant, named Brisley, stayed and bade him hold his tongue, or else he should repent it. Nevertheless Hullier answered and said either thus or very like (the effect was all one), 'Friend, I trust that as God hath hitherto begun, so also he will strengthen me, and finish his work upon me. I am bidden to a Maundy, whither I trust to go, and there to be shortly. God hath laid the foundation, as I by his aid will end it.' . . . .

"Which done, he went meekly himself to the stake, and with chains being bound, was beset with reed and wood, standing in a pitch-barrel; and the fire being set to, not marking the wind, it blew the flame to his back. Then he feeling it, began earnestly to call upon God. Nevertheless his friends, perceiving the fire to be ill kindled, caused the sergeants to turn it, and fire it to that place where the wind might blow it to his face.

"That done, there was a company of books which were cast into the fire; and by chance a communion-book fell between his hands, who receiving it, joyfully opened it, and read so long as the force of the flame and smoke caused him that he could see no more. And then he fell again to prayer, holding his hands up to heaven, and the book betwixt his arms next his heart, thanking God for sending him it. And at that time, the day being a very fair day and a hot, yet the wind was somewhat up, and it caused the fire to be the fiercer; and when all the people thought he had been dead he suddenly uttered these words, 'Lord Jesus! receive my spirit,' dying very meekly.

"The place where he was burned is called Jesus Green, not far from Jesus College. Seager gave him certain gunpowder, but little to the purpose; for he was dead before it took fire. All the

people prayed for him, and many a tear was shed for him." (*Fox's Martyrs*, vol. viii. pp. 378-381.)

One Eton Provost of this century signalised himself among the persecutors of those whose tenets he had once professed to hold. This was Dr. Henry Cole, who was made Provost of Eton in 1554. The brief record of this man's disgraceful career, in the "Registrum Regale," is as follows:—"Henry Cole, Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1523; Warden of New College, Oct. 4, 1542, which he quitted in 1551. Having advocated the Reformation, he became in Queen Mary's reign a rigid Romanist, and was appointed by her to preach, before the execution of Cranmer, in St. Mary's Church at Oxford. Dean of St. Paul's, in 1556. Vicar-General under Cardinal Pole, in 1557. Soon after the accession of Elizabeth he was deprived of his Deanery, fined 500 marks, and imprisoned. Whether he was formally deprived of the Provostship, or withdrew silently, does not appear. He died in the Fleet in 1561."

There are several names and notices of Etonians in the lists of Eton Provosts and Fellows and Alumni Etonenses between 1500 and 1600, to which I have not yet adverted, but which must not be wholly omitted from this Chapter.

Roger Lupton was elected Provost in 1503; he was made Fellow of Eton, Feb. 16, 1503, the day before he was elected Provost; Canon of Windsor, 1504; resigned the Provostship in March, 1535; died in 1540; buried in Lupton's Chapel, which he built; he also built the great tower and gateway leading to the cloisters.

William Day was made Provost in 1561. He had been admitted into King's College from Eton, 1545. He was appointed Fellow of Eton, in 1560; Canon of Windsor, in 1564; Dean of Windsor, in 1572; Bishop of Winchester, in 1595. Died Sept. 20, 1596.

William Alley, went from Eton to King's in 1528. He left Cambridge when a Bachelor of Arts, and then studied for some time at Oxford. He afterwards entered the Church, and distinguished himself among the Reformers. On Queen Mary's accession, he left a benefice which he had been holding, and fled into the North of England, where he was unknown. He there travelled from place to place, and obtained a subsistence for himself and his wife by teaching youth and practising physic—which he had studied at the University. On Queen Elizabeth's coming to

the throne, Alley was made Divinity Lecturer at St. Paul's Cathedral, and in 1660 he was raised to the Bishoprick of Exeter. He is said to have been eminent for the variety as well as the depth of his knowledge: and he was also honourably conspicuous for his faithful and earnest attention to his Episcopal duties. He died in 1570.

JOHN LONG, who became a Scholar of King's in 1533; became Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland.

EDMUND GHEAST (Kingsman in 1536) was made, in 1559, Bishop of Rochester, and in 1571, Bishop of Salisbury.

GILES FLETCHER (King's in 1565), father of the two Etonian poets of that name, was employed on many state affairs by Queen Elizabeth. When that Queen, in her desire to encourage the trade with Russia, which was opened by the English ships that in her reign first effected a passage to Archangel, resolved on sending an Ambassador to Muscovy, she selected Dr. Fletcher for that mission. He resided for some time in that country, and on his return published a curious account of the condition of the Russian people, their government, army, &c., which may be seen in Hakluyt's collection of Voyages. Dr. Fletcher died in 1610.

JOHN COWELL, who left Eton for King's in 1570, was an eminent student of the Roman law, and was also a grand common lawyer. He and Coke were constant rivals and opponents. Coke, with his customary coarseness, always called Cowell "Dr. Cowheel." Cowell compiled and published a Law dictionary, which gave great offence to the House of Commons by some of the high prerogative doctrines which its author had asserted in it. Cowell's "Interpreter, or Signification of Law Terms," is still the basis of our Law dictionaries, as Jacobs and Tomline did, in fact, little more than re-edit him with additions; nor are the bulky quartos, which now figure with a new editor's name on the shelves of the law-student, anything more than amplified and interpolated Cowell.

RICHARD MOUNTAGUE, born in 1576, at Dorny, Bucks, was educated on the foundation at Eton, and in 1594 went to King's. In 1613 he obtained the rectory of Stamford Rivers, in Essex, with a Fellowship at Eton, and three years subsequently the deanery of Hereford. His next piece of preferment was a stall at Windsor, where he read the divinity lecture from 1720, the date of his appointment, till 1728. In the mean time he commenced an attack on the first part of the learned Selden's "History of

Tythes," which performance James the First was much pleased with, and encouraged him to proceed in his examination of early Church history. This work appeared in 1621, and in the following year he published his "Analecta Ecclesiasticarum Exercitationum." In 1624, finding that some of the Society of Jesuits were making converts in his parish of Stamford, he gave them a challenge to answer certain queries, to which they replied by a short pamphlet, entitled "A New Gag for the Old Gospel." To this Dr. Mountague rejoined another, "An Answer to the late Gagger of the Protestants." In the management of this controversy, however, he gave considerable offence to the Calvinistic party, who accused him before the House of Commons as a favourer of Arminianism; but the encouragement which he received from the King induced him to publish a vindication of the work, under the title of "Appello Cæsarem." This aggravated his offence in the eyes of his antagonists, and he was brought in 1625 before the first Parliament of Charles the First, in spite of whose personal countenance the book was voted seditious, the author reprimanded by the Speaker at the bar, and ordered to find security for his appearance in 2000*l.*, being committed in the meanwhile to the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms. Archbishop Laud now interfered in his favour, and with such success, that in the following year, although on a revision of the case Parliament still pronounced the work "calculated to discourage the well-affected in religion from the true Church;" yet the proceedings against its author were discontinued, and in 1628 Charles advanced him to the Episcopal Bench, as Bishop of Chichester. Over this diocese he presided ten years, at the expiration of which period he was translated to Norwich, but survived this last elevation only a short time, dying in 1641. Besides the writings already enumerated, he assisted in bringing out Sir H. Savile's edition of St. Chrysostom's works, which appeared in 1613, and was the author of a "Commentary on the Epistles of Photius," folio, Gr. et Lat.; "Originum Ecclesiasticarum," folio; "The Acts and Monuments of the Church before Christ," folio; and "Theanthropicon, seu de Vita Jesu Christi." Bishop Mountague was a prelate of great acuteness as well as learning, and even his opponents, Selden among the number, do justice to his scholarship and Biblical learning. (*Biog. Brit.*)

JOHN CHAMBERS, who was made a Fellow of Eton in 1582, deserves to be mentioned as one of the benefactors of the College.

He founded two Postmasterships in Merton College, Oxford, for superannuated Eton scholars: one in the gift of the Provost of King's, the other of the Provost of Eton, value 65*l.* per annum, besides rooms, and a portion of commons.

The buildings of the College were continued during the early part of this century. Dr. Lupton, who was Provost from 1503 to 1535, built the Chantry Chapel in which he lies buried, and on the door of which is carved the Rebus of his name, the syllable LUP, with the figure of a Tun below it. He also built the Great Tower and Gateway leading to the Cloisters.

Eton came into imminent peril near the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth. The last Parliament of that monarch subjected to his disposal all the Colleges, Chantries, and Hospitals, in the kingdom, and all their manors, lands, and hereditaments; and the King was empowered to send his Commissioners to seize them to his use. Henry's officers came to Eton, and took an inventory of all the College property; and, had he lived a few months longer, there is good cause to fear that Eton would have ceased to flourish.

The survey which was then made of the College property is preserved, and may be seen in the MS. History in the British Museum. The information contained in it is curious and minute, and I have set it out at length in a note.[5] There is written at

[5] SURVEY OF EATON COLLEGE, Co' BUCKS.

In the above year (1545), a Survey was made of the state of this College, w^ch^ was return'd thus:—

De Collegio Etonensi, Com. Bucks, 37.° *H. VIII.*

The College of Eton, founded by K. Hen. VI.
Rob^t^. Aldridge Bp of Carlill Provost there.
The said College is a Parish Church.

	£	s.	d.
The said College is of the yearly value of . . .	1066	16	9½
Whereof, paid for Collectors fees & Rents, Resolutes and such other as doth appear in the Ministers Accounts .	62	17	1½
Paid to the Provost for his Stipend	30	0	0
To 7 Fellows at 5£ the peice	35	0	0
To 5 Chaplains at 4£ the peice	20	0	0
To one of the Chaplains having more	0	13	4
To the Schoolmaster	10	0	0
To the Usher	4	0	0
To the Clerks call'd Conducts, y^re^of one is an Organ Player	21	6	8

the foot of it a melancholy quotation from Virgil; as if the Etonian who transcribed this list of the possessions of his College thought that they were about soon to be torn away. But the

	£	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
In all for Stipends . .	121	2	0			
Paid to the Vice Provost				4	0	0
To the Chantor				1	6	8
To the Sexton				1	6	8
To the Under Sexton				1	13	4
To the two Bursers				4	0	0
To the Clerke of the Lands				2	13	4
	£	s.	d.			
In all . . .	14	2	0			
Paid to the Keeper of y^e^ Obitts, & for K. Hen: y^e^ 5^th^. & Queen Katherine his wife, Queen Margaret y^e^ Founders Wife, & for William Wainfleet late Bishop of Winton .				14	0	0
And so remaineth				855	3	4

For y^e^ which sum (of £855 3*s.* 4*d.*) y^re^ is yearly born the Dyetts of the Provost, Vice-Provost, Fellows, Chaplains, 70 Schollars, 13 poor Children, & 10 Choristers, & 5 of the Provosts Servants, & other Servants of the House; And also for Liveries, Wages and Reparations, and other charges as well ordinary as extraordinary.

The Ornam^ts^ or goods appertaining to y^e^ s^d^. College is worth, as by y^e^ Inventory y^re^ of more plainly may appear . . .	£	s.	d.
	373	0	0

	oz.	*pwt.*
Plate Gilt & enamell'd poize	314	5
Plate Gilt not enamell'd	1000	0
Parcel Gilt	847	10
And white Plate	152	10
	2314	5

Remaining in the hands of the Reverend Father in God, Robert Aldridge Bishop of Carlill, & Provost of the College there.

The Provost and Fellows with other Stipendaries of y^e^ said College had by y^e^ old Foundations for their Stipends as Follows (that is to say)

	£	s.	d.
The Provost	75	0	0
Tenn Fellows, every of y^m^ 10£	100	0	0
Tenn Chaplains every of y^m^ 5£	50	0	0
The Schoolmaster	16	0	0
The Usher	6	13	4
And Conducts, w^re^ of one is an Organ Player, and his Stipend p. An.	6	0	0
To 3 other at 4£ the peice	12	0	0
To the Clerke of the revertie	3	6	8
The Parish Clerk	3	6	8
And 4 other Clerks at 40*s.* y^e^ peice	8	0	0
In all	280	6	8

death of Henry the Eighth saved Eton; and by the act passed in the first Parliament of Edward the Sixth, which confirmed to the new King most of the spoils which his predecessor had not appropriated, Eton, Winchester, the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, and several others were specially exempted and preserved.

There is a full and minute account of the state of Eton about the year 1560, which shows the general system of the School, the discipline kept up among the boys on the foundation, and the books read in the various forms at that period. This curious document is preserved in a manuscript in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and is transcribed in the MS. history of Eton in the British Museum.

	£	s.	d.	
Of the which sum ye said College doth pay for like stipends, but for rewards	121	0	0	
To the Vice Provst and others	14	0	0	
And for keeping 5 Obits	14	0	4	
In all	149	0	4	
Because that much of their lands was taken fr ym, and given to Wyndesor Coll: by K. E. IV.				
Summ of the whole valour of ye Possessions belonging to all ye Chantries, Hospitalls, Colleges & Fraternities wch in the said County of Bucks, wth £1065 16s. 9d. ob. q.				
For the Possessions of Eton College	1299	16	3	ob. q.
Whereof,				
In Rents Resolute and other Ordinary allowances before declar'd with £211 13s. 5d. q. for the ordinary allowances going out of ye sd. Coll: of Eton	235	1	3	q.
And so remaineth for the Stipends & Salaries of Priests & others, with £855 3s. 4d. For the Diets of the said College of Eton	1064	15	0	q. (*Sic.*)
The whole Valor of all ye goods and Ornaments belonging to all the Premises [*i.e.* in ye whole County] wth 373£ for ye goods of ye said Coll: of Eton	404	13	3	
The whole Weight of Chalices and other Plate belonging to all ye aforesd specified Chantries, Hospitalls & Colleges [*i. e.* in ye County of Bucks] with 2314 ounces & one quarter unto ye College of Eton appertaining is			oz.	pw.
	Eton Coll.,		2314	5
	County		278	15
Total			2593	0

Memorandum. Anno 37°. H. VIII. Regr: Bradshaw ye King's Attorney, wth Rob. Drury, Geo Wright & Hugh Fuller, Esqrs. came to Eton College, took an Inventory of the Plate, &c.

	oz.
The Plate came to	2295
	£ s. d.
The Ornaments valued at	312 13 4

Upon ye Parchmt: Inventory there is written in an Old hand;

Fuit Ilium & ingens Gloria Teucrorum: ferus Omnia Jupiter Argos Transtulit: incensa Danai dominantur in Urbe.

It commences with a Calendarium, in which the holidays and customs observed in the several months are enumerated. I have given it in the original Latin in a note,[e] and the curious in Etonian

[e] CONSUETUDINARIUM VETUS SCHOLÆ ETONENSIS.

[Harl. MS. 7044. p. 167. From a MS. in Corp. Chr. Coll. Camb.]

Anno Domini, 1560. See 5 Hug. 423.

Mense Januario.

Primum ludendum est utroque vespere ante cœnam et post, in festis omnibus majoribus duplicibus. Et schola et cubiculum verruntur a prandio.

In die Circumcisionis luditur et ante et post cœnam pro strenuis ; pueri autem pro consuetudine, ipso Calendarum Januar. die, veluti ominis boni gratia carmina componunt, eaque vel præposito, vel præceptori et magistris, vel inter se ultro citroque communiter mittunt.

Epiphaniæ festum majus duplex luditur et ante et post. Postridie ejus diei rursus strenue vel invitis animis incumbitur in pristina studia literarum.

13 die, exequiæ Gul. Wanflete etiam celebrantur : dantur singulis 2*d*.

Circiter festum Conversionis Divi Pauli, ad horam nonam quodam die pro arbitrio moderatoris, ex consueto modo, quo eunt collectum Avellanas mense Septembri, itur a pueris ad montem. Mons puerili religione Etonensium sacer locus est, hunc ob pulchritudinem agri, amœnitatem graminis, umbraculorum temperationem, et Apollini et Musis venerabilem sedem faciunt, carminibus celebrant, Tempe vocant, Heliconi præferunt. Hic novitii seu recentes, qui annum nondum viriliter et nervose in acie Etonensi ad verbera steterunt, sale primo condiuntur, tum versiculis qui habeant salem ac leporem, quoad fieri potest, egregie depinguntur. Deinde in recentes epigrammata faciunt, omni suavitate sermonis et facetiis alter alterum superare contendentes. Quicquid in buccam venit libere licet effutire, modo Latine fiat, modo habeat urbanitatem, modo careat obscœna verborum scurrilitate, postremo et lacrymis salsis humectant ora genasque, et tum demum veteranorum ritibus initiantur. Sequuntur orationes, et parvi triumphi, et serio lætantur, cum ob præteritos labores tum ob cooptationem in tam lepidorum commilitonum societatem. His peractis, ad horam primam domum revertuntur, et post cœnam ludunt ad octavam usque.

Februario mense.

In Festo Purificationis Marianæ luditur. Majus duplex. Februarii 7° die exequiæ domini Bost, Ætonensis quondam præsidis, celebrantur. Postridie, iis precibus finitis quæ divinitus ad expiandas animas institutæ sunt, luditur et ante cœnam et post.

Carnisprivium.

In die Lunæ Carnisprivii, ad horam nonam luditur, et conduntur carmina, sive in laudem sive in vituperium Bacchi patris, et quia clientes Bacchi poetæ dicuntur, in cujus tutela omnes constituti sunt, omnium metrorum omni genere Dionysium canunt. Carmina condita a pueris 7^{mi} et 6^{ti} et aliquot 5^{ti} ordinis, affiguntur valvis interioribus collegii.

Die Martis Carnisprivii luditur ad horam octavam in totum diem ; venit coquus, affigit laganum cornici, juxta illud, *Pullis corvorum invocantibus eum*, ad ostium scholæ.

27° die Rogerio Luptono annuatim parentant. Erogatur singulis denarius. A prandio luditur ad octavam usque.

Mense Martio.

Festum Annunciationis Mariæ minus duplex. Non luditur nisi pro arbitrio præceptoris.

Aprili mense.

In die Mercurii hebdomadæ sanctæ, circiter horam nonam cessatur a publicis studiis, et scribitur.

archæology will find it well worth consulting. Among other points of importance to be noticed in it, is the great encouragement shown at that period to Latin versification, and occasionally to

Discunt scribere qui nondum scite pingunt; qui vero eleganter sua manu aliquid possunt, hi describunt ordine figuras elementorum, et sociis exempla ad imitandum proponunt.

A prandio circa horam quartam itur ad templum, ad rem divinam.

In die Cœnæ Dominicæ, certus discipulorum numerus seligitur a præceptore venerandum sacramentum recepturus. Qui communicarunt, prandent in mensa seorsim lautius ex sumptibus collegii, et a prandio petunt a præceptore veniam obambulandi et peragrandi agros. Facilis concedit, modo non divertant ad tabernas vinarias aut cerevisiarias. Sumpta sacra synaxi redeunt in chorum induti supparis, neque abesse oportet ab agendis Deo gratiis in aula. Luditur ab omnibus post prandium et cœnam, ad octavam.

In die Veneris Sancto scribitur ad nonam usque circiter; deinde venitur ad templum ad preces matutinas; post prandium conveniunt discipuli omnes ad ludum literarium. Ad primam horam ingreditur supremus scholæ moderator, et orationem habet ad pueros, præcipue provectiores; proponit quænam res sit Εὐχαριστία, quomodo sit recipienda, quibus recipiatur digne, quibus indigne. Ita luculentam præbens exhortationem, in hoc sermone unam horam bene terit.

Ad quartam reditur ad templum. Post luditur; quo lusus tempore gymnasiarcha constituit qui et quot, postero die, sacrosanctæ dominicæ se admovebunt. In Sabbato Sancto Paschæ, quod solenne habetur, scribitur ad septimam usque vel octavam; dein venitur ad templum. A prandio luditur, donec pulsetur ad preces vespertinas. Itur cubitum ad septimam; nam de tertia vigilia surgere solebant dominicæ mortis et resurrectionis præstantem gloriam gratissima memoria recolentes. Hic dum mos viguit, tres aut quatuor scholastici majores natu eliguntur a præceptore, ad rogatum sacrorum sedilis, qui cum cereis et facibus accensis observent sepulchrum, pro ceremonia, ne Judæi furentur Dominum, aut quod potius est, ne quid damnum contingat ex negligenti luminum observatione. Diebus hujus hebdomadæ festis luditur et ante et post. Diebus operariis scribitur; sed luditur a cœna ad octavam usque ad diem lunæ proximum, tunc reditur ad studia.

Mense Maio.

In die Philippi et Jacobi, si lubeat præceptori, et si sudum fuerit, surgunt qui volunt circiter quartam, ad colligendos ramos Maios, modo non sit madefactis pedibus; et tum ornant fenestras cubiculi frondibus virentibus, redolentque domus fragrantibus herbis.

Hoc tempore permissum est, ut verni temporis florentem suavitatem rythmis vel Anglico sermone contextis describant, pro ingenii captu, ita tamen ut aliquid Virgilii, Nasonis, Horatii, aut alicujus boni et præstantis poetæ, de Latino exprimant.

Johannes ante Portam Latinam multa secum adfert commoda. Etenim a prandio dormitur in schola pueris, donec ingrediatur censor aulæ et anagnostes. Tum illi clamant, Surgite: illico surgitur; ad horam tertiam itur ad merendam; a cœna post septimam luditur. Hujus diei celebritas non insulso etiam carmine prædicatur,

Porta Latina pilam, pulvinar, pocula præstat.

21 die beatissimæ et felicis memoriæ principi et regi Henrico Sexto justa persolvit. Datur singulis pueris 2*d*. In die Ascensus Christi, militiæ literariæ vacatio datur; cessant a studiis, relaxant animos, et qui studio efferuntur visendi parentes aut amicos, quorum beneficiis hic aluntur ad doctrinam, his facultas discedendi conceditur, ea conditione, ut reversionem faciant ad festum Corporis Christi, quinetiam pridie ejus diei,

English, among the students. Also, it will be observed, that great care was taken to teach the younger boys to write a good hand: a necessary rudiment of education that afterwards fell into desuetude

nisi ad vesperam præsentes fuerint, verberantur. Qui vero diutius adhuc se absentes detinuerint a schola, hi collegii fructibus omnino privantur.

Hic præceptor priusquam exercitium suum dimiserit, pueris e ludo literario omnibus convocatis concionem habere solet, qua quemque admonet officii sui, ut melius ad bonos mores se componant, memores turpissimum esse se e literatissimorum hominum collegio redire inanes, dedecorantes et collegiis existimationem et magistri.

Mense Junio.

In festo Natalis D. Johannis, post matutinas preces, dum consuetudo floruit, accedebant omnes scholastici ad rogum extructum in orientali regione templi ubi reverenter a sumphoniacis cantatis tribus Antiphonis, et pueris in ordine stantibus, venitur ad merendam. In hac vigilia moris erat (quamdiu stetit) pueris ornare lectos variis rerum variarum picturis, et carmina de vita rebusque gestis Johannis Baptistæ et Præcursoris componere, et pulchre exscripta affigere clinopodiis lectorum eruditis legenda. Hic luditur et dormitur mane ad sextam usque, quod fere hora nona est, antequam lectulos petunt.

In festo D. Petri, idem mos observatur, qui supra.

Mense Julio.

Visitatio Mariæ majus duplex: luditur.

In Translatione D. Thomæ solebant rogum construere, sed nec ornare lectos, nec carmina componere, sed ludere, si placet præceptori.

Festum reliquiarum: luditur, verritur cubiculum.

Hic septem hebdomadibus ante electionem in Regale Collegium Cantabrigiæ inchoatur exhortatio literaria Ætonæ, et affiguntur portis chartæ denunciantes liberum esse omnibus liberalis ingenii et egregiæ indolis pueris, ad bonasque disciplinas percipiendas aptis et idoneis, ad Collegium Ætonense accedendi, eorum judicium subeundi, qui id agent ut aptissimi quique ex omni Britannia in Collegium Ætonense subrogentur.

Electionis tempore per quinque dies luditur a prandio, si adferatur epomis cuculla philosophicæ, vel præpositi vel examinatorum, in aulam.

In hebdomada electionis celebrantur exequiæ Roberti Reade, quibus interesse præpositus Cantabrigiæ et examinatores oportet.

Mense Augusto.

Assumptæ Virginis et Matris festum est principale duplex. Vigilia verritur cubiculum; luditur sub vespertinas preces, et toto die festo.

Decollatio Sancti Johannis Baptistæ merendam tollit et aufert, et promus a prandio rogat præceptorem ludendi veniam puerorum nomine in totum diem. Posthac non luditur a septima.

Mense Septembri.

Nativitas Mariana celebrabatur quondam, et cubiculum verrebatur.

Hoc mense certo quodam die, si visum fuerit præceptori, liberrima ludendi facultas pueris conceditur, et itur collectum Avellanas, quas domum, cum onusti reportaverint, veluti nobilis alicujus prædæ portionem præceptori, cujus auspiciis susceptum illius diei iter ingressi sunt, impartiunt, tum vero communicant cum magistris. Priusquam vero nuces legendi potestas permittitur, carmina pangunt, autumni pomiferi fertilitatem et fructuosam abundantiam pro virili describentes, quinetiam adventantis hyemis, durissimi anni temporis, letalia frigora, qua possunt lamentabili oratione deflent et persequuntur; sic omnium rerum vicissitudinem jam a pueris addiscentes, tum nuces, ut in proverbio

at Eton, till properly revived by the present authorities a few years ago; since which revival, as in the olden time, the younger boys "discunt scribere, qui nondum scitè pingunt." The "Consuetudi-

est, relinquunt, id est, omissis studiis ac nugis puerilibus ad graviora magisque seria convertuntur.

Mense Octobri.

In Translatione D. Edvardi vel diebus festis, scholam frequentare incipiunt ad quartam, donec auditur quinta in literis perseverantes. Hoc tempore ex Bibliis et sacris libris præcipue inaudiunt aliquid, ut inde vitæ sanctimoniam amare discant, contraque mores perditos profligatosque et impia facta summopere detestari.

Hæc consuetudo omnibus festis diebus durat ad Paschale tempus.

Mense Novembri.

Festum Omnium Sanctorum majus duplex. Verritur cubiculum et luditur.

In die Animarum circiter septimam venitur ad templum a pueris in superpelliceis ad preces peragendas. Post prandium itur ad ludum literarium, et dicunt vicissim preces funebres spe posteritatis fructuque ducti vitæ mortuorum, in memoria vivorum grata recordatione ponentes. Hæc fiunt presente præceptore, qui jubet lectiones lugubres ordinari a pueris quibus illi visum fuerit, et inde vulgaria confici carmina de exurrectionis gloria, de animarum beatitudine, et spe immortalitatis. Ad secundam vel tertiam horam itur ad ludendum.

In die Sti. Hugonis pontificis solebat Ætonæ fieri electio Episcopi Nihilensis, sed consuetudo obsolevit. Olim episcopus ille puerorum habebatur nobilis, in cujus electione, et literata et laudatissima exercitatio, ad ingeniorum vires et motus excitandos, Ætonæ celebris erat.

Mense Decembri.

Circiter festum D. Andreæ ludimagister eligere solet pro suo arbitrio, scænicas fabulas optimas et quam accommodatissimas, quas pueri feriis natalitiis subsequentibus non sine ludorum elegantia, populo spectante, publice aliquando peragant. Histrionum levis ars est, ad actionem tamen oratorum, et gestum motumque corporis decentem, tantopere facit, ut nihil magis.

Interdum etiam exhibet Anglico sermone contextas fabulas, quæ habeant acumen et leporem.

In vigilia D. Thomæ indicitur otium literarium et vacatio a publica prælectione in schola. Scribere discunt, et ea exercitatio scribendi ad Epiphanium Domini continuata permanet.

Præter hæc discipuli inter se conferunt quotidie aliquid, aliquid interpretantur, atque hoc proprio Marte et privatim alter invitat ad epigrammata; ille lacessit carminibus, nec deest qui prosa oratione laudandam invidiam ad virtutis imitationem excitet atque commoveat.

Hæc omnia etsi propemodum nescio præceptore fiant, etenim hoc tempus omne permittitur lusibus; animadvertit tamen sedulo, ut intermisceantur ludi liberales, ludi literis digni, et non abhorrentes ab ipsis studiis, ut bonas horas, vel ipsis natalitiis, non male collocasse videantur.

In die Natalis Domini luditur; et statim a septima itur cubitum, quia surgendum erat quondam pueris, intra tertiam et quartam, ad preces matutinas.

Omnibus feriis insequentibus luditur et ante et post cœnam, in aula propter ignem.

In diebus operariis natalitio tempore scribitur toto die in ludo literario, sed luditur singulis noctibus ex consuetudine, et pro arbitrio præceptoris.

narium" of the months is followed in the MS. by a description of the routine of a day as passed by the scholars on the foundation. That also will be found in the note; and it throws valuable light

Horâ quintâ.

Unus ex cubiculi præpositis (qui omnes quatuor sunt numero) cui hoc munus illâ hebdomadâ objecerit, Surgite, intonat. Illi omnes statim pariter consurgunt; fundentes interim, dum se vestiunt, preces, quas suis vicibus unusquisque orditur, ac cæteri omnes alternis versibus subsequuntur. Finitis precibus lectos sternunt. Inde unusquisque quantum pulveris et sordium sub suo lecto est, in cubiculi medium profert, quem deinde variis cubiculi locis conspersum, quatuor ex omni numero, ad hoc à præposito designati, in unum acervum redigunt, exportantque. Tunc omnes bini longo ordine lavatum manus descendunt. A lavando reversi scholam ingrediuntur, ac suum quisque locum capessit.

Horâ sextâ.

Ingreditur hypodidascalus, ac superiori scholæ parte flexis genibus preces orditur; quibus finitis ad primam et infimam classem descendit, repetens ab his et orationis partem et verbum, quod præcedente die dederat conjugandum. A prima ad secundam se convertit; à secunda ad tertiam; à tertia, si visum fuerit; ad quartam, quæ in illius parte sedit ad septimam, ibi si quid obscurius oriatur, examinanda. Alter interim ex scholæ prepositis, cuique ordini tam in præceptoris quam hypodidascali parte præpositos adiens ab eis à matutinis precibus absentium nomina descripta aufert, hypodidascaloque tradit. Alius item præpositus (qui solus semper hoc munus obit) singulorum manus et facies diligenter intuitus, si qui fortè illotis manibus ad scholam accesserunt; hos ille ingredienti ludimagistro statim offert.

Horâ septimâ.

Ordo quartus ab hypodidascalo ad ludimagistri partem se confert. Ingreditur scholam ludimagister. Hinc omnes omnium ordinum præpositi suos post septimam absentes tradunt; ac unus etiam ex scholæ præpositis eorum nomina qui pridiè post sextam et septimam vespertinam è schola abfuerant ludimagistro suos, hypodidascalo item suos tradit. Inde omnes ordines, quæ sibi prælecta fuerant memoriter reddunt, eo ordine ut custos semper incipiat et cæteros recitantes auscultet.

Horâ octavâ.

Ludimagister suis sententiam aliquam quartæ classi vertendam, quintæ variandam, sextæ et septimæ versibus concludendam proponit; cujus ab ore custos primus excipit, et primus vertit: hypodidascalus item tertiæ et secundæ classi sententiam aliquam proponit vertendam, et primæ quoque, sed eam brevissimam.—Vulgaria exhibita à singulis scribuntur eo mane, quæ subsequenti die et ordinatè et memoriter recitant.

Horâ nonâ.

Aut circitèr, primum superioris cujusque ordinis custos classis sibi proximè lectionem memoriter recitat et exponit; deinde ludimagister suis, hypodidascalus item suis eadem prælegit.

In diebus Lunæ et Mercurii quatuor superiores ordines de proposito illis themate soluta oratione scribunt, ex secundo ordine tertio et primo sibi quisque sententiam proponit ac vertit.

In diebus Martis et Jovis superiores ordines themata sibi proposita carminibus concludunt. Reliqui duo soluta oratione eadem conscribunt.

In diebus Lunæ et Martis prælegit ludimagister

Ordini
- 4° Terentium.
- 5° Justinum Historicum.
- 6° Cæsaris Commentaria, Officia Ciceronis; de Amicitia; vel alios pro
- 7° suo arbitrio.

on the disciplinal and educational system of the school, and on the extent of classical knowledge in England generally about the time of the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

Iisdem diebus prælegit hypodidascalus

Ordini { 3° Terentium. 2° Terentium quoque. 1° Vivem.

Ex quibus lectionibus pueri excerpunt flores phrases vel dicendi loquutiones ; item antitheta, epitheta, synonima, proverbia, similitudines, comparationes, historias, descriptiones temporis, loci, personarum, fabulas, dicteria, schemata et apophthegmata.

In diebus Mercurii et Jovis prælegit ludimagister

4° Ovidium de Tristibus.
5° Ovidii Metamorphosen.
6° } Virgilium.
7° }

Iisdem diebus prælegit hypodidascalus

3° Selectas per Sturmium Ciceron. Epist.
2° Luciani Dialogos.
1° Ludovicum Vivem.

Hora nona cum prælegerint, exeunt schola.

Horâ decimâ.

Scholæ præpositus ad preces consurgite exclamat.

Illi verò ex utraque parte scholæ erectè stantes, verba præeuntem aliquem pro arbitrio præpositi designatum sequuntur.

Horâ undecimâ.

Inde bini omnes ordine longo in aulam procedunt.

Finito prandio eodem quo exibant modo ad scholam revertuntur.

Horâ duodecimâ.

Ingreditur hypodidascalus, atque ea quæ ante prandium quartæ classi prælegerat ludimagister ab eadem jam sua parte usque ad primam sedente reposcit, et singulas orationis partes discutit. Eidem primo ingredienti quatuor primorum ordinum præpositi suorum absentium nomina exhibent.

Horâ primâ.
[*et secundâ.*]

Quarta classis in suam propriam sedem migrat ; jamque ingredienti magistro singulorum ordinum præpositi suos tradunt absentes. Ludimagister quod spatii inter primam et tertiam datur in quinto, sexto, septimoque ordine examinando insumit, et ex proposita lectione vulgaria ad linguæ Latinæ exercitationem condit ; ita tamen ut dimidia hora ante tertiam trium superiorum ordinum præpositi sua et sociorum themata eidem tradunt, quæ examinat diligenter.

Hypodidascalus easdem horas in tribus suis ordinibus examinandis ponit.

Horâ tertiâ.

Uterque exit.

Horâ quartâ.

Redit uterque.

Quo tempore tantum reddunt ex his auctoribus quantum illis à præceptore est constitutum, id rogante à magistro uno præposito.

According to this old epitome of the duties of a day, the boys on the foundation rose at five, at the summons of one of the four præpositors of the chamber, who at that hour thundered out

- 4° Ex figuris in grammatica et carminum ratione.
- 5° Valerium Maximum, Lucium Florum vel Ciceronis Epistolas, Sysembrotum.
- 6° } Græcam grammaticam aut aliud pro arbitrio præceptoris.
- 7° }

Hypodidascalo suorum absentes exhibentur, item 3^tii ordinis themata, ac 2^di etiam sententiæ quas sibi quisque proposuerit, ac in sermonem Latinum verterit. Tum unusquisque quantum sibi ex regulis præscriptum erat, memoriter dicit tum etiam vulgaria quo melius regulæ grammaticæ intelligantur à pueris, conficiuntur ut inde Latinus sermo omni ratione familiarior sit.

Horâ quintâ.

Eodem exeunt et revertuntur ordine quo ante prandium.

Horâ sextâ.

Ii qui ex supremo ordine ad cæteras classes instruendas à ludimagistro designati sunt suas provincias aggrediuntur, et fidei suæ commissos in lectionibus exponendis et sententiis è sermone vernaculo in Latinum vertendis exercent. Item, dictata eodem die à præceptore recitant. Singularum classium præpositi hoc muneris subeunt, ita ut scholæ moderatores animadvertant in omnes ad profectum in literis et morum compositionem.

Horâ septimâ.

Potum dimittuntur. Post septimam reversi eodem modo quo post sextam sese exercent, nisi certo quodam anni tempore, quo à cenâ luditur pro arbitrio præceptoris et consuetudine.

Horâ octavâ.

Cubitum eunt preces fundentes.

Die Veneris.

Diebus verò Veneris post lectionem quam pridiè habuerant recitatam, qui grave aliquod crimen commiserunt, accusantur.

Correctiones vocant ; dant enim malefactorum dignas pœnas.

Ante prandium prælegitur nihil.

Hora prima pomeridiana ingreditur uterque lectionis quas illa hebdomadâ prælegerant, reposcunt.

Horâ tertiâ egrediuntur.

Quartâ revertuntur, et quicquid eadem hebdomada inter quartam et quintam docuerunt, illis redditur.

Ante 5^tam prælegit ludimagister

Ordini
- 4° Apophthegmata aut Epigrammata Martialis, Catulli, aut Thomæ Mori.
- 5° Horatium.
- 6° } Lucanum aut alium pro arbitrio.
- 7° }

Inque diei sequentis horam septimam matutinam proponit thema aliquod 6^to, et 7° versibus ; 5° vero soluta oratione variandum. Ac in horam primam ejusdem diei pomeridianam ab iisdem rursus et 4° quoque ordine soluta oratione fusiùs explicandum.

Ante 5^tam prælegit hypodidascalus

Ordini
- 3° Æsopi Fabulas.
- 2° Æsopi Fabulas.
- 1° Catonem.

[intonat] "Surgite." The boys repeated a prayer, in alternate verses, as they dressed themselves, and then made their beds. Each boy swept the part of the chamber close to his bed, and the præpositor chose four to collect the dirt into one heap and remove it. They then left the chamber and went in a row to wash, after which they repaired to the school. The under master entered the school at six, and read prayers. The præpositors took down the names of those who were absent, and one præpositor's special duty was to examine the students' faces and hands, and report any boys that came unwashed. At seven the head master entered the school, and the work of tuition began in earnest. The boys were at this period divided into seven forms. The first, second, and third were, as now, under the lower master, and the higher ones under the upper master, though the fourth form boys, during part of the school hours, passed over for a time into the province of the lower master. The boys dined at eleven, and seem to have supped at seven. These seem to have been the only two usual meals. Bed-time was eight o'clock. Great and assiduous attention was paid to Latin composition both in prose and verse, and the habit of conversing in Latin sedulously encouraged. Friday seems to have been flogging-day. The lists of

Die Sabbathi.

Horâ septimâ reddunt omnes ordines quæ pridiè prælecta fuerant.

Ludimagistro traduntur variationes.

Hypodidascalus quæ pridiè prælegerat cuncta examinat.

Horâ nonâ exit uterque.

Horâ primâ scholam intrat uterque et quæ illa hebdomada dictaverant pueros recitantes audiunt.

Traduntur item præceptori themata.

Hic si qui sunt ea hebdomada à præceptore constituti ingenii exercendi gratiâ ficto themate proposito declamant, et alterius in alterum invehitur orationibus.

Ante 7^{am} nemini ad naturæ requisita conceditur exeundi potestas; sed ne tunc quidem pluribus quam tribus simul; idque cum fuste, quem in hunc usum habent egredi est permissum.

Custos in omnibus classibus is assignatur, qui vel Anglicè loquitur, vel qui aliquam ex his quas dedicerat regulam integram exceptis tribus verbis interroganti recitare non potest, aut qui rectè scribendi rationem negligens in orthographiâ 3er peccaverit in suis chartaceis.

Scholæ Ætonensis præpositores è pueris constituuntur 4^{or}.

Aulæ moderator unus.

Templi duo.

Campi 4^{or}.

Cubiculi 4^{or}.

Oppidanorum duo.

Immundanorum et sordidorum qui faciem et manus non lavant et se nimis sordidè abjiciunt, unus.

authors read in the various forms deserve notice. Besides some elementary treatises, the lower school boys read Terence, some select epistles of Cicero, Lucian's Dialogues (these must have been Latin translations), and Æsop's Fables (no doubt also in Latin translations). The fourth form boys read Terence, the Tristia of Ovid, and the Apophthegms or Epigrams of Martial, Catullus, or Thomas More. The fifth form read Justin, Ovid's Metamorphoses, Valerius Maximus, Florus, Cicero's Letters, and Horace. Among the books read by the boys in the two highest forms are mentioned Cæsar's Commentaries, Cicero De Officiis and De Amicitiâ, Virgil, Lucan, and *the Greek Grammar*. The circumstance of only the very highest boys using the Greek Grammar shows that the Lucian and Æsop mentioned in the lower school books must have been translations. And the whole catalogue of the school books shows that the Latin authors were copiously studied, but that Greek was almost unknown. Indeed we can ascertain from other sources that a knowledge of Greek was at this period a rare accomplishment even at our universities. The study of this language had however now commenced, and was rapidly prosecuted in England during Elizabeth's reign: and in a book published in 1586 it is stated that at Eton, Winchester, and Westminster boys were then "well entered in the knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues and rules of versifying."[7]

This old record is also valuable for showing the antiquity of one of the disciplinal principles of the school, which gives the upper boys authority over the lower, and makes them responsible for the maintenance of general good conduct. This principle is indeed coeval with the foundation of Eton; for, as has been already stated, according to the original scheme of lodging the seventy scholars, it was required that a certain number of the elder and more trustworthy boys should be placed in each dormitory, and made responsible for the conduct of the rest. The old "Consuetudinarium" continually refers to the functions of the "Præpositi," that is to say, of the boys set over the others. The Latin term is the original of our word "Provost," but, probably in order to avoid indecorous confusion between the designation of the head of the

[7] Harrison's description of England prefixed to Holinshed. I take this quotation from Hallam, whose views as to the dissemination of Greek learning in England during the first half of Elizabeth's reign are strongly confirmed by this old Eton Consuetudinarium.

College and that of the youthful aiders of the executive, it has, when applied to the boys, been anglicised "Præpositor," or, as usually contracted, "Præpostor." Four præpositors in 1560 were appointed weekly from among the upper boys to keep order in school. One præpositor, as "Moderator Aulæ," officiated at meal-times; two aided in preserving decorum in church; four had authority in the playing-fields, and four were the ruling powers of the dormitory. Probably many of these offices were filled by the same boys. All these seem to have been appointed out of the Collegers. But besides these there were two Oppidan præpositors, whose duties probably were more particularly connected with the students not on the foundation. And there was one more, a sort of youthful Master of the Ceremonies, whose particular function it was to keep a sharp look-out after dirty and slovenly lads.

This system of carrying on the government of the school through the upper boys is general among our public schools, and I believe it to be one of their most valuable features, though it is one the most frequently attacked by those who are unacquainted, either through experience or inquiry, with the true working and full objects of public school education. To accustom lads early to the exercise of responsible power, under due superintendence and safeguards against its abuse, and to diffuse through a community of young minds a respect for authorities that form part and parcel of that community itself, such respect being based on other feelings than mere dread of superior brute force, is, surely, to provide them with one of the very highest branches of education. For Education means far more than the mere imparting of knowledge;—it means also the development of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties. I dislike in general arguments drawn from etymologies, as being frequently little more than verbal quibbles; but it would be well to remember in practice the true import of the word "Educo." It is not "to teach." "Educatio" and "Doctrina" are not synonymous. The word seems primarily applied to all that aids in rearing and maturing to full expansion and vigour the kindly fruits of the earth. When we apply it to the training of the Inner Man, we mean by it all that aids in expanding and maturing all holy and healthful faculties and powers. And that education is imperfect, which neglects the moral qualities and the faculty of discerning and managing the

tempers and natures of others, which all must possess who would rule wisely and obey well.

The increase in the numbers of the Oppidans during this century is proved by the occurrence in the "Alummi Etonenses" of the words "Assistant Masters at Eton," in the short notices of some of the Kingsmen. The pupils were evidently too numerous for the Head and Lower Master to instruct without aid, and as the numbers of the boys increased, the staff of assistants was gradually strengthened.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Sir Henry Wotton—Lord Essex—Waller the Poet—Provost Allestree—Boyle—Henry More—Dr. Hammond—Bishop Pearson—Bishop Sherlock—Sir Robert Walpole—Lord Bolingbroke—Sir William Wyndham—Lord Townshend—John Hales—Bishops Barrow, Fleetwood, Hare, and Monck—Rous—Bard—Mason—Ascham—Collins—Mr. Pepys at Eton.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

ETON has never seen within her walls a more accomplished gentleman, in the best sense of the word, or a more judicious ruler, than she received in 1624, when Sir Henry Wotton became her Provost. He was born in 1568, at Bocton Hall in Kent, the family mansion of his father, Sir Robert Wotton. He was the youngest of four sons, and as such was destined to receive but a moderate income from his father; but he also received from him, what is far more valuable than all pecuniary endowments, an excellent education, worthy of the talents on which it was bestowed. His boyhood was passed at Winchester, and thence he removed, first, to New College and subsequently to Queen's College, Oxford. He was highly distinguished at Oxford for his proficiency in all academical studies; while he, at the same time, made himself a master of modern languages; and he also displayed, on several occasions, the elegance of his genius in the lighter departments of literature. On his father's death, in 1589, he left England, and made the tour of France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries; and on his return, in 1596, he was chosen as Secretary to Queen Elizabeth's favourite the Earl of Essex. On the fall of Essex, Wotton fearing to be implicated in the ruin of his patron, fled into France, whence he again went to Italy, and took up his abode at Florence. Soon after his arrival there, the Grand Duke of Tuscany having discovered, from some intercepted letters, a plot to poison James, King of Scotland, employed Wotton

to go to Scotland secretly, and apprise that prince of his danger. Wotton assumed the name and guise of an Italian; executed his commission with great skill, and returned to Florence after having left a strong impression on the Scottish King of his learning, zeal, and diplomatic ability. On James's accession to the English throne, he sent for Wotton to court, gave him the honour of knighthood, and after pronouncing a high eulogium on him, declared his intention thenceforth to employ him as an ambassador.

Accordingly, during the greater part of James's reign, Sir Henry represented his sovereign abroad. His first mission was to Venice, where he formed a close intimacy with the celebrated Paolo Sarpi, and had peculiar advantages of watching the refinements and devices of Italian policy during the contest that was then being carried on between the Roman See and the Venetians; in which the sagacious firmness of the most subtle of Aristocracies was pitted against the craft and intrigue of the Vatican.

Wotton returned from Venice in 1610, when he suddenly found his favour at court unexpectedly clouded. This arose from the discovery of a sentence which he had written at Augsburg, in his outward journey to Venice. As we possess a biography of Sir Henry, from the pen of his friend Izaak Walton, it is best in this and other parts of Sir Henry's career to adopt the quaint but expressive language of the old king of the anglers. Walton says:—

"At his [Sir Henry's] first going Embassadour into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta, where having been in his former travels well known by many of the best note for learning and ingenuousnesse (those that are esteemed the vertuosi of that nation), with whom he passing an evening in merriment was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his Albo, (a book of white paper which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them), Sir Henry Wotton consenting to the motion, took an occasion, from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an Embassadour, in these very words:—

"Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus ad mentiendum Reipublicæ causâ."

Walton tries to represent this as an unlucky Latin translation

of an English pun. Walton says that Sir Henry "could have been content that his Latin could have been thus Englished—

"An Ambassadour is an honest man sent to LIE abroad for the good of his country.

"But the word *lie* (being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn) was not so expressed in Latin as would admit (in the hands of an enemy especially) so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this *albo* almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, a man with a restless spirit and a malicious pen, who in his books against King James prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the King and his Embassadour, Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's.

"This coming to the knowledge of King James, he apprehended it to be such an oversight, such a weakness or worse in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the King to express much wrath against him; and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two apologies, one to Velserus (one of the chiefs of Augusta) in the Universal language, which he caused to be printed and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the venemous book of Scioppius; and another apology to King James, which were so ingenious, so clear, so choycely eloquent, that his Majesty (who was a pure judge of it) could not forbear at the receit of it to declare publickly, *That Sir Henry Wotton had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence.*

"And now, as broken bones well set become stronger, so Sir Henry Wotton did not only recover but was much more confirmed in his Majestie's estimation and favour than formerly he had been."

It has been truly remarked, that old Izaak must be mistaken in supposing that Sir Henry in this sentence only intended a poor English pun, and forgot that the Latin translation failed to convey his joke. Wotton, we may be sure, *thought* in Latin, when he wrote the words; and his jest was not without some sharp earnestness.

Indeed, Sir Henry's opinion of the position of an Ambassador may be gathered from another anecdote which Walton relates of him. "A friend of Sir Henry Wotton's, being desirous of the employment of an Embassadour came to Eton, and requested from

him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negociations; to whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism:—

"'That to be in safety to himself and serviceable to his countrey, he should alwayes and on all occasions speak the *truth*. (It seems a State-paradox.) For, sayes Sir Henry Wotton, you shall never be believed; and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account; and 'twill also put your adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a losse in all their disquisitions and undertakings.'"

Wotton, indeed, seems to have thought that all travellers, though not diplomatists, required some degree of Machiavellian skill. Milton, when about to leave England for his travels in France and Italy, obtained an introduction to Sir Henry, and received from him, among other directions, the celebrated precept of prudence—"*I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.*"

After his first Venetian embassage, Wotton was employed by James in missions to the United Provinces, the Duke of Savoy, to the Emperor, and other German princes on the affairs of the unfortunate Elector Palatine. He was also twice again sent ambassador to Venice; and his final return from "that pleasant country's land" was not till James' death in 1624. Wotton thus passed nearly twenty years as a diplomatist in foreign courts, during which, as well as during his former travels—

Πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

Wotton, like Ulysses, thus gained deep insight into the human mind, and also into the varying manners and conventional standards of right and wrong, which prevail among different men, and which the Latin poet indicates, when he translates the Homeric line by—

"Qui *mores* hominum multorum vidit et *urbes*."

This knowledge produced in Wotton, not the misanthropy which it too often has generated in men of a less kindly temperament, but a charitable spirit in dealing with each individual phase of human weakness, and a truly catholic love of goodness and of honesty, wherever found, and by whomsoever displayed. The patience, which he eminently possessed, was sorely tried during the first year after his final return to England. Large sums

were due to him from the State, for his diplomatic expenses; he had been forced to sell his little patrimony; and the sordid cares of daily and domestic want were now pressing hard on him in the decline of life. In this strait he received from the Crown the Provostship of Eton, when it fell vacant in July, 1625. His feelings on obtaining it may best be expressed in the language of Walton, who, doubtless, had often heard them from Sir Henry's own lips.

"It pleased God, that in this juncture of time, the Provostship of his Majestie's Colledge of Eton became void by the death of Thomas Murray, for which there were (as the place deserved) many earnest and powerful suitors to the king. Sir Henry, who had for many years (like Sisiphus) rolled the restless stone of a state imployment, and knowing experimentally, that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a Colledge was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and to afford rest, both to his body and mind, which his age (being now almost threescore years) seemed to require; did therefore use his own, and the interest of all his friends to procure it. By which means, and quitting the King of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy (which I have not time to relate) he got a grant of it from his Majesty.

"And this was a fair settlement for his mind; but money was wanting to furnish him with those necessaries which attend removes, and a settlement in such a place; and to procure that, he wrote to his old friend Mr. Nicholas Pey, for his assistance. To him Sir Henry Wotton wrote, to use all his interest at Court to procure five hundred pounds of his arrears (for less would not settle him in the Colledge) and the want of it wrinkled his face with care; ('twas his own expression:) and that being procured, he should the next day after, find him in his Colledge, and '*Invidiæ remedium*,' writ over his study door.

"This money, being part of his arrears, was by his own, and the help of Nicholas Pey's interest in Court, quickly procured him; and he as quickly in the Colledge, the place where indeed his happiness then seemed to have its beginning; the Colledge being to his mind, as a quiet harbour to a sea-faring man after a tempestuous voyage; where by the bounty of the pious Founder, his very food and raiment were plentifully provided in kind; where he was freed

from corroding cares, and seated on such a rock, as the waves of want could not probably shake; where he might sit in a calm, and looking down, behold the busy multitude turmoyl'd and tossed in a tempestuous sea of dangers! And (as Sir William Davenant has happily exprest the like in another person)

> 'Laugh at the graver business of the state,
> Which speaks men rather wise than fortunate.'

"Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart, his first study was the statutes of the Colledge: by which he conceived himself bound to enter into holy orders, which he did; being made deacon with convenient speed. Shortly after as he came in his surplice from the church service, an old friend, a person of quality, met him so attired, and joyed him; to whom Sir Henry Wotton replyed, 'I thank God and the King, by whose goodness I now am in this condition; a condition, which that Emperor Charles the Fifth seem'd to approve: who after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eies of all men, freely gave his crown, and the cares that attended it, to Philip his son, making a holy retreat to a cloysteral life, where he might by devout meditations consult with God (which the rich or busie men seldom do), and have leisure both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day, wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions: And after a kind of tempestuous life, I now have the like advantage from "Him, that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise him;" even from my God, who I daily magnifie for this particular mercy, of an exemption from busines, a quiet mind and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life, when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation: in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity.'

"And now to speak a little of the imployment of his times: After his customary publick devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the bible, and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer; this was, for the most part, his imployment in the forenoon: But when he was once sate to dinner, then nothing but chearful thoughts possessed his mind; and those still increased by constant company at his table, of such persons as brought thither additions

both of learning and pleasure: But some part of most days was usually spent in philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling; which he would usually call his idle time, not idly spent: saying, he would rather live five May months, than forty Decembers."

A common love of angling created and cemented the friendship between Sir Henry Wotton and Isaak Walton. We owe to it the exquisite biography which Walton wrote of his friend, and the collection of Sir Henry's works, which Walton edited after Wotton's death. The spot where the two friends loved to practise the patient art of the rod and line is well known, and deservedly honoured. About a quarter of a mile below the college, at one of the most picturesque bends of the river, there is, or was, an ancient eel fishery, called Black Pots. But not only is that particular species of fish caught largely in the eel pots at particular seasons of the year, but the streams above and below abound in trout, gudgeons, and other objects of the fisher's skill. Down to our time, the same "genius loci" has reigned there: and Black Pots has been the scene of many a piscatorial feat, and also of hospitable friendship, of cheerful festivity and lettered ease. But, alas, the *Ἄϋθαδες μένος* of steam and speculation spares neither scenery nor reminiscences. A railway bridge now crosses the Thames at Black Pots; alike defacing the beauty of the spot to the eye, and banishing its old traditionary associations from the mind.

One of the most exquisite passages in Walton's book on angling is devoted to the just praises of Sir Henry Wotton, and incorporates some poetry of the good Provost, which we may well believe to have been composed at Black Pots, and which also merits quotation for its beauty.

"My next and last example," says Walton, "shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind: this man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover and frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say 'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not

idly spent: for angling was after a tedious study a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thonghts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness:' and that it 'begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.' Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of Humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

"Sir, this was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily believe that peace and patience and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton; because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing; it is a description of the spring, which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat unto you.

ON A BANK AS I SATE A-FISHING.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING.

And now all Nature seemed in love,
The lusty sap began to move;
New juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled flie.
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the Eaves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest.
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice.
The showers were short; the weather mild;
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
* * * *
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looked gay, all full of cheer,
To welcome the new liveried year.

"These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton."

Eton received great benefit from the zeal with which Sir Henry devoted himself to the improvement of the school; and from the

sound sense and kindly spirit with which that zeal was accompanied. Boyle, in his autobiographical fragment, when he describes his own early education, speaks with praise and fondness of Wotton. He says that Sir Henry was not only a fine gentleman himself, but skilled in making others so, and he expressly mentions that the school was then very much thronged with the young nobility of the land. Walton thus farther describes Sir Henry's life as Provost:—

"He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table, where his meat was choyce, and his discourse better. He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school, in whom he found either a constant diligence, or a genius that prompted them to learning; for whose encouragement he was (besides many other things of necessity and beauty) at the charge of setting up in it two rowes of *pillars*, on which he caused to be choycely drawn, the pictures of divers of the most famous *Greek* and *Latine Historians*, *Poets*, and *Orators*; perswading them not to neglect *Rhetorick*, because *Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon: And* he would often say, *That none despised Eloquence, but such dull souls as were not capable of it.* He would also often make choyce of observations, out of those *Historians* and *Poets:* but he would never leave the school without dropping some choyce *Greek* or *Latine apothegme* or sentence; such as were worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar. He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the *school*, and took into his own domestick care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose *discourse* and *behaviour*, he gathered observations for the better compleating of his intended work of *education*: of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity. He was a great enemy to *wrangling disputes on religion*; concerning which, I shall say a little, both to testifie that, and to show the readiness of his wit. Having in *Rome* made acquaintance with a pleasant *priest*, who invited him one evening to hear their vesper *musick* at *church*, the priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the quire this question writ in a small piece of paper; *Where was your religion to be found before Luther?* To which question Sir Henry Wotton presently under-writ, *My religion was to be found* then, *where yours is not to be found* now, *in the* written word of God.

To another that asked him, *Whether a Papist may be saved?* he replyed, *You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself.* To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the *Papists,* he gave this advice; *Pray, sir, forbear till you have studied the points better; for the wise Italians have a proverb,—He that understands amiss, concludes worse;* and take heed of thinking, *the farther you go from the church of Rome,* the nearer you are to God."

Sir Henry's own letter to King Charles, in which he explains the motives through which he took holy orders, is preserved in the collection of his works, and it were injustice to his memory not to cite it:—

"My most dear and dread Soveraign,

"As I gave your Majesty fore-knowledge of my intention to enter into the Church, and had your gracious approvement therein, so I hold it a sacred dutie to your Majesty, and satisfaction to myself, to inform you likewise by mine own hand, both how far I have proceeded and upon what motives; that it may appear unto your Majesty (as I hope it will) an act of conscience and of reason, and not greediness and ambition. Your Majesty will be therefore pleased to know that I have lately taken the degree of Deacon; and so far am I from aiming at any higher flight out of my former sphear, that there I intend to rest. Perhaps I want not some perswaders who, measuring me by their affections, or by your Majestie's goodness, and not by mine own defects or ends, would make me think that yet before I do dye I might become a great prelat. And I need no perswasion to tell me, that if I would undertake the pastor function, I could peradventure by casualty, out of the patronages belonging to your Royal Colledge, without further troubling of your Majesty, cast some good benefice upon myself, whereof we have one, if it were vacant, that is worth more than my Provostship. But as they were strucken with horrour who beheld the majesty of the Lord descending upon the Mount *Sinai,* so, God knowes, the nearer I approach to contemplate His greatness, the more I tremble to assume any cure of souls even in the lowest degree, that were bought at so high a price: *Premant torcular qui vindemiarunt:* Let them press the grapes, and fill the vessels, and taste the wine, that have gathered the vintage. But shall I sit and do nothing in

the porch of God's house, whereunto I am entered? God himself forbid, who was the supream mover. What service, then, do I propound to the Church? or what contentment to my own mind? First, for the point of conscience, I can now hold my place canonically, which I held before but dispensatively, and withal I can exercise an archidiaconal authority annexed thereunto, though of small extent, and no benefit, yet sometimes of pious and necessary use. I comfort myself also with this Christian hope, that gentlemen and knights' sons, who are trained up with us in a seminary of Churchmen, (which was the will of the holy Founder,) will by my example (without vanity be it spoken) not be ashamed, after the sight of courtly weeds, to put on a surplice. Lastly, I consider that this resolution which I have taken is not unsutable even to my civil employments abroad, of which for the most part religion was the subject; nor to my observations, which have been spent that way in discovery of the *Roman* arts and practices, whereof I hope to yield the world some account, though rather by my pen than by my voice. For though I must humbly confess that both my conceptions and expressions be weak, yet I do more trust my deliberation then my memory: or if your Majesty will give me leave to paint my self in higher terms, I think I shall be bolder against the faces of men. This I conceived to be a piece of my own character; so as my private study must be my theater, rather then a pulpit; and my books my auditours, as they are all my treasure. Howsoever, if I can produce nothing else for the use of Church and State, yet it shall be comfort enough to the little remnant of my life to compose some hymnes unto His endless glory, who hath called me, (for which His Name be ever blessed,) though late to His service, yet early to the knowledge of his truth and sense of his mercy. To which ever commending your Majesty and your royal action with most hearty and humble prayers, I rest,

"Your Majesty's most devoted poor servant."

Sir Henry passed fifteen honourable, useful, and happy years as Provost of Eton. He designed several literary works, among which was a life of Luther, which, at the King's request, he laid aside in order to commence a history of England; but he made but little progress in this last-mentioned work. He also wrote some portions of an intended treatise on Education. Sir Henry was a physiogno-

mist; and some of his observations as to the outward appearances and the habits of a child, which indicate genius, are as follows:—

"The head of a child I wish great and round, which is the capablest figure, and the freest from all restraint or compression of the parts; for since, in the section of bodies, we find man of all sensible creatures to have the fullest brain to his proportion, and that so it was provided by the Supream Wisdom, for the lodging of the intellective faculties; it must needs be a silent character of hope, when in the *œconomical* providence of nature (as I may term it) there is good store of roomage and receipt where those powers are stowed: as commonly we may think husbanding men to foresee their own plenty, who prepare beforehand large barns and granaries. Yet *Thucidides* (anciently one of the excellentest wits in the learnedst part of the world) seems (if *Marcellinus* in his life have well described him) to have been somewhat taper-headed, as many of the *Genouesers* are at this day in common observation, who yet bee a people of singular sagacity; yea, I call here not impertinently to mind, that one of my time in *Venice* had wit enough to become the civil head of that grave *republick*, who yet, for the littleness of his own naturall head, was surnamed *Il Donato Testolina*. But the obtrusions of such particular instances as these are un-sufficient to disauthorize a note grounded upon the final intention of nature. The *eye* in children (which commonly let them rowle at pleasure) is of curious observation, especially in point of discovery; for it loveth or hateth before we can discern the heart: it consenteth or denyeth before the tongue: it resolveth or runneth away before the feet: nay, we shall often mark in it a dulness or apprehensiveness, even before the understanding. In short, it betrayeth in a manner the whole state of the mind, and letteth out all our fancies and passions as it were by a window—I shall therefore require in that organ, without poetical conceits, (as far as may concern my purpose, bee the colour what it will,) only a settled vivacity, nor wandering, nor stupid: yet I must confess, I have known a number of dul-sighted, very sharp-witted men."

There is, scattered among many quaint fancies, much practical good sense in Sir Henry's remarks on this subject. Witness the following passage:—

"When I mark in children much solitude and silence I like it not, nor anything born before his time, as this must needs be in that sociable and exposed life as they are for the most part. When

"either alone or in company they sit still without doing of anything, I like it worse. For surely all disposition to idleness and vacancie, even before they grow habits, are dangerous; and there is commonly but little distance in time between doing of nothing and doing of ill."

There is a peculiar charm in Wotton's character and writings, which has made me extend this memoir to unusual length. My last quotation shall be a passage, preserved by Walton, in which Sir Henry truly and beautifully describes the reflections that are produced in the mind of him who, after long absence, revisits the place of his early education. A visit to Winchester was the immediate cause of Sir Henry's remarks; but they will come home to the feelings of many an old Etonian:—

"He yearly went also to Oxford; but, the summer before his death, he changed that for a journey to Winchester Colledge, to which school he was first removed from Bocton. And as he returned from that towards Eton College, he said to a friend, his companion in that journey, 'How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those thoughts which possessed us at our last being there. And I find it thus experimentally true, that at my now being at that school, the seeing that very place where I sate when a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth, which then possessed me; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures without mixture of cares, and those to be enjoyed when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes. And though my days have been many, and those mixed with more pleasures than the sons of men do usually enjoy, yet I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, *Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.* Nevertheless I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and deaths."

Sir Henry Wotton died on the fifth of December, 1639. He was never married. Beside the works alluded to in this memoir, he was the author of a treatise on architecture, justly celebrated for the soundness of its principles and the grace of its style. He

also wrote a view of the state of Christendom [about the year 1600]; a biography of the Duke of Buckingham, and several other small tracts. He composed a few short pieces of poetry, and, though brief and rare, they entitle him to a high rank among our "Poetæ Minores."

His fame, indeed, would be sufficiently established if it rested only on the following stanzas, which were written by him in praise of the Queen of Bohemia:—

"You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

"Ye violets, that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are ye when the rose is blown?

"You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's praise,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, where 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

"So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?"

Of a still higher order is the following beautiful hymn, which was composed by Sir Henry during his last illness:—

"Oh thou, Great Power, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

"No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
No rays of Saints, no purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed,
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire.
Oh precious ransom! which once paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said,

"And said by Him that said no more,'
But sealed it with his dying breath.

Thou then that hast dispunged my score,
And dying, wast the death of Death,
Be to me now, on Thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all."

Sir Henry was buried, according to his desire, in the chapel of the College; and the following inscription, also by his own direction, was placed over his tomb:—

"Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus Auctor,
'*Disputandi pruritus Ecclesiarum Scabies.*'
Nomen alias quære."

They who read this, and remember the kindly tolerant character of Wotton while living, may well apply to him the beautiful line in which Sophocles after his death was described by Aristophanes.

"Ὁ δ' εὔκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ' ἔυκολος δ' κε ἴ."

(*Life of Walton.—Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.*)

We approach now the troubled times of the Civil War between Charles and his Parliament; and the earliest, in point of date, of the Etonians, who figured prominently in this unhappy period, is one who was the first Generalissimo of the Parliamentarian forces.

EARL OF ESSEX.

A melancholy memoir must be that of Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, whether it narrate the passages of his private or those of his public life. And yet he had every advantage of person, rank, wealth, and station; and not even his bitterest adversaries ever denied the goodness of his heart, his courage, or his integrity of purpose.

He was the only child of Queen Elizabeth's chivalrous but unhappy favourite, the second Earl of Essex. When the father was beheaded in 1601, the son was only nine years old. The little orphan was placed at Eton by his grandmother, in whose care he was left; and at Eton he received the rudiments of a learned education. His stay there, however, was a short one, as before the end of 1602, he was removed to Merton College, Oxford, where he was brought up under the immediate care of Mr. Savile, then warden of that college, and afterwards Sir Henry Savile, Provost of Eton. Savile had been an intimate friend of the late Earl's, and for his sake, "was exceedingly careful in seeing

that the son was learnedly and religiously educated."[8] When the somewhat austere character of Savile is remembered, we can well understand that Essex acquired under his training much of that sombre conscientious strictness which marked him in after life, and which, without doubt, much influenced his choice of parties during the civil troubles in which in his manhood he was called on to take so prominent a part.

The young Earl was restored by King James to his hereditary honours, and the estates which had been forfeited by his father's attainder. He became, for a time, the favourite companion of Prince Henry, James's eldest son; and a story is related of a boyish quarrel between them, which is worth relating, as it shows the young Earl naturally to have had the

"Atrocem animum Catonis,"

who made himself similarly conspicuous in boyhood by a blow which he dealt to the son of the Dictator Sylla.

Essex's chaplain, Mr. Codrington, in his memoir of his patron, thus narrates this anecdote:—

"Prince Henry and the young Earl, delighting themselves one morning with the exercise and the pleasure of the tennis-court, after that a set or two where played, there did arise some difference upon a mistake: from bandying of the ball, the Prince being raised with a choler, did begin to bandy words, and was so transported with his passion, that he told the Earl of Essex that he was the son of a traitor. The Earl of Essex was then in the flourish of his youth, and full of fire and courage, and being not able to contain himself, he did strike the Prince with his racket on the head, and that so shrewdly, that (as it is said) some drops of blood did trickle down. The news of this was presently brought to the King's ear, who having examined the business, and fully understood the manner and occasion of it, did dismiss the Earl without any great check, and being a true peacemaker, he told his son, that he who did strike him then, would be sure with more violent blows to strike his enemy in times to come."

The well-meant but fatal policy of the Earl of Salisbury caused Essex to be married to the Lady Frances Howard, one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most abandoned women of the age. Her insane passion for Carr, King James's worthless favourite, her

[8] Winstanley's English Worthies, Biog. Brit.

suing to be divorced from Earl Essex, and the scenes of vice and crime with which her name is associated, are too shameful and repulsive to be more than glanced at here. After the divorce, which took place in 1613, Essex, "to whom the disgrace from the thing itself was doubled by the circumstances that attended it, endeavoured to hide himself in the country from the observance of the world, and the reproach to which he was exposed from the bad conduct of an unhappy woman, born to be undone by that beauty for which she was so much admired."—*Wilson.*

Essex remained seven years in seclusion, nourishing probably bitter thoughts against the Court and King James, for the scandalous zeal which that sovereign and his favourites had shown in favour of the Countess and Carr. At length, in the spring of 1620, Essex was roused from inaction by his friend the Earl of Oxford, who persuaded him to join him in equipping two regiments, and leading them to Germany to fight for the Protestant cause, in the war which was then raging in the Palatinate.

Essex and Oxford met with little but fatigue and disappointment in this first expedition; yet in the next year they again served on the Continent, in the Lutheran armies, acting as volunteers under Prince Maurice of Nassau, and acquiring great credit. The two Earls returned to England in the winter of that year; and Essex now came forward in public life, acting in concert with his friend in Parliament, where they were usually found in opposition to James's ministers.

Essex came seldom to Court, where he perceived that he was no favourite; and he soon made himself the object of the King's marked dislike, by taking active part in a remonstrance, which the old English peers addressed to King James, against the profusion of new peerages, with which James vulgarised the nobility; and against his habit of granting Scotch and Irish earldoms to new men, by virtue of which they claimed precedence of the ancient English barons. On this occasion James told Essex, among other angry words, "I fear thee not, Essex, though thou wast as well beloved as thy father, and had forty thousand men at thy heels."

Essex now again sought the scene of war on the Continent, and for some years commanded one of the auxiliary English regiments in the Low Countries. On King James's death he returned to England for a short time, and was appointed Vice-Admiral in the expedition that was sent against Cadiz, in 1625. The expedition

failed, but not through any fault of the Earl's, who alone, among the English commanders, showed skill and spirit. In 1626, Essex made his last foreign campaign, in the cause of civil and religious liberty, against the Imperialists and Spaniards in Germany; and he then returned to England, in the hopes of being employed by King Charles to lead the armament which this country was about to send to the relief of the French Protestants.

Charles, however, gave this important command to his unworthy and unwarlike favourite, the Duke of Buckingham. Essex disdained to serve under Villiers, and retired a second time to his country seat. Here he ventured on a second marriage, which proved almost as unfortunate as his first one, and was terminated by a divorce at the end of two years. No blame ever was imputed to Essex in his domestic misfortunes. But being thus denied what he had most ardently sought, the happiness of private life, he plunged into the political sea of that troubled period, seeking probably to dissipate, in scenes of exertion, the gloom which his domestic disappointments and dishonours had cast upon his spirit.

We find him, in 1635, acting as Vice-Admiral, in command of one of the squadrons which were equipped to protect our coasts against the French and Dutch, with whom a war was then apprehended. Four years afterwards he held the post of Lieutenant-General in the army which was sent against the Scottish Covenanters. Essex advanced with a strong body of troops upon Berwick. Some of the Scotch leaders met him on the way, and endeavoured to check his progress by exaggerated accounts of their military force, and by unmeasured professions of their loyalty. Essex heard, marched on, entered Berwick, and was preparing for further decisive operations, when he was recalled by the orders of his sovereign, with whom the cajolery of the Scotch negotiators had proved more successful than it had been with the Lieutenant-General. Charles, in fact, concluded his treaty with the Scotch insurgents, at the very crisis when Essex (the "fighting, English-hearted Essex," as Sir Philip Warwick terms him) could and would have utterly crushed the insurrection.[9]

After this, Essex was coldly and slightingly dismissed by Charles; and other affronts were put on him, all of course tending more and more to alienate him from the Court. He was, however, in 1641, appointed Lord Chamberlain of the King's

[9] See Lodge's Memoir.

household; and as the collision between the two parties of the Crown and the Parliament become more and more imminent, each began to bid for Essex's favour, by offering him high military command.

It is not my intention to enter into any of the details of the Civil War, which at last broke out in 1642, and in which Essex, with many other conscientious men (whether their judgment was right or wrong), came sorrowfully to the conclusion, that their duty to their country compelled them to take up arms against the King, as their ancestors had done in the days of John, of Henry the Third, and of the second Edward and Richard. As General-in-chief of the army of the Parliament, Essex fought the sanguinary but indecisive battle of Edgehill, in 1642; and in the next year he effected the important service of raising the siege of Gloucester. On his return from that expedition, he fought another drawn battle with the King near Newbury. After this, he conducted his army safely back to London, having, in all human probability, prevented the complete triumph, which the King must have obtained, if by taking Gloucester he could have made himself master of the whole west of England, and then marched victoriously upon London. Clarendon says, of the conduct of Essex in this campaign, that, "without doubt, the action was performed by him with incomparable conduct and courage: in every part whereof very much was to be imputed to his own personal virtue; and it may be well reckoned among the most soldierly actions of this unhappy war."

In the next year Essex was unsuccessful; and through the neglect of Sir William Waller to co-operate with him, he was hemmed in by the King's troops in a narrow peninsula on the Cornish coast, whence he himself escaped by sea. His cavalry succeeded in making their way, in the dead of night, through the lines of the Royalists, but the whole of his infantry were obliged to capitulate.

Essex's employers received him after his rescue with a show of Roman magnanimity and generosity, but intrigues were actively at work to displace him from the command, and to introduce stronger and fiercer spirits to lead the Puritan soldiery to the overthrow of the Crosier and the Crown.

Essex, as well as Manchester, had long been suspected by the vehement Parliamentarians of purposely abstaining from pushing their military advantages to the utmost, and of being unwilling to

be *too* victorious. Hallam remarks fairly enough on this, that "it is not impossible that both those peers, especially the former, out of their desire to see peace restored on terms compatible with some degree of authority in the Crown, and with the dignity of their own order, did not always press their advantages against the King as if he had been a public enemy. They might have thought that, having drawn the sword avowedly for the preservation of his person and dignity, as much as for the rights and liberties of the people, they were no farther bound by their trust, than to render him and his adherents sensible of the impracticability of refusing their terms of accommodation."[1]

Hallam well discusses, in a note on the same passage, the cavils raised against Essex's services towards the Parliament:—"Essex had been suspected from the time of the affair at Brentford, or rather from the battle of Edgehill; and his whole conduct, except in the celebrated march to relieve Gloucester, confirmed a reasonable distrust, either of his military talents, or of his zeal in the cause." "He loved monarchy and nobility," says Whitelocke, "and dreaded those who had a design to destroy both." Yet Essex was too much a man of honour to enter on any private intrigues with the King. All our republican writers speak acrimoniously of Essex. "Most will be of opinion," says Mr. Brodie (*History of the British Empire*, iii. 865), "that as ten thousand pounds a year out of the sequestered lands were settled on him for his services, he was rewarded infinitely beyond his merit." The reward was, doubtless, magnificent: but the merit of Essex was this, that he made himself the most prominent object of vengeance in case of failure, by taking the command of an army to oppose the King in person at Edgehill; a command of which no other man in his rank was capable, and which could not at that time have been trusted to any man of inferior rank without dissolving the whole confederacy of the Parliament."[2]

On the passing of the self-denying ordinance, Essex resigned his military command; and in the beginning of the autumn of the following year, he was seized with a sudden and violent illness, and died greatly lamented by moderate men of all parties, on the 14th of September, 1646.

It is but just to quote some of the testimonies to this nobleman's purity of heart and honesty of purpose, which even Royalist

[1] Const. Hist., vol. ii. p. 246. [2] Hallam, ibid, note.

writers have supplied. They are well brought together in the Biographia Britannica, in a passage which I quote.

"It is certainly a thing difficult enough to come at the true characters of the principal persons on both sides in this unhappy war; yet with respect to the Earl of Essex it is generally agreed, that he was a nobleman of very upright intentions. 'Sir Philip Warwick, who speaks the least favourably of him, allows, that he was no ill soldier, and valued much among the men of that profession: he says he was a man much disobliged at Court, and of such a natural confused spirit, that he was not able to discern the ill consequences of his indifference towards the Crown; but at the same time he confesses, the Court was not artificial enough to make that right use of him, which his interest amongst the soldiers, and his blunt, plain English nature, might have been formed into, by a seeming confidence. The noble historian tells us plainly, he had no ambition of title, or office, or preferment, but only to be kindly looked upon, and kindly spoken to, and quietly to enjoy his own fortune; and without doubt no man in his nature more abhorred rebellion than he did; nor could he have been drawn into it by any open and transparent temptation, but by a thousand disguises and cozenages. His pride supplied his want of ambition, and he was angry to see any other man more respected than himself, because he thought he deserved it more, and did better require it. For he was in his friendships just and constant, and would not have practised foully even against those that he took to be his enemies. No man had credit enough with him to corrupt him in point of loyalty to the King, while he thought himself wise enough to know what reason was. But the new notions were too hard for him, and intoxicated his understanding, so that he quitted his own to follow theirs, who, as he thought, wished as well, and judged better than himself.' He adds, that when he accepted the commission to be General, he did it with a view of being the preserver, and not the destroyer, of the King and kingdom. We have this character fully confirmed by Denzil Lord Holles, who could not but be well acquainted with this nobleman's real intentions, and was too honest to misrepresent them. The kindness he showed to such of the clergy as fell under the displeasure of the Bishops, was owing to the compassion of his nature, and the sincerity of his zeal for the essentials of religion, as the Earl of Clarendon tells us, with great candour. 'The Earl of

Essex,' says he, 'was rather displeased with the person of the Archbishop, and some other bishops, than indevoted to the function; and towards some of them he had great reverence and kindness, as Bishop Moreton, Bishop Hall, and some other of the less formal and more popular prelates; and he was as much devoted as any man to the Book of Common Prayer, and obliged all his servants to be constantly present with him at it, his household chaplain being always a most conformable man, and a good scholar.' "

The humanity of his character appears from many memorials of the war. There is extant a letter of his to the Parliament in which he urges them to conclude peace on account of the misery which the war brought upon the districts which were the scenes of military operations. He tells them that "The counties suffer much wrong, and the cries of poor people are infinite." And in the order of the day issued by him when he assumed the Generalship of the Parliamentary forces, there are many directions to the troops, which are as creditable to his heart as a man, as they are to his head as a soldier. I subjoin this document in a note, as it well deserves perusal.[3]

[3] "*Gentlemen and Fellow Soldiers,*

"Ye are at this time assembled for the defence of his Majesty, and the maintenance of the true Protestant religion, under my command: I shall therefore desire you to take notice what I, that am your General, shall, by my honour, promise to perform towards you, and what I shall be forced to expect that you shall perform towards me.

"I do promise, in the sight of Almighty God, that I shall undertake nothing but what shall tend to the advancement of the true Protestant religion, the securing of his Majesty's royal person, the maintenance of the just privilege of Parliament, and the liberty and property of the subject; neither will I engage any of you into any danger, but (though for many reasons I might forbear) I will in my own person run an equal hazard with you; and either bring you off with honour, or (if God have so decreed) fall with you, and willingly become a sacrifice for the preservation of my country.

"Likewise I do promise, that my ear shall be open to hear the complaint of the poorest of my soldiers, though against the chiefest of my officers; neither shall his greatness, if justly taxed, gain any privilege; but I shall be ready to execute justice against all, from the greatest to the least.

"Your pay shall be constantly delivered to your commanders; and if default be made by any officer, give me timely notice, and you shall find speedy redress.

"This being performed on my part, I shall now declare what is your duty toward me, which I must likewise expect to be carefully performed by you.

"I shall desire all and every officer to endeavour, by love and affable carriage, to command his soldiers; since what is done for fear, is done unwillingly; and what is unwillingly attempted, can never prosper.

"Likewise it is my request, that you be careful in the exercising of your men, and bring them to use their arms readily and expertly, and not to busy them in practising the ceremonious forms of military discipline; only let them be well-instructed in the

EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER, the celebrated poet, was born at Coleshill in Hertfordshire, on the 3rd of March, 1605. He was the son of Robert Waller, Esq., a gentleman of Agmondesham in Buckinghamshire, who died during Edmund's infancy, leaving him a yearly income of 3500*l.* per annum, which may be fairly reckoned as equal to four times that amount at the present day.

Waller's mother placed him at Eton, where he must have diligently availed himself of the aid of his instructors in Greek and Roman literature, as is testified by the extensive and accurate scholarship which his earliest works display, and by the classic elegance of taste that generally pervades his writings. On leaving

necessary rudiments of war, that they may know to fall on with discretion, and retreat with care; how to maintain their order, and make good their ground.

"Also I do expect that all those who have voluntarily engaged themselves in this service, should answer my expectation in the performance of these ensuing articles:

"1. That you willingly and chearfully obey such as, by your own election, you have made commanders over you.

"2. That you take special care to keep your arms at all times fit for service, that upon all occasions you may be ready, when the signal shall be given, by the sound of drum or trumpet, to repair to your colours; and so to march upon any service, where and when occasion shall require.

"3. *That you bear yourselves like soldiers, without doing any spoil to the inhabitants of the country: so doing you shall gain love and friendship, where otherwise, you will be hated and complained of; and I, that should protect you, shall be forced to punish you according to the severity of law.*

"4. That you accept and rest satisfied with such quarters as shall fall to your lot, or be appointed you by your Quarter-master.

"5. That you shall, if appointed for centries or perdues, faithfully discharge that duty; for, upon fail hereof, you are sure to undergo a very severe censure.

"6. You shall forbear to profane the Sabbath, either by being drunk, or by unlawful games; for whosoever shall be found faulty must not expect to pass unpunished.

"7. Whosoever shall be known to neglect the feeding of his horse with necessary provender, to the end that his horse be disabled or unfit for service; the party, for the said default, shall suffer a month's imprisonment, and afterwards be cashiered as unworthy the name of a soldier.

"8. That no trooper, or other of our soldiers, shall suffer his paddee to feed his horse in the corn, or to steal men's hay; but shall pay every man for hay 6*d.* day and night, and for oats 2*s.* the bushel. And lastly,

"9. *That you avoid cruelty; for it is my desire rather to save the lives of thousands than to kill one, so that it may be done without prejudice.*

"These things faithfully performed, and the justice of our cause truly considered, let us advance with a religious courage, and willingly adventure our lives in the defence of the King and Parliament."

Eton, Waller was placed at King's College; this must have been as a Fellow Commoner, as his name does not appear in the Registrum Regale.

At the early age of eighteen, Waller was a statesman, a courtier, and a poet. The House of Commons in those days was not so strict as it afterwards became in excluding minors from its walls; and Waller, as his Epitaph by Rymer expresses it, "Nondum octodecennalis inter ardua regni tractantes sedem habuit, a burgo de Agmondesham missus." Our young senator was well received at the Court of James the First, which he assiduously frequented; and the first published specimen of his poetical powers was a copy of congratulatory verses on Prince Charles's escape from shipwreck at St. Andero on his return from Spain. Johnson says of this piece, that it justifies the observation made by one of Waller's editors, that he attained, by a felicity like instinct, a style which perhaps will never be obsolete. The rhythm and elegance of expression which are displayed in Waller's earliest poems, are not only equal to those of his more mature productions, but they are remarkable in themselves; and he is certainly the first writer in whose hands our heroic couplet assumed any smoothness and metrical harmony. Waller was an attentive reader of Fairfax's translation of Tasso (in the same metre as the original), and he professed himself indebted to this model for the smoothness of his own numbers. The practice of Latin versification at Eton must also have contributed to give Waller his distinguishing excellence in rhythm. I know no instance of a poet showing elegance in Latin versification, but betraying ruggedness when he uses his own language. Petrarch and the other great Italian scholars, Milton and Gray among our own, are splendid examples to the contrary.

Waller's residences at King's cannot have been very long and frequent, as, besides his senatorial functions and his attendances at Court, we find that he had become the husband of a great city heiress, the father of two children, and was a widower by the time he was five-and-twenty. He must, however, have sometimes assumed his station at Cambridge as a member of the university, as a Latin epigram signed Ed. Waller, Armiger, Coll. Regal. is preserved in "Rex Redux," the collection of Cambridge verses on the return of Charles the First from Scotland, after his coronation there in 1633.

Waller's first marriage had largely increased his previously

ample wealth, and he sought to advance himself in rank by winning a second wife from among the high-born beauties of the day. His poetical courtships of Lady Dorothea Sidney, whom he immortalised by the name of Sacharissa, and of Lady Sophia Murray, whom he sang of as his Amoret, were long, melodious and unsuccessful. But though he lost the ladies, he won what probably he loved better than either of them, universal celebrity: and as he himself elegantly expressed it, like Apollo in vain pursuit of Daphne,

"He catched at love, and filled his arms with bays."

Johnson has described Waller's courtships with peculiar sarcasm, and thus narrates the circumstances of his second marriage.

"When he had lost all hopes of Sacharissa, he looked around him for an easier conquest, and gained a lady of the family of Bresse, or Breaux. The time of his marriage is not exactly known. It has not been discovered that his wife was won by his poetry; nor is anything told of her, but that she brought him many children. He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestick happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow; and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration. No spectacle is nobler than a blaze."

Waller was a second time returned to Parliament for Agmondesham in 1640, and he again represented that borough in the Long Parliament. Waller was Hampden's nephew, and he was also connected, though more distantly, with the family of Cromwell. He joined these and other popular leaders in insisting that a redress of grievances ought to precede a vote of supply; and he soon signalised himself as one of the best orators on the opposition side of the house. So highly did the chiefs of his party esteem his abilities, that he was put forward by them as the manager of the prosecution of Mr. Justice Crawley, for the part which that judge had taken on the Ship-money question. Waller's speech on this occasion must have been one of no ordinary power and skill, inasmuch as 20,000 copies of it are said to have been sold in a single day.

Waller was, however, far from going all the lengths to which the fierce zealots of his party were eager to proceed. A speech of his on

the question of the abolition of Episcopacy has been preserved, and is quoted by Johnson. Johnson truly says that he spoke against the innovation coolly, reasonably, and firmly. Waller opposed several other of the extreme measures which the Parliamentary majority voted. And, though he remained in London after the war broke out, and continued to sit in the House of Commons at Westminster, he is supposed to have done so by the King's secret permission. He was one of the Parliamentary Commissioners sent to Oxford to negotiate with the King, who showed great favour and attention to him; and Waller, being now completely won over to the royal side, on his return to London tried to organise a scheme for an armed rising in the city in the King's behalf. This project, which is known as Waller's plot, proved an utter failure. Some intelligence of it was gained by Pym; and Waller, on being apprehended, betrayed his confederates' lives and begged for his own, with equal perfidy and cowardice. Clarendon, whom other events made a personal enemy to Waller, has exerted all his power in branding this infamous part of Waller's career. Johnson cites these censures of the noble historian's, and adds some weighty ones of his own. But he also quotes the milder comment of another biographer, who bids us "not to condemn Waller with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world has seldom seen, because his character included not the poet, the orator and the hero."

Waller was expelled from the House of Commons, and tried and condemned by a court-martial, for his participation in this affair. But Lord Essex reprieved him, and after a year's imprisonment his life was granted him on his paying a fine of £10,000. After which the ruling party in the Parliament "permitted him to recollect himself in another country."

Waller went to France, where he remained some years in exile. He lived at first in great splendour; but at length his remittances from England began to fail. He was obliged to sell his wife's jewels: and on *being reduced*, as he expressed it, *to the rump-jewel*, he employed the interest of his brother-in-law, Colonel Scroop, with Cromwell to obtain leave to return to England. This was readily granted; and Waller, whose powers of making his society agreeable to all men of all kinds, must have been very remarkable, soon became a personal favourite with the Protector.

"Waller, as he used to relate, found him sufficiently versed in

ancient history; and when any of his enthusiastick friends came to advise or consult him, could sometimes overhear him discoursing in the cant of the times: but when he returned, he would say, 'Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way:' and resumed the common style of conversation.

"He repaid the Protector for his favours (1654) by the famous panegyrick which has been always considered as the first of his poetical productions. His choice of encomiastic topicks is very judicious; for he considers Cromwell in his exaltation, without enquiring how he attained it; there is consequently no mention of the rebel or the regicide. All the former part of his hero's life is veiled with shades; and nothing is brought to view but the chief, the governor, the defender of England's honour, and the enlarger of her dominion."

This from Johnson is no slight praise. Johnson also remarks that—

"The poem on the death of the Protector seems to have been dictated by real veneration for his memory. Dryden and Sprat wrote on the same occasion; but they were young men, struggling into notice, and hoping for some favour from the ruling party. Waller had little to expect: he had received nothing but his pardon from Cromwell, and was not likely to ask anything from those who should succeed him."

He says of the poem itself—

"The *Panegyric* upon Cromwell has obtained from the publick a very liberal dividend of praise, which however cannot be said to have been unjustly lavished; for such a series of verses had rarely appeared before in the English language. Of the lines some are grand, some are graceful, and all are musical. There is now and then a feeble verse, or a trifling thought; but its great fault is the choice of its hero."

Hallam observes on this that "It may not be the opinion of all, that Cromwell's actions were of that obscure and pitiful character which the majesty of song rejects." I cannot, however, agree with this last great critic that "Waller's deficiency in poetical vigour will surely be traced in this composition:" that "if he rarely sinks, he never rises very high." Surely such a censure does not apply to the following stanza, in which he describes how Cromwell, as he raised himself above all his countrymen, raised his country above all other nations.

"Still as you rise the state exalted too
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene, when without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys!"

On the Restoration, Waller, with the complaisant versatility that has been too common among poets, wrote a series of congratulatory verses to Charles the Second. These were far inferior to the panegyric on Cromwell. The King noticed this to Waller, who amply redeemed his character both for loyalty and wit by the courtly reply, that "Poets succeed much better in fiction than in truth."

Waller sate in all the parliaments of Charles the Second's reign. Burnet says of him that "he was the delight of the house, and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them."

He was a great favourite at Court; and, though a strict water-drinker, his wit and gaiety made him a chosen guest at the tables of those who were the highest in rank and the deepest in drink in the kingdom. In 1665, trusting to his favour with Charles, Waller solicited the Provostship of Eton, which fell vacant by the death of Dr. Meredith that year. The King consented to nominate him; but Clarendon, then prime minister, refused to put the seal to the grant, alleging that the Provostship could not be held by a layman. This incensed Waller against the minister; and when Clarendon was soon afterwards impeached in Parliament, Waller signalised himself among the prosecutors by his acrimonious violence.

In the year after Clarendon's banishment the Eton Provostship became vacant again, in consequence of the death of Dr. Allestree. Waller renewed his application. The King, who was willing to oblige him, caused the matter to be argued before his Council, who came to the conclusion that none but a clergyman could properly fill the office, as the Provostship of the College was also a parsonage, and that the Provosts had always received institution from the Bishops of Lincoln. They resolved that the appointment of Waller would be a violation of the newly-passed Act of Uniformity; and the King thereon said that he could not break the law which he had made; and Waller's desire to become the Head of Eton was a second time refused.

Waller lived during two years of James the Second's reign, and was treated with great kindness by that monarch, who, with all the characteristic faults of a Stuart, possessed also

their characteristic merit, a respectful fondness for men of literary eminence.

"One day, taking him into the closet, the King asked him how he liked one of the pictures: 'My eyes,' said Waller, 'are dim, and I do not know it.' The King said it was the Princess of Orange. 'She is,' said Waller, 'like the greatest woman in the world.' The King asked who was that? and was answered, Queen Elizabeth. 'I wonder,' said the King, 'you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council.' 'And, sir,' said Waller, 'did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?'

"When the King knew that he was about to marry his daughter to Dr. Birch, a clergyman, he ordered a French gentleman to tell him that 'the King wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling Church.' 'The King,' says Waller, 'does me great honour in taking notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that this falling Church has got a trick of rising again.'

"He took notice to his friends of the King's conduct, and said that 'he would be left like a whale upon the strand.' Whether he was privy to any of the transactions which ended in the Revolution is not known. His heir joined the Prince of Orange.

"Towards the decline of life he bought a small house with a little land at Colshill, and said, 'he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused.' This, however, did not happen. When he was at Beaconsfield he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the King, and requested him, as both a friend and physician, to tell him *what that swelling meant*. 'Sir,' answered Scarborough, 'your blood will run no longer.' Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die.

"As the disease increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the holy sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related that, being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, 'My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived

long enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I hope your Grace will.'

"He died October 21, 1687, and was buried at Beaconsfield." (*Johnson.*)

Waller's poems were universally read and admired in the age in which they were published: nor was their general popularity much diminished during the early portion of the last century. The greater part of them now seldom find a reader; and the large majority of educated Englishmen are familiar with only a few lines of Waller; yet these few lines are such standard favourites, that their author's poetical reputation is safely preserved by them. Every one knows the middle stanza of his address to the lady whom he heard singing one of his songs:—

"That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to soar so high."

The scholar who reads Porson's notes on the Medea knows that Waller caught the hint for this simile from Æschylus. The reader of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" may know that Byron, in his celebrated lines on Kirke White, followed Æschylus and Waller; but how few there are who know the stanza which precedes, or the stanza which follows this renowned quatrain of Waller's,—how few, in fact, there are who know that it is part of a poem, and not an epigram complete in itself.

Waller's eagle might waft his name down to posterity "tenui pennâ;" but he has a surer foundation for his fame in his exquisite song, "Go, lovely rose," which pleased at once and for ever. It is well worth a literary lifetime to have written one such song as this; for, if Virgil is right in saying that the poet's true reward is

"Virûm volitare per ora,"

assuredly the "chansonnier" takes the surest plan to gain it both literally and metaphorically:—

SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

(*Life in Johnson.—Biog. Brit., &c.*)

PROVOST ALLESTREE.

In 1665 Provost Meredith died; and King Charles the Second, immediately, unasked and unsolicited, nominated the celebrated Robert Boyle to the Provostship. As hereinafter mentioned in the memoir of that good and great philosopher, Mr. Boyle declined the appointment, out of conscientious scruples respecting his own fitness for holy orders, and out of an equally conscientious belief that none but a clergyman ought to be Provost of Eton. On Boyle's refusal of the proffered dignity, King Charles conferred it on one who had done the House of Stuart good service, in war as well as in peace, and who was already eminent in Church and State.

Richard Allestree was of an ancient Derbyshire family, and was born in 1619, at Uppington, in Shropshire, where his father had settled. At the age of seventeen he was entered at Oxford, as a Commoner of Christ Church; he was soon appointed by the Dean one of the students of the college; and after taking his degree of B.A., in due time he was made Moderator in Philosophy, and continued to discharge the duties of that office with a high reputation for piety, learning, and discretion, till the outbreak of the Civil War.

Allestree was one of the first Oxford scholars who took up arms in the Royal cause; and he was present in the King's army at the sanguinary but indecisive battle of Edgehill, in October, 1642. Soon after this battle, Allestree was taken prisoner by a party of the Parliamentarian horse, while he was returning to Oxford to prepare the Deanery of Christchurch for the King's reception. His imprisonment was but short, his captors being in turn obliged to surrender to the main body of the King's army; and Allestree now returned, for a time, to his scholastic duties at the university, taking his M.A. degree in the spring of 1643. He was, however, soon in

arms again. Oxford became the King's head-quarters during the war; and a regiment was raised out of the Oxford scholars, who served as volunteers without pay, and not only performed garrison duty, but took part in the expeditions which the King's general in that city from time to time directed against the enemy's forces and posts in the neighbourhood. Allestree bore arms in this regiment, serving cheerfully and contentedly in the ranks, and distinguishing himself by his steadiness and subordination in all matters of discipline, as well as by his alacrity and firmness in all matters of danger. As the author of the memoir prefixed to his sermons expresses it, he still attended to his studies, "frequently holding his musket in one hand, and book in the other, and making the watchings of a soldier the lucubrations of a student."

At the conclusion of the war, Allestree devoted himself more exclusively than before to the duties of tuition; and he now went into holy orders, at a time when none but the best and purest motives could have induced any one to become a minister of the despoiled and afflicted Church of England.

He was soon driven away from Oxford by the Parliamentarian visitors, whose favour or connivance he disdained to seek by apostasy or time-serving, and whose special ire was directed against him, because, as one of their number stated, "he was an eminent man."

Allestree now (1648) found a refuge in the house of Mr. Newport, a gentleman of Shropshire; and during the twelve years that ensued before the Restoration, he officiated as chaplain and tutor in the houses of several of the loyalist nobility and gentry. But he also, during the latter portion of this period, performed most important and perilous service for the cause of Charles the Second, by taking repeated journeys to the Continent, and conveying communications between that prince and his adherents in England. The deaths, abroad, of some members of the Cavalier families, in which Allestree had been domiciled as tutor, served as pretexts for these journeys. And, in reality, Allestree several times assisted his private benefactors materially by the diligence and skill with which he collected the effects, and arranged the accounts, of their relatives who died in exile.

Allestree at last nearly fell a victim to the vengeance of the ruling English powers, in one of his missions to the King over the

water. He was seized in the winter before the Restoration as he landed at Dover, examined on suspicion, and though his prudence had prevented any proof from being forthcoming against him, he was committed close prisoner to Lambeth House, where he lay eight weeks, and contracted a contagious illness, which nearly cost him his life.

By the intercession of Lord Shaftesbury, and some other influential statesmen of the expiring commonwealth, Allestree was set at liberty, and retired for a while to the neighbourhood of his relatives in Shropshire. It is worth mention, as showing Allestree's reputation at this time, and that he was "laudatus a laudatis," that Dr. Hammond, who died immediately before the Restoration, bequeathed to Allestree his valuable library by a clause in his will, in which he stated that he left his books to Allestree, "well knowing that in his hands they would be useful weapons for the defence of that cause he had through life so vigorously asserted."

On the Restoration Allestree returned to Oxford, where he was made a Canon of Christ Church, and in October, 1660, took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was next appointed one of the King's chaplains; and soon afterwards, on the Divinity chair becoming vacant, he was made Regius Professor. Allestree strenuously exerted himself at Oxford for the benefit of the Church and that university, till 1665, when he was transferred to Eton as its Provost, and continued to preside over our College, to its infinite advantage and credit, until his death in 1680.

It is narrated of him by his biographer, that "it was with some difficulty that he was prevailed on to accept of this benefice, but the consideration that great interest was made for it by a layman, who might possibly succeed on the advantage of his refusal, induced him to comply with his Majesty's gracious offer. For, the Provost of Eton being actually parson of the parish, and presented to the cure, and instituted by the Bishop of Lincoln the diocesan, nothing, he thought, could be more sacrilegious and irregular than such an usurpation by a lay person, nor anything a greater dis-service to the Church, than by an unseasonable modesty to make way for it. Upon these motives it was that Dr. Allestree became Provost of Eton College: and for the same reason it was that, during his life, he continued so, never hearkening to any offer of preferment that might occasion a vacancy.

And it may be truly said, that this was the greatest secular care which attended him to his last moments, it being his dying request to his friends to interpose with the King that he might be succeeded by a person lawfully qualified, and who would promote the welfare of the College."

Few of her chiefs have been greater benefactors to Eton than Provost Allestree. He found the College in debt and difficulty, and the reputation of the school greatly decayed. He left an unencumbered and flourishing revenue, and restored the fame of Eton, as a place of learning, to its natural eminence. He built, at his own private expense, the upper school, and the apartments and cloister under it, which occupy the whole western side of the great quadrangle. To borrow again the language of the memoir prefixed to his sermons:—

"At his coming to Eton he found the society greatly in debt, by an ill custom introduced by the late Republican occupants, who at the year's end divided whatever money remained after the ordinary payments were made, incidental charges and debts contracted being still thrown off to the future year; which in time grew to such a bulk as endangered the College becoming bankrupt: to remedy this evil, Dr. Allestree, by an exemplary retrenchment of his own dues, prevailed on the society to do the like, insomuch that within a few years the College paid off above a thousand pound debt, and expended above two thousand pounds in repairs. Another considerable service he did the College and school, and also King's College in Cambridge, whose seminary it is, was this; that whereas formerly the fellowships of Eton were generally disposed of to persons of foreign education, the King was pleased, at the instance of Dr. Allestree, joined with the petition of the Provost and Fellows of King's College, to pass a grant under the broad seal that, for the future, five of the seven Fellows should be such as had been educated at Eton school, and were Fellows of King's College."

Provost Allestree was buried in the College chapel, and his monumental inscription deserves the attentive perusal and the grateful assent of every Etonian.

A sketch of his character has been penned by the same nearly contemporary biographer, who has been already referred to so often. It is of course a panegyric, but it is far superior to the ordinary run of such productions, both as regards the merit of the

subject, and the merit of the writer. Considerable extracts from it are given in the "Biographia Britannica," and I shall quote a few here in conclusion of this sketch of one of the best men that ever held our Collegiate helm:—

"From his first childhood he had a strong impression of piety and the duties owed to God and man. In his constitution, he had a great deal of warmth and vigour which made him apt to take fire upon provocation; but he was well aware of it, and kept a peculiar guard upon that weak part; so that his heat was reserved for the great concerns of the honour of God, and the service of his Prince and country, wherein he was altogether indefatigable, and in the most dismal appearances of affairs, would never desert them, nor despair of their restauration. There was not in the world a man of clearer honesty and courage: no temptation could bribe him to do a base thing, or terror affright him from the doing a good one. This made his friendships as lasting and inviolable as his life without the dirty considerations of profit or sly reserves of craft. His conversation was always cheerful and entertaining, especially in the reception of his acquaintance at his table and friendly visits. He was exceeding tender of saying anything that might administer offence or reflect upon any one's reputation. There was no person who more literally verified the saying of the Wise Man, that *much study was a weariness of the flesh*. After his day's work he was used to be as faint and spent, as if he had been labouring all the time with the scythe or flail; and his intention of thought made such waste upon his spirits that he was frequently in hazard, while at study, to fall into a swoon, and forced to rise from his seat and walk about the room for some time before he could recover himself. His contempt of the world was very extraordinary, as in his large and constant charities, both by settled pensions to indigent persons and families, and occasional alms, so also his bounteous hospitality. In the managery of the business of the Chair of Divinity, as he performed the scholastic part with great sufficiency in exact and dextrous untying the knots of argument and solid determination of controverted points, so he was not oppressed by the fame of any his most eminent predecessors: his prudence was very remarkable in the choice of subjects to be treated on; for he wasted not time and opportunity in the barren insignificant parts of school-divinity, but insisted on the fundamental grounds of controversy

between the Church of England and the most formidable enemies thereof." (*Biog. Brit.—Biog. Dict. of Useful Knowledge Society.*)

ROBERT BOYLE.

In the same year in which Lord Bacon died, was born Robert Boyle, a man whom Boerhaave has styled the Father of Experimental Philosophy, and in whom he recognises the successor to the talents and the genius of the great Verulam. We may add that he was, happily, as unlike Lord Bacon in moral principle, as he was like him in intellectual grandeur; and Eton can point to Robert Boyle as one of the purest and the best, as well as one of the most renowned of her sons.

Robert Boyle was the seventh son of Richard the great Earl of Cork. This family had been a distinguished one in England even before the Conquest. His father had settled in Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's reign, where he raised himself to speedy eminence, and acquired the earldom with which his name continues to be associated. Robert Boyle was born at Lismore, in the county of Cork, on the 25th of February, 1627. We are fortunately in possession of a curious autobiographical fragment among this great man's works in which he narrates the events of the early part of his life, speaking of himself under the name of Philaretus. I will quote some portions of it, which describe his early education at home, and in which he narrates his being sent to Eton, and the tenour of his life and studies there. His affectionate eulogy of Mr. Harrison, under whose charge he was placed at Eton, is equally honourable to master and pupil. The same may be observed of his mention of Sir Henry Wotton; and in another part of the same memoir he expressly mentions that Eton was then much thronged with the young nobility. Boyle says of himself:—

"Philaretus had now attained, and somewhat past, the eighth year of his age, when his father, who supplied what he wanted in scholarship himself, by being both a passionate affector, and eminent patron of it, ambitious to improve his early studiousness, and considering, that great men's children breeding up at

home tempts them to nicety, to pride and idleness, and contributes much more to give them a good opinion of themselves than to make them deserve it, resolves to send over Philaretus in the company of Mr. F. B. his elder brother, to be bred up at Eton College, near Windsor, whose Provost at that time was Sir Henry Wotton, a person, that was not only a fine gentleman himself, but very well skilled in the art of making others so, betwixt whom and the Earl of Corke an ancient friendship had been constantly cultivated by reciprocal civilities. To him, therefore, the good old Earl recommends Philaretus, who having laid a week at Youghall for a wind, when he first put to sea, was by a storm beaten back again, not only a taste but an omen of his future fortune. But after eight days further stay, upon the second summons of a promising gale, they went aboard once more, and (though the Irish coasts were then sufficiently infested with Turkish gallies) having by the way touched at Ilford Combe, and Minehead, at last they happily arrived at Bristol.

"Philaretus, in the company of his brother, after a short stay to repose and refresh themselves at Bristol, shaped his journey directly for Eton College, where a gentleman of his father's, sent to convey them thither, departing, recommended him to the especial care of Sir Henry Wotton; and left with him, partly to instruct, and partly to attend him, one R. C., one that wanted neither vices, nor cunning to dissemble them; for though his primitive fault was only a dotage upon play, yet the excessive love of that goes seldom unattended with a train of criminal retainers; for fondness of gaming is the seducingest lure to ill company, and that the subtilest pander to the worst excesses. Wherefore our Philaretus deservedly reckoned it, both amongst the greatest and unlikeliest deliverance he owed Providence, that he was protected from the contagion of such precedents; for though the man wanted not a competency of parts, yet perverted abilities make men but like those wandering fires, philosophers call ignes fatui, whose light serves not to direct, but to seduce the credulous traveller, and allure him to follow them in their deviations. And it is very true, that during the minority of judgment, imitation is the regent in the soul, and those that are least capable of reason, are most swayed by example. A blind man will suffer himself to be led, though by a dog or a child.

"Not long our Philaretus stayed at school, ere his master,

Mr. Harrison, taking notice of some aptness, and much willingness in him to learn, resolved to improve them, both by all the gentlest ways of encouragement; for he would often dispense from his attendance at school at the accustomed hours, to instruct him privately and familiarly in his chamber. He would sometimes commend others before him, to rouse his emulation, and oftentimes give him commendations before others, to engage his endeavours to deserve them. Not to be tedious, he was careful to instruct him in such an affable, kind and gentle way, that he easily prevailed with him to consider studying, not so much as a duty of obedience to his superiors, but as the way to purchase for himself a most delightsome and invaluable good. In effect, he soon created in Philaretus so strong a passion to acquire knowledge, that what time he could spare from a scholar's task, which his retentive memory made him not find uneasy, he would usually employ so greedily in reading, that his master would sometimes be necessitated to force him out to play, on which, and upon study, he looked, as if their natures were inverted. But, that which he related to be the first occasion that made him so passionate a friend to reading, was the accidental perusal of Quintus Curtius, which first made him in love with other than pedantick books, and conjured up in him that unsatisfied appetite of knowledge, that is yet as greedy as when it first was raised. In gratitude to this book, I have heard him hyperbolically say, that not only he owed more to Quintus Curtius than Alexander did; but derived more advantage from the history of that great monarch's conquests than ever he did from the conquests themselves."

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After a little space Boyle's Autobiography proceeds as follows :—

"Philaretus having now for some two years been a constant resident at Eton, (if you except a few visits, which, during the long vacation, he made his sister my lady Goring at Lewes, in Sussex,) when about Easter he was sent for up to London to see his eldest brother the Lord Dungarvan, where being visited with a tertian ague, after the Queen's and other doctors' remedies had been successlessly assayed, at last he returned again to Eton to derive that health from a good air and diet, which physic could not give him. Here, to divert his melancholy, they made him read the adventures of Amadis de Gaule and other fabulous and wandering stories, which much more prejudiced him by unset-

tling his thoughts, than they could have advantaged him, had they effected his recovery. For, meeting in him with a restless fancy, then made more susceptible of any impressions by an unemployed pensiveness, they accustomed his thoughts to such a habitude of roving, that he has scarce ever been their master since, but they would take all occasions to steal away, and go a-gadding to objects then unseasonable and impertinent: so great an unhappiness it is for persons who are born with such busy thoughts, not to have congruent objects proposed to them at first. It is true that long time after *Philaretus* did in a considerable measure fix his volatile fancy and reclaim his thoughts by the use of all those expedients he thought likeliest to fetter or at least to curb the wildness of his wandering thoughts. Amongst all which the most effectual way he found to be the extraction of the square and cube roots, and especially those more laborious operations of Algebra, which both accustom and necessitate the mind to attention, by so entirely exacting the whole man, that the smallest distraction or heedlessness constrains us to renew our trouble and rebegin the operation."

In the autumn of 1638, Robert Boyle and his brother Francis left England for the Continent, under the care of a gentleman named Marcombes. Boyle gives his travelling tutor this negative yet not unimportant praise, "that, if he was given to any vice himself, he was careful, by sharply condemning it, to render it uninfectious." They proceeded through France to Geneva, where they remained some time, and where Boyle earnestly resumed the mathematical studies which he had commenced at Eton. He also diligently employed himself in mastering both Hebrew and Greek, that he might read the originals of the Scriptures. Boyle's own account of the motives that led him to the study of these languages deserves attention; nor is the fact which he there records uninteresting, that his generally strong and ready intellect was defective in the power of readily acquiring and faithfully retaining the details and principles of philology. This very deficiency makes the energy and self-denial with which he applied himself to the study of the Scriptural languages the more remarkable and the more meritorious.

His own account of the motives that led him to study Hebrew is,[4] "Methinks those that learn other languages should not

[4] Vol. 1, Birch's edition, p. xlix.

grudge those that God hath honoured with speaking to us, and employed to bless us with that heavenly doctrine, that comes from him, and leads to him. When I have come into the Jewish schools, and seen those children which were never bred up for more than tradesmen, bred up to speak (what hath been called peculiarly) God's tongue, as soon as their mother's, I have blushed to think how many gown-men, that boast themselves to be the true Israelites, are perfect strangers to the language of Canaan: which I would learn, were it but to be able to pay God the respect usual from civil inferiors to princes, with whom they are wont to converse in their own language. For my part, I that have a memory so unhappy and so unfit to supply my intellectual deficiencies, that it often strongly tempts me to give over my studies and abandon an employment, where my slow acquists are by the treacherousness of my memory easily lost; besides this disadvantage, I say those excellent sciences the mathematics having been the first that I addicted myself to, and was fond of; and experimental philosophy, with its key chemistry, succeeding them in my esteem and applications; my propensity and value for real learning gave me so much aversion and contempt for the empty study of words, that not only I have visited divers countries whose languages I could never vouchsafe to study, but I could never yet be induced to learn the native tongue of the kingdom I was born and for some years bred in. But, in spite of the greatness of these indispositions to the study of tongues, my veneration for the Scripture made one of the greatest despisers of verbal learning leave *Aristotle* and *Paracelsus* to turn grammarian, and when he could not have the help of any living teacher, engaged him to learn as much Greek and Hebrew as sufficed to read the Old and New Testaments, merely that he may do so in the Hebrew and Greek, and thereby free himself from the necessity of relying on a translation. And, after I had almost learned by rote an Hebrew grammar to improve myself in Scripture criticism, I, not over-cheaply, purchased divers private conferences with one of their greatest doctors, as St. Hierom had those nocturnal meetings, which so much helped to make him the solidest expositor of all the fathers, with Barrabas the Jew. A Chaldee grammar I also took the pains of learning, to be able to understand that part of Daniel and those few other portions of Scripture that are written in that tongue; and I have added a Syriac grammar purely to be able one day to read the divine

discourses of our Saviour in his own language. Nor do I at all repent my labour, though to secure my progress and acquists in these languages my bad memory still reduces me to a constant and frequent recollection of some choice institution of them all. For certainly the satisfaction of understanding God and those excellent persons express themselves in their own very terms and proper languages, doth richly recompense the pains of learning them.

"It is true that a solid knowledge of that mysterious language, which God and his prophets spake, is somewhat difficult; but it is, I say, not so difficult but that so slow a proficient as I, could in less than a year, of which not the least part was usurped by frequent sicknesses and journies, by furnaces, and by (which is one of the modestest thieves of time) the conversation of young ladies, make a not inconsiderable progress towards the understanding of both Testaments in both their originals.

"For my part, that reflect often on David's generosity, who would not offer as a sacrifice to the Lord his God, that which cost him nothing, I esteem no labour lavished, that illustrates or endears to me that divine book: my addictedness to which I gratulate to myself, as thinking it no treacherous sign that God loves the man that he inclines his heart to love the Scriptures, where the truths are so precious and important that the purchase must at least deserve the price. And I confess myself to be none of those lazy persons, that seem to expect to obtain from God the knowledge of the wonders of his book upon as easy terms as *Adam* did a wife, by sleeping profoundly and having her presented to him at his awaking."

Like many other good and pious men, Boyle was in early life tormented by religious doubts, and during his travels the fearful legends which he heard while on a journey to the Grand Chartreuse, and the continued view of the savage scenery of that region, aggravated those doubts almost to madness. His own account of this crisis in his life is painfully interesting. Few readers, probably, need to be reminded of the site of the Chartreuse or of the mystic tales connected with the memory of its founder. Boyle says of himself that—"his curiosity at last led him to those wild mountains, where the first and chiefest of the Carthusian abbies does stand seated; where the devil taking advantage of that deep raving melancholy, so sad a place, his humour, and the strange stories and pictures he found there of Bruno, the father of that

order, suggested such strange and hideous thoughts, and such distracting doubts of some of the fundamentals of Christianity, that, though his looks did little betray his thoughts, nothing but the forbiddenness of self-dispatch hindered his acting it. But after a tedious languishment of many months in this tedious perplexity, at last it pleased God, one day he had received the sacrament, to restore unto him the withdrawn sense of his favour. But though since then Philaretus ever looked upon these impious suggestions, rather as temptations to be suppressed, than doubts to be resolved; yet never after did these fleeting clouds cease now and then to darken the clearest serenity of his quiet, which made him often say, that injections of this nature were such a disease to his faith, as the tooth-ache is to the body; for though it be not mortal, it is very troublesome. And, however, as all things work together to them that love God, Philaretus derived from this anxiety the advantage of groundedness in his religion: for the perplexity his doubts created obliged him to remove them, to be seriously inquisitive of the truth of the very fundamentals of Christianity, and to hear what both Turks and Jews, and the chief sects of Christians could alledge for their several opinions; that so, though he believed more than he could comprehend, he might not believe more than he could prove, and not owe the stedfastness of his faith to so poor a cause as the ignorance of what might be objected against it. He said (speaking of those persons that want not means to enquire, and abilities to judge) that it was not a greater happiness to inherit a good religion, than it was a fault to have it only by inheritance, and think it the best, because it is generally embraced, rather than embrace it, because we know it to be the best. That though we cannot always give a reason for what we believe, we should be ever able to give a reason why we believe it. That it is the greatest of follies to neglect any diligence, that may prevent the being mistaken, where it is the greatest of miseries to be deceived. That how dear soever things taken up on the score are sold, there is nothing worse taken up upon trust than religion, in which he deserves not to meet with the true one, that cares not to examine whether or no it be so."

Throughout Boyle's long and active life, the religious impressions, thus early formed and conscientiously matured, retained or rather continued to increase their strength. His theological writings are

numerous, and were at the time of their publication sufficiently famous for several of them to have the honour of being placed in the Index Expurgatorius of the Romish Church. They have now fallen into neglect, which is certainly in a great degree unmerited. I would specify his "Disquisition on Final Causes," and "Discourse of Things above Reason." A reprint of these treatises, if accompanied by notes giving the additional illustrations and confirmations of Boyle's arguments, which modern scientific discoveries have furnished, would be a publication of general interest and infinite value at the present moment. Not only Boyle's pen, but his purse, his influence, and still more his example uniformly promoted the cause of true religion. No stain ever was cast on his morals. No one ever questioned his sincerity. He was earnest without being intolerant; he was charitable without being lavish; he was free from ambition and pride, without being wanting in energy or self-respect. He was ever zealous in the cause of the promotion of Christianity. When in the last part of his life he became a Director of the East India Company, he strongly pressed on that body their duty to spread the knowledge of the Gospel in the East; he himself caused translations of the Scriptures to be made into several Oriental tongues, nearly the whole expense of which he defrayed out of his own private funds. He founded the Theological Lectureship, which bears his name, for the purpose of defending the Christian Religion against the attacks of atheists and other direct opponents of our faith, without entering upon points of controversy among Christians themselves. Bentley and many others of our most learned divines have signalised themselves and done good service to the Faith, by the manner in which they have fulfilled the duties of Boylean Lecturer.

To return a little towards the order of events in Boyle's life, it may be mentioned that during his travels he passed into Italy, where he remained for some months, actively employed as usual in study; and especially, to use his own words, "in learning the new paradoxes of the great star-gazer Galileo, whose ingenious books, perhaps because they could not be so otherwise, were confuted by a decree from Rome, his highness the Pope, it seems, presuming, and that justly, that the infallibility of his chair extended equally to determine points in philosophy as in religion, and being loath to have the stability of that earth questioned in which he had established his kingdom."

Boyle returned to England in 1644. During his absence his father had died and bequeathed to him the estate of Stalbridge in Dorsetshire; and a competency was thus secured to him, not merely for his simple personal wants, but for the prosecution of his literary studies and scientific experiments, and also for rendering that help to worth and want among his fellow-men, which Boyle's heart and hand were ever ready to bestow. The troubles of the civil war were now breaking out and convulsing England; but Boyle took no part in them. His whole time was devoted to piety, charity, and study; and experimental philosophy, especially in chemistry, as he advanced in years, became his favourite scientific pursuit. He was an active member of a society of learned men, termed by him the Invisible College, which met together sometimes at Oxford, sometimes at London, for scientific investigations and discussions, not, however, wholly excluding other branches of learning, the sole prohibited topics being theology and politics. Dr. Wallis, the celebrated mathematician, was one of the most active members of this body, which afterwards became the Royal Society; and one of his letters gives some interesting accounts of the first meetings of these elementary F.R.S s.

"About the year 1645, while I lived in London, at a time when, by our civil wars, academical studies were much interrupted in both our universities, beside the conversation of divers eminent divines as to matters theological, I had the opportunity of being acquainted with divers worthy persons inquisitive into Natural Philosophy and other parts of human learning, and particularly of what hath been called the New Philosophy, or Experimental Philosophy. We did, by agreement, divers of us meet weekly in London on a certain day, to treat and discourse of such affaires. These meetings we held sometimes at Dr. Goddard's lodgings, in Wood-street (or some convenient place near), on occasion of his keeping an operator in his house for grinding glasses for telescopes and microscopes, and sometimes at a convenient place in Cheapside, sometimes at Gresham College, or some place near adjoining.

"Our business was, precluding matters of theology and state affairs, to discourse and consider of philosophical inquiries, and such as related thereunto, as physic, anatomy, geometry, astronomy, navigation, statics, magnetics, chymics, mechanics, and natural experiments, with the state of these studies as then cultivated

at home and abroad. We there discoursed of the circulation of the blood, the valves in the veins, the venæ lacteæ, the lymphatic vessels, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the satellites of Jupiter, the oval shape (as it then appeared) of Saturn, the spots in the sun, and its turning on its own axis, the inequalities and selenography of the moon, the several phases of Venus and Mercury, the improvement of telescopes, the grinding of glasses for that purpose, the weight of air, the possibility or impossibility of vacuities, and Nature's abhorrence thereof, the Torricellian experiment in quicksilver, of descent of heavy bodies, and the degrees of acceleration therein, and divers other things of like nature, some of which were then but new discoveries, and others not so generally known and embraced as now they are, with other things appertaining to what hath been called the New Philosophy, which, from the times of Galileo at Florence, and Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England, hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany, and other parts abroad, as well as with us in England."

This "Invisible College," or, as sometimes it was called, the "Philosophical College," continued to hold its meetings at Oxford and London till the Restoration, when it was incorporated as the "Royal Society,"—Boyle being one of the earliest members of the council.

Boyle had resided principally at Oxford during the Protectorate, being, like Atticus, the friend of eminent men of all parties, and their benefactor in distress, but forming a marked contrast to the Roman in the energetic earnestness of his faith, and in his enthusiastic zeal for scientific discovery. Chemistry had become Boyle's favourite pursuit as early as 1646; and it was during his residence at Oxford that he completed those improvements in the air-pump, which first made it an available instrument for philosophical discoveries, and which have caused Boyle to be frequently called its inventor. On Charles the Second's restoration, Boyle was received with marked favour at Court; and Lord Clarendon, who knew and prized his qualities of head and heart, earnestly pressed him to take holy orders. Boyle declined, partly from thinking that his theological writings would serve the cause of religion more effectually by not being open to the cavil that their author was a paid professional divine, and partly because he did not feel fully conscious of being spiritually called on to become a

minister of the Gospel. The prospects of ecclesiastical preferment had no effect on such a mind as his; and his continued refusal of the peerage, which Charles the Second, James the Second, and William the Third, all three successively offered him, is another convincing proof of how free he was from all ordinary ambition.

From 1663, Boyle resided in London until his death, in 1691. He had his set hours for receiving literary and scientific visitors; and Bishop Burnet says that his fame, even in his lifetime, was so great, that it reached very distant countries, whither his books reached also; and this drew on him a multitude of visits at home, which, however inconvenient, he bore as long as his health would permit, from the remembrance, he said, of the satisfaction he had received when admitted to the sight of such as he had an inclination to converse with when abroad. In this he succeeded to the honours that were paid to the great Lord Bacon, whom foreigners used to visit as the glory of this country.

The Provostship of Eton was offered to Boyle, without his solicitation or request, by King Charles the Second, on the death of Dr. Meredith, in 1665. No dignified situation could have been better adapted for the prosecution of Boyle's studies, and none could have been more congenial to his feelings; but he declined it, from a conscientious conviction that it ought only to be filled by a person in holy orders.

It is remarkable, that in the latter part of this century the two royal foundations of King Henry the Sixth had the two greatest philosophers of the age nominated as their respective heads, but that in neither case was the nomination carried into effect. Boyle's conscientious scruples as to holy orders prevented him from becoming Provost of Eton; and the resolution of the Fellows of King's, in 1689, to exert their right of independent election of their Provost, and no longer receive nominees of the Crown, hindered King's from acquiring as her Provost, in that year, Sir Isaac Newton, whom King William had nominated on the death of Provost Roderick.

The last of Boyle's works, which appeared in his lifetime, was his EXPERIMENTA ET OBSERVATIONES PHYSICÆ, which appeared in the spring of 1691. In that year his health began to fail. His favourite sister, the Lady Ranelagh,—with whom he had lived for many years, and who was endeared to him as a companion and valuable friend, by reason of her accomplishments and intellectual

powers, as well as by her affectionate attentions,—died in the December of 1691; and Boyle soon followed her to the grave. He expired on the last day of that year, and was buried by her side on the 7th of July following, in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Westminster.

Boyle's tolerant spirit in judging of differences in religion has been mentioned, and his avoidance of mingling in any of the civil conflicts of his age. But though mild and retiring in disposition, Boyle was not one who shrunk from speaking the truth when occasion required, though at the risk of offending men in power; nor did his toleration spring from indifference. An anecdote is preserved of him, of which, as the writer of his life in the Biographia Britannica says, it would be an injury to his fame not to take notice.

"As great as Mr. Boyle's moderation and charity was in respect to all the different sects in which Christianity was divided, yet he was a constant member of the Church of England, and went to no separate assemblies: but, sometime before the Restoration, either out of curiosity, or, perhaps, from some more weighty motive, he went to Sir Henry Vane's house in order to hear him, who, at that time, was at the head of a new sect, who called themselves Seekers: neither was this visit of his attended with any disappointment, for he there heard him preach, in a large thronged room, a long sermon on the text of Dan. xii. 2: *And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.* The whole scope of Sir Henry's sermon was to show, that many doctrines of religion that had long been dead and buried in the world, should, before the end of it, be awakened into life, and that many false doctrines, being then likewise revived, should, by the power of truth, be then doomed to shame and everlasting contempt. When Sir Henry had concluded his discourse, Mr. Boyle spoke to this effect to him before the people: That being informed that in such private meetings it was not uncustomary for any one of the hearers who was unsatisfied about any matters there uttered, to give in his objections against them, and to prevent any mistakes in the speakers or hearers, he thought himself obliged, for the honour of God's truth, to say, that this place in Daniel; being the clearest one in all the Old Testament for the proof of the resurrection, we ought not to suffer the meaning of it to eva-

porate into allegory; and the rather, since that inference is made by our Saviour in the New Testament, by way of asserting the resurrection from that place of Daniel in the Old: and that, if it should be denied that the plain and genuine meaning of those words in the Prophet is to assert the resurrection of dead bodies, he was ready to prove it to be so, both out of the words of the text and context in the original language, and from the best expositors both Christian and Jewish: but that, if this be not denied, and Sir Henry's discourse of the resurrection of doctrines, true and false, was designed by him only in the way of occasional meditations from those words in Daniel, and not to enervate the literal sense as the genuine one, then he had nothing farther to say. Mr. Boyle then sitting down, Sir Henry rose up and said, that his discourse was only in the way of such occasional meditations, which he thought edifying to the people; and declared that he agreed that the literal sense of the words was the resurrection of dead bodies: and so that meeting broke up. Mr. Boyle afterwards, speaking of this conference to Sir Peter Pett, observed, that Sir Henry Vane, at that time, being in the height of his authority in the State, and his auditors at that meeting consisting chiefly of dependants on him and expectants from him, the fear of losing his favour would, probably, have restrained them from contradicting any of his interpretations of Scripture, how ridiculous soever. 'But I (said Mr. Boyle) having no little awes of that kind upon me, thought myself bound to enter the lists with him, as I did, that the sense of the Scriptures might not be depraved.'"

Boyle's character among scientific men, after having been at one time somewhat exaggerated, has afterwards by the customary reaction been unfairly depreciated. In order to arrive at a right standard, I quite concur with the writer of the excellent article on him in Knight's Cyclopædia, that "it will be a fair method to take a foreign history of physics (where national partiality is out of the question) and try the following point:—What are those discoveries of the Briton of the seventeenth century which would be thought worthy of record by a Frenchman of the nineteenth? In the *Hist. Phil. du Progrès de la Physique*, Paris, 1810, by M. Libes, we find a chapter devoted to the 'Progrès de la Physique entre les mains de Boyle,' and we are told that the air-pump in his hands became a new machine—that such means in the hands of a man of genius multiply science, and that it is

impossible to follow Boyle through his labours without being astonished at the immensity of his resources for tearing out the secrets of nature. The discovery of the propagation of sound by the air (the more creditable to Boyle that Otto von Guericke had been led astray as to the cause), of the absorbing power of the atmosphere, of the elastic force and combustive power of steam, the approximation to the weight of the air, the discovery of the *reciprocal* attraction of the electrified and non-electrified body, are mentioned as additions to the science. But there is a peculiar advantage consequent upon such a labourer as Boyle in the infancy of such a science as chemistry. Here are no observed facts of such common occurrence, and the phenomena of which are so distinctly understood, that any theory receives something like assent or dissent as soon as it is proposed. The science of mechanics must have originally stood to chemistry much in the same relation as the objects of botany to those of mineralogy; the first presenting themselves, the second to be sought for. The mine was to be found as well as worked; and every one who sunk a shaft diminished the labour of his successors by showing at least one place where it was not. In this point of view it is impossible to say to what degree of obligation chemistry is to limit its acknowledgments to Boyle. Searching every inlet which phenomena presented, trying the whole material world in detail, and with a disposition to prize an error prevented, as much as a truth discovered, it cannot be told how many were led to that which does exist, by the previous warning of Boyle as to that which does not. Perhaps had his genius been of a higher order he would have made fewer experiments and better deductions; but as it was, he was admirably fitted for the task he undertook, and no one can say that his works, the eldest progeny of the 'Novum Organum,' were anything but a credit to the source from whence they sprung, or that their author is unworthy to occupy a high place in our Pantheon, though not precisely on the grounds taken in many biographies or popular treatises." (*Life prefixed to Works.—Biog. Brit.—Biographie Universelle.—Knight's Cyclopædia.*)

HENRY MORE.

Coleridge has said that every man is naturally either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. It is only to those who feel themselves included in the first branch of this classification, that I can look for participation in the earnest interest which I have felt in examining the life and writings of Henry More. He is a remarkable instance of the high and holy influences of the Platonic philosophy when combined with the Christian faith. He was not exempt from weaknesses, but his weaknesses serve to show more fully his sincerity, and to set him in a more amiable light. Many of his writings are too enthusiastic, and many of his speculations too visionary, for most readers; and his works are too voluminous for their full popularity ever to be revived at the present time. Yet I cannot but think that a collection of extracts from some of them, and a condensation of others, would form admirable treatises for general diffusion. Still more sure do I feel of the beneficial effects which a judicious selection of translated portions from Plato's own writings would produce, if such a book could be largely circulated in this our utilitarian and rationalising age.

Henry More was born at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, on the 12th of October, 1614. He was sent to Eton at the age of fourteen, and after being educated there for some years, he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, where, in the seclusion of a college life, he devoted his youth, his manhood, and old age, to intense study and undisturbed metaphysical speculation.

We possess in the preface prefixed to More's first philosophical volume, a curious and valuable autobiography of his boyhood, and of the earlier portion of his youth. The candid history and frank self-anatomy of an individual human mind must be always an interesting document to the psychologist. Such is peculiarly the case where it is such a mind as More's, of which we are thus enabled to trace the development.

It will be seen, from the portions of this narrative which I am about to quote, that More was trained up in the creed of ultra-Calvinism; that ghastly doctrine, of which none but a hard-hearted man can become a disciple, without feeling that

"Quæsivit lucem cœlo, ingemuitque repertâ."

It will be seen how More's gentle spirit strove against this creed, and how in the stages of theological distress through which his youthful mind passed, a fervent belief in the great truths of religion ever dwelt and moved within him, and preserved him from falling into the scepticism, into which too many have lapsed in the recoil of their hearts from the Calvinistic tenets. It is evident from this autobiography that More, like Coleridge, was a Platonist even before he had read Plato. Thus it is manifest that More, at the crisis of his religious state, was preserved in Theism by the influence of that great proof of God's existence and his attributes, which Plato so eloquently inculcates, namely, by the thought of him being innate in our minds, and by the very feeling of affinity to his nature which stirs within our souls.

At the commencement of More's little narrative of himself (as translated from the author's Latin, by his friend and editor, Ward) he tells us that he wrote it—

"To the end that it may more fully appear that the things which I have written are not any borrowed or far-fetched opinions, owing unto education and the reading of books, but the proper sentiments of my own mind, drawn and derived from my most intimate nature, and that every human soul is no *abrasa tabula*, or mere blank sheet, but hath innate sensations and notions in it, both of good and evil, just and unjust, true and false, and those very strong and vivid.

"Concerning which matter I am the more assured, in that the sensations of my own mind are so far from being owing to education, that they are directly contrary to it: I being bred up, to the almost fourteenth year of my age, under parents and a master that were great Calvinists (but withal very pious and good ones); at which time, by the order of my parents, persuaded to it by my uncle, I immediately went to Eton School, not to learn any new precepts or institutes of religion, but for the perfecting of the Greek and Latin tongue. But neither there nor yet anywhere else could I ever swallow down that hard doctrine concerning fate. On the contrary, I remember that upon those words of Epictetus, Ἄγε με, ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ σὺ ἡ πεπρωμένη, (*Lead me, O Jupiter, and thou Fate,*) I did (with my eldest brother, who then, as it happened, had accompanied my uncle thither) very stoutly, and earnestly for my years, dispute against this fate or Calvinistick predestination, as it is usually called; and that my uncle, when he came to know

it, chid me severely, adding menaces withal of correction, and a rod for my immature forwardness in philosophising concerning such matters; moreover that I had such a deep aversion in my temper to this opinion, and so firm and unshaken a persuasion of the Divine justice and goodness, that on a certain day, in a ground belonging to Eton College, where the boys used to play and exercise themselves, musing concerning these things with myself, and recalling to my mind this doctrine of Calvin, I did thus seriously and deliberately conclude within myself, viz. 'If I am one of those that are predestined unto hell, where all things are full of nothing but cursing and blasphemy, yet will I behave myself there patiently and submissively towards God, and if there be any one thing more than another that is acceptable to him, that will I set myself to do with a sincere heart and to the utmost of my power; being certainly persuaded that if I thus demeaned myself, he would hardly keep me long in that place: which meditation of mine is as firmly fixed in my memory, and the very place where I stood, as if the thing had been transacted but a day or two ago.

"And as to what concerns the existence of God: though in that ground mentioned, walking, as my manner was, slowly, and with my head on one side, and kicking now and then the stones with my feet, I was wont sometimes with a sort of musical and melancholick murmur to repeat, or rather humm to myself, those verses of Claudian:—

> Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
> Curarent Superi terras; an nullus inesset
> Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
>
> [Oft hath my anxious mind divided stood,
> Whether the Gods did mind this lower world;
> Or whether no such ruler (wise and good)
> We had; and all things here by chance were hurled.]

"Yet that exceeding hale and entire sense of God which Nature herself had planted deeply in me, very easily silenced all such slight and poetical dubitations as these. Yea, even in my first childhood an inward sense of the Divine presence was so strong upon my mind, that I did then believe there could no deed, word, or thought be hidden from him. Nor was I by any others that were older than myself, to be otherwise persuaded. Which thing since no distinct reason, philosophy, or instruction taught it me at

that age, but only an internal sensation urged it upon me; I think it is very evident that this was an innate sense or notion in me, contrary to some witless and sordid philosophasters of our present age. And if these cunning sophisters shall here reply that I drew this sense of mine *ex traduce*, or by way of propagation, as being born of parents exceeding pious and religious, I demand, how it came to pass, that I drew not Calvinism also in along with it? For both my father and uncle, and so also my mother, were all earnest followers of Calvin. But these things I pass, since men atheistically disposed cannot so receive them, as I from an inward feeling speak them.

"I go on therefore with my little narrative. Endued as I was with these principles, that is to say, a firm and unshaken belief of the existence of God, as also of his unspotted righteousness and perfect goodness, that he is a God infinitely good as well as infinitely great; (and what other would any person, that is not doltish or superstitious, ever admit of?) at the command of my uncle, to whose care my father had committed me, having spent about three years at Eton, I went to Cambridge, recommended to the care of a person both learned and pious, and, what I was not a little solicitous about, not at all a Calvinist, but a tutour most skilful and vigilant, who presently after the very first salutation and discourse with me, asked me, whether I had a discernment of things good and evil? To which, answering in somewhat a low voice, I said, 'I hope I have.' When at the same time I was conscious to myself that I had, from my very soul, a most strong sense and savoury discrimination as to all those matters. Notwithstanding, the meanwhile a mighty and almost immoderate thirst after knowledge possessed me throughout, especially for that which was natural, and, above all others, that which was said to dive into the deepest cause of things, and Aristotle calls the first and highest philosophy, or wisdom.

"After which, when my prudent and pious tutour observed my mind to be inflamed and carried with so eager and vehement a career, he asked me on a certain time, why I was so above measure intent upon my studies, that is to say, for what end I was so? Suspecting, as I suppose, that there was only at the bottom a certain itch or hunt after vain-glory; and to become, by this means, some famous philosopher amongst those of my own standing. But I answered briefly, and that from my very heart,

'That I may know.' 'But, young man, what is the reason,' saith he again, 'that you so earnestly desire to know things?' To which I instantly returned, 'I desire, I say, so earnestly to know, that I may know.' For even at that time the knowledge of natural and Divine things seemed to me the highest pleasure and felicity imaginable.

"Thus then persuaded, and esteeming it what was highly fit, I immerse myself over head and ears in the study of philosophy, promising a most wonderful happiness to myself in it. Aristotle, therefore, Cardan, Julius Scaliger, and other philosophers of the greatest note, I very diligently peruse. In which the truth is, though I met here and there with some things wittily and acutely and sometimes also solidly spoken, yet the most seemed to me either so false or uncertain, or else so obvious and trivial, that I looked upon myself as having plainly lost my time in the reading of such authors. And to speak all in a word, those almost whole four years which I spent in studies of this kind, as to what concerned those matters which I chiefly desired to be satisfied about, (for as to the existence of a God, and the duties of morality, I never had the least doubt,) ended in nothing in a manner but mere scepticism. Which made me that, as my manner was, (for I was wont to set down the present state of my mind, or any sense of it that was warmer or deeper than ordinary, in some short notes, whether in verse or prose, and that also in English, Greek, or Latin,) it made me, I say, that as a perpetual record of the thing, I composed of eight verses, which is called Ἀπορία, and is to be found inserted in the end of my second philosophical volume, viz.: —Οὐκ ἔγνων πόθεν εἰμὶ ὁ δύσμορος, οὐδὲ τίς εἰμι. &c. [To this purpose, as translated admirably by the author himself.]

Nor whence, nor who I am, poor wretch, know I,
Nor yet, O madness! whither I must goe;
But in Grief's crooked claws fast held I lie,
And live, I think, by force tugged to and fro.

Asleep or wake, all one.' O Father Jove,
'Tis brave we mortals live in clouds like thee.
Lies, night-dreams, empty toys, fear, fatal love,
This is my life: I nothing else do see.

"And these things happened to me before that I had taken any degree in the university.

"But after taking my degree, to pass over and omit abundance of things, I designing not here the draught of my own life, but only a brief introduction for the better understanding the occasion of writing my first book; it fell out truly very happily for me that I suffered so great a disappointment in my studies. For it made me seriously at last begin to think with myself whether the knowledge of things was really that supreme felicity of man, or something greater and more divine was; or, supposing it to be so, whether it was to be acquired by such an eagerness and intentness in the reading of authors, and contemplating of things, or by the purging of the mind from all sorts of vices whatsoever, especially having begun to read now the Platonick Writers, Marsilius Ficinus, Plotinus himself, Mercurius Trismegistus, and the Mystical Divines, among whom there was frequent mention made of the purification of the soul, and of the purgative course that is previous to the illuminative, as if the person that expected to have his mind illuminated of God, was to endeavour after the highest purity.

"When this inordinate desire after the knowledge of things was thus allayed in me, and I aspired after nothing but this sole purity and simplicity of mind, there shone in upon me daily a greater assurance than ever I could have expected, even of those things which before I had the greatest desire to know, insomuch that within a few years I was got into a most joyous and lucid state of mind, and such plainly as is ineffable; though, according to my custom, I have endeavoured to express it, to my power, in another stanza of eight verses, both in sense and title answering in a way of direct opposition unto the former, which is called (as that Ἀπορία, inviousness and emptiness, so this) Εὐπορία, fulness and perviousness, and is to be found likewise at the end of my second philosophical volume, beginning thus:—Ἐκ θεόθεν γέγονα προθορὼν Θεοῦ ἄμβροτος ἀκτίς, &c. [In the author's own translation as followeth:—]

I come from Heaven; am an immortal ray
Of God; O joy! and back to God shall goe;
And here sweet Love on 's wings me up doth stay,
I live, I 'm sure, and joy this life to know.
Night and vain dreams begone! Father of Lights,
We live, as thou, clad with eternal day;
Faith, Wisdom, Love, fixed Joy, free-winged Might,
This is true life; all else death and decay."

In the year 1640 he commenced the composition of a mystical poem, entitled "The Song of the Soul." In it he has attempted an exposition of the nature, attributes, and states of the soul, according to that system of Christianized Platonism which he had adopted. It is divided into four parts:—Psychozoia, or the Life of the Soul; Psychathanasia, or the Immortality of the Soul; Antipsychopannychia, or a Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul after Death; and Antimonopsychia, or a Confutation of the Unity of Souls. Southey has observed that, "amidst the uncouth allegory, and still more uncouth language, of this strange series of poems, there are a few passages to be found of extreme beauty."

More, in his dedication of his poems to his father, says that it was the hearing of "Spenser's Fairie Queen" read to him on winter-nights by his father, that "first turned his ears to poetry." But in truth, like his great master, Plato, he was far more poetical in his prose than in his verse.

I have already quoted two of his minor poems in the extracts from his autobiography. The two following stanzas may serve as a favourable specimen of his Psychozoia:—

"Can wars and jars, and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and consuming envy spring
From piety? No, 'tis Opinion
That makes the riv'n heavens with trumpets ring,
And thundering engine murderous balls outsling,
And send men's groaning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell: this the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade.
Such direful things doth false religion perswade.

"But true religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain, full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love;
Full of good will and meek expectancy;
Full of true justice, and sure verity
In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite;
Not wedg'd in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active spright:
Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy pure light."

But how infinitely superior, both in imagination and expression, is the following passage, in which he is speaking of the felicity of the true Christian:—

"And even the more miserable objects in this present scene of things cannot divest him of his happiness, but rather modifie it;

the sweetness of his spirit being melted into a kindly compassion in the behalf of others: whom if he be able to help, it is a greater accession to his joy; and if he cannot, the being conscious to himself of so sincere a compassion, and so harmonious and suitable to the present state of things, carries along with it some degree of pleasure, like mournful notes of musick exquisitely well fitted to the sadness of the ditty. But this not unpleasant surprise of melancholy cannot last long: and this cool allay, this soft and moist element of sorrow, will be soon dried up, like the morning dew at the rising of the summer sun; when but once the warm and cheerful gleams of that intellectual light that represents the glorious and comfortable comprehension of the divine Providence that runs through all things, shall dart into our souls the remembrance, how infinitely scant the region of these more tragical spectacles is, compared with the rest of the universe; and how short a time they last: for so the consideration of the happiness of the whole will swallow up this small pretence of discontent; and the soul will be wholly overflowed with unexpressible joy and exultation; it being warmed and cheered with that joy which is the joy of God, that free and infinite Good, who knows the periods and issues of all things; and whose pleasure is in good as such, and not in contracted selfishness, or in petty and sinister projects."

Similarly beautiful, holy, and true are these sentences from another part of his works:—

"Behold therefore, O man, what thou art, and whereunto thou art called, even to be a mighty Prince amongst the creatures of God, and to bear rule in that province he hath assigned thee, to discern the motions of thine own heart, and to be lord over the suggestions of thine own natural spirit, not to listen to the counsels of the flesh, nor conspire with the serpent against thy Creator; but to keep thy heart free and faithful to thy God: so may'st thou with innocency and unblameableness see all the motions of life, and bear rule with God over the whole creation committed to thee. This shall be thy paradise and harmless sport on earth, till God shall transplant thee to a higher condition of life in heaven."

More was a sincere though tolerant member of the English Church, and always inculcated, both by precept and example, respect for and regular attendance at her ordinances and public rites. In the season of the Church's persecution after the civil

war, More adhered firmly to her, and, as he himself expressed it, "by constantly denying 'the Covenant,' he exposed himself to the continual peril of being expelled from his Fellowship by the dominant Puritans." Such, however, was the general opinion of his blamelessness, his piety, and his benevolence, that he was suffered to remain unmolested. After the Restoration, great attempts were made to induce him to accept a bishopric. Two Irish and an English mitre were successively offered him, and declined. In the words of his friend and biographer Ward,—

"These things he refused not from any supercilious contempt, but from the pure love of contemplation and solitude, and because he thought that he could do the Church of God greater service, as also better enjoy his own proper happiness, in a private than in a public station, taking great satisfaction, the meanwhile, in the promotion of many pious and learned men to these places of trust and honour in the Church, (to whom he heartily congratulated such dignities,) and being exceeding sensible of the weight as well as the honour of them, and how necessary it was to have them filled with able and worthy persons."

His numerous theological and philosophical treatises appeared at various times between 1640 and 1687; in which last-mentioned year he closed a life of earnest study, of sincere piety, of unblemished purity, and of active and self-denying charity. (*Life, by Ward.*)

Among the eminent divines of the Church of England who were educated at Eton during the seventeenth century, three are particularly illustrious: I mean Hammond, Pearson, and Sherlock. Eton may well be proud of such a triumvirate; and though the last of the three was separated by a considerable interval from the two first, (who were almost contemporaries of each other,) I shall class their biographies together in this chapter.

HENRY HAMMOND.

This excellent man was born at Chertsey, on the 18th of August, 1605. His father, Dr. John Hammond, had been Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and was physician to James the First's eldest son Prince Henry, who was godfather to young Henry Hammond.

Young Henry was sent to Eton at a very early age, and distinguished himself there for his proficiency in learning. He was also

noted there as a peaceable and sweet-tempered boy; and it is recorded of him that he often, in play-hours, would leave the sports and busy throng of his schoolfellows, and retire to some lonely spot, for the purpose of prayer and rèflection.

On leaving Eton he was placed at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was fortunate in the society of many friends of learning and piety, especially of the afterwards celebrated Jeremy Taylor. In December 1622 he took his B.A. degree, and that of M.A. in 1625, in which year he was made a Fellow of his college. He entered into holy orders in 1629, and remained at Oxford till 1633. It is said that during the whole period of his residence at the university, he devoted thirteen hours a-day to reading and meditation. Having attracted the admiration of the Earl of Leicester, by a sermon which that nobleman happened to hear, Mr. Hammond was presented by him with the rectory of Penshurst, in Kent.

In the pleasing and instructive biography of Hammond, written by the Rev. Richard Hone, there is an interesting description of Hammond's life as a country clergyman, some portions of which I gladly transcribe :—

"Mr. Hammond was inducted into the living on the 22nd of August in the same year [1633], and at once took up his abode in the midst of his flock, where he devoted himself to the discharge of those duties of the pastoral care which the providence of God had assigned to him, and for which he felt that he must give account. In public and private he was diligent and earnest in his vocation, at the same time endeavouring so to order his own steps that the sheep might follow him safely.

"Here he thought that the interests of religion would be promoted by assembling the congregation for prayer more frequently than was commonly done, and therefore either he or his curate performed public worship once every day at Penshurst church, besides twice on Saturday and Sunday, and on every holyday. In those days few of the poorer people could read, and therefore it was important for them not only to have such assistance in their devotions, but to enjoy frequent opportunities of hearing the Holy Scriptures, that they might become wise unto salvation.

"As he preached constantly on Sunday morning, so in the afternoon he catechised the younger part of the congregation, employing about an hour before the time of prayer in that exercise. On these occasions he explained, in an easy and familiar way, the

doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, taking as his guide the Catechism of the Church of England; and he thought that the parents and aged people, who generally attended to hear him, reaped even more benefit from the instructions then delivered, than from his sermons. He was always much interested about the spiritual welfare of the young; and being convinced of the importance of early training in the right way, he availed himself of these opportunities of setting before them the happiness of a religious life, and the good effects of remembering their Creator in the days of their youth. And with a view to render his endeavours more effectual, he provided at his own cost an able schoolmaster, whom he maintained as long as he continued to be minister of the parish."

The poor of Penshurst soon learned the advantage of having one placed amongst them who sympathised with their distresses, and was willing to relieve them. He dedicated to charitable purposes a stated weekly sum, in addition to a tenth of his income. He often purchased corn, to sell again to the people below the market price; and was ready to lend little sums to those who had fallen into unforeseen calamity, permitting them to repay him by instalments. These acts of beneficence were his pleasures; and he often declared them to be the sources of unmingled gratification, feeling the truth of the scriptural saying, that *it is more blessed to give than to receive.*

"He saw fit to celebrate the communion once a month, thinking it right to approach nearer to the primitive frequency than was then usual in country places. And on these occasions his instructions and example recommended liberality so strongly, that the collections rendered it unnecessary to levy a poor's-rate; nay, means were supplied for apprenticing the children of the indigent parishioners."

Hammond took the degree of Doctor in Divinity in 1639, and in 1643 he was made Archdeacon of the diocese of Chichester; but in that year the troubles of the country broke out into civil war, and Hammond was obliged to leave his beloved Penshurst. Some unsuccessful attempts had been made in behalf of the King, by the Royalists, near Tunbridge, in favour of which Dr. Hammond was believed to have used his influence; and a reward was offered by the Parliamentary Committee for his arrest. He escaped to Oxford, the head quarters of the King, where he remained throughout the war.

"'Procuring an apartment,' says Dr. Fell, 'in his own college, he sought that peace in his retirement and study which was nowhere else to be met withal; taking no other diversion than what the giving instruction and encouragement to ingenious young students yielded him (a thing wherein he peculiarly delighted), and the satisfaction which he received from the conversation of learned men, who, besides the usual store, in great number at that time for their security resorted thither.'

"Some of his hours were now employed in preparing for the press his *Practical Catechism*. This work he had originally written to assist him in his parochial duties at Penshurst, and he was only induced to publish it by the persuasion of Dr. Potter, the Provost of Queen's College. Even then he withheld his name, and committed all the care of conducting the work through the press to his friend; who took that opportunity of acknowledging in the preface, that he had received much benefit by the perusal of it, adding, 'I humbly beseech God that it may have the like energy in the breasts of all that shall read it, that we may have less talking, less writing, less fighting for religion, and more practice.'"

King Charles, who spoke of Hammond as the most natural orator he had ever heard, and who afterwards recommended Hammond's *Practical Catechism* to his own children in his last instructions, employed him as one of his Commissioners at the Conference at Uxbridge, in 1645, and in that same year made him his chaplain in ordinary. On the surrender of Oxford to the Parliamentarians, at the close of the war, Hammond remained there for some months, during which "he was also the generous helper of the friendless in those troublous times. After supplying his own small wants, he employed the rest of his means in warding off from others the day of indigence and misery; and even when his resources were greatly contracted, he contrived by prudent management to reserve a considerable part of his income for purposes of charity. Poor scholars were particular objects of his beneficence; and amongst those who shared his bounty was the eminent and learned Isaac Barrow, who many years after recorded his grateful recollections, in an excellent epitaph which he wrote on the death of his generous benefactor.

"In order that the duties of his official situation might not prevent the prosecution of his studies, Dr. Hammond now usually gave up many hours of the night to literary pursuits, frequently

not retiring to rest till three in the morning, and yet seldom failing to be present at prayers at five o'clock.

"He was sometimes called away from the university to attend upon his royal master, who requested the presence of some of his chaplains whenever the ruling powers saw fit to allow him that privilege. But that was only at intervals. When the Scotch army delivered him into the hands of the English commissioners, he was placed in rigorous confinement at Holdenby, and cut off from all communication with his old servants, his chaplains, his friends, and his family. When the army got possession of the King's person, they took off this restraint, and we find that Dr. Hammond visited him at Woburn, Caversham, Hampton Court, and Carisbrook Castle. But at Christmas, 1647, access was again cut off."

In 1648, Dr. Hammond was forcibly expelled from the university by the parliamentary visitors, and was imprisoned for some months; but towards the close of that year he was released, and then found a shelter for the remainder of his life at Westwood Park, Worcestershire, the seat of Sir John Packwood. In this retirement Hammond patiently devoted himself to his theological studies, to the earnest inculcation of Christian duties, and upholding of the Christian faith in the family and neighbourhood where he dwelt, and to the alleviation of the wants of the suffering clergy of the Church of England, few of whom had found such a refuge as he was blest with, and few of whom met with equal toleration from the then ruling powers.

"He principally devoted himself to the study of theology and Church history; and some of the most pious, learned, and moderate works of the day were the fruits of his reading and reflection. If he erred, it was not designedly, or for want of due meditation and prayer; and when his opinions excited angry feelings or occasional intemperate language in others, he who had been careful to 'draw the teeth,' as he termed it (that is, to avoid giving just provocation to any person in his writings), rendered neither evil for evil, nor railing for railing. So greatly had he gained the mastery over his temper, that some persons who were his companions during the ten latter years of his life never heard him utter an intemperate expression; and Dr. Fell observes, that several of his antagonists were led by the mild spirit in which he wrote, to regret the violence which disfigured their own productions."

He was peculiarly zealous in collecting contributions for the Episcopalian clergymen who had escaped to foreign lands, where they were almost destitute of the means for subsistence.

"Some persons who unworthily enjoyed Hammond's confidence betrayed him to Cromwell: and fully expecting to be harshly treated, he made up his mind to speak plainly and boldly to that singular man, and to remonstrate with him upon his unjust severities. Whether the opportunity was afforded to him is not quite clear, but the issue was, that he received no injury at the hands of Cromwell, and experienced the truth of a favourite saying of his, that 'they who least considered hazard in doing their duties fared always the best.' And although it was not likely that he would escape so easily a second time, he did not hesitate to collect contributions with his wonted diligence for his afflicted brethren."

Hammond was not spared to witness the restoration of the monarch, and of the triumph of the Church to which he had been so true in its adversity. He lived, however, long enough to be assured of the certain and speedy re-establishment of Church and State. The bishopric of Worcester was designed for him, and he had been invited to London to consult with several other eminent divines on the best measures to be pursued on the restoration of Episcopacy. But in the early part of 1660, his health rapidly declined, and he died on the 25th of April in that year, the very day on which the Parliament met for the purpose of recalling the King.

"His death was, as Bishop Burnet remarks, 'an unspeakable loss to the Church; for as he was a man of great learning and of most eminent merit, he having been the person that, during the bad times, had maintained the cause of the Church in a very singular manner, so he was a very moderate man in his temper, though with a high principle; and probably he would have fallen into healing counsels.'

"At the very close of life he left on record his desire, 'that no unseasonable stiffness of those that were in the right, no perverse obstinacy of those that were in the wrong, might hinder the closing of the wounds of the Church; but that all private and secular designs might be laid aside, all lawful concessions made, and the one great and common concernment of truth and peace unanimously and vigorously pursued.'"

The following are some of the most eminent of Dr. Hammond's

works:—"Practical Catechism," 1644; "Humble Address to the Right Hon. the Lord Fairfax and his Council of War," 1649, concerning the impending trial of Charles the First; "Paraphrase and Annotations on the New Testament," 1653; best edition, 1702. He began a similar paraphrase of the Old Testament, but advanced no farther than the Psalms, 1659, and one chapter of Proverbs. His works, in 4 vols. folio, were collected by his amanuensis Fulman, 1674-84. (*Life by Hone in "Lives of Eminent Christians."—Life by Fell.*)

BISHOP PEARSON.

This great expounder and upholder of our Creed was born in 1613 at Snoring in Norfolk, of which his father was rector. He was educated on the foundation at Eton, and became a scholar at King's College, Cambridge, in 1632. He took holy orders in 1639, on the eve of the Civil War. He was domestic chaplain to Lord Keeper Finch, who in 1640 presented him to the living of Torrington in Suffolk. He enjoyed this preferment but a short time, being ejected soon after the commencement of hostilities by the parliamentarian party, on account of his attachment to the royalist cause.

In 1643 he was appointed minister of St. Clement's, Eastcheap, London; but, as his old biographer says, by whom doth not appear. Certain it is that he continued to preach there till the Restoration. I have myself endeavoured, without success, to trace out the means through which Pearson was appointed to this parish, his precise position there, or to what circumstance he was indebted for being so long unmolested by the dominant sectarians.

It was to the inhabitants of St. Clement's that Pearson delivered the lectures on the Apostles' Creed, which he afterwards collected and published under the title of "An Exposition of the Creed." This justly celebrated work first appeared in 1658. It would be useless to write in praise of a treatise which for nearly two hundred years has been a text-book with the theological student, and has also been the favourite guide of the unlearned Christian laity of this country in all fundamental questions of faith. At the present time "Pearson on the Creed" is the regular manual for university divinity lecturers, and there is no book which so

generally forms part of the religious library (however scanty) of every Englishman in the upper or middle classes of society; and (what is far more important) there is no religious book more often taken down from the shelf for serious consideration and family reading.

The respect and popularity which this excellent treatise has so long and so widely obtained, are owing in a great extent to the strong good sense, and the skill in arrangement of his topics, which its author has exhibited. He tells us in his preface—"In the prosecution of the whole, I have considered, that a work of so general a concernment must be exposed to two kinds of readers, which, though they may agree in judgment, yet must differ much in their capacities. Some there are who understand the original languages of the Holy Scriptures, the discourses and tractates of the ancient fathers, the determinations of the councils, and history of the Church of God, the constant profession of settled truths, the rise and increase of schisms and heresies. Others there are unacquainted with such conceptions, and incapable of such instructions; who understand the Scriptures as they are translated; who are capable of the knowledge of the truths themselves, and of the proofs drawn from thence; who can apprehend the nature of the Christian faith, with the power and efficacy of the same when it is delivered unto them out of the word of God, and in a language which they know. When I make this difference and distinction of readers, I do not intend thereby, that because one of these is learned, the other is ignorant: for he which hath no skill of the learned languages may, notwithstanding, be very knowing in the principles of the Christian religion, and the reason and efficacy of them.

"According to this distinction I have contrived my exposition, so that the body of it containeth fully what can be delivered and made intelligible in the English tongue, without inserting the least sentence or phrase of any learned language; by which he who is not acquainted with it might be disturbed in his reading, or interrupted in his understanding. Not that I have selected only such notions as are common, easy, and familiar of themselves, but have endeavoured to deliver the most material conceptions in the most plain and perspicuous manner, as desirous to comprise the whole strength of the work, as far as it is possible, in the body of it. The other part I have placed in the margin (but so as oftentimes it taketh up more room, and yet is never mingled or

confounded with the rest), in which is contained whatsoever is necessary for the illustration of any part of the *Creed*, as to them which have any knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and original languages, of the writings of the ancient fathers, the doctrines of the Jews, and the history of the Church,—those great advantages towards a right conception of the Christian religion."

On the Restoration, Pearson's eminent merits were rewarded with high preferment in the Church, and high station in his university. He became in succession Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Master of Jesus College, Cambridge; and he obtained the rectory of St. Christopher's, London, and a stall at Ely Cathedral. In 1662 he was made Master of Trinity in Cambridge; and in 1673, on the death of Bishop Wilkins, he was raised to the see of Chester, over which diocese he continued to preside till his death in 1686.

Pearson was one of the divines of the Church of England who were selected and appointed by Royal Commission in 1661 to meet an equal number of Nonconformist divines for the purpose of reviewing the Liturgy of the Church of England, and, if possible, removing all differences respecting it. Pearson took an active part in the Savoy conferences, which were held in consequence of this commission: and by the confession of Baxter, himself the ablest of the Presbyterian champions, Pearson was by far the first of the divines who represented the Church of England in that discussion, in learning, in judgment, and in powers of argument.

Besides his great work on the Creed, Bishop Pearson is the author of a 'Vindication of the Epistles of St. Ignatius,' of 'Dissertations on the rise and succession of the early Bishops of Rome,' and some other theological treatises. He also collected and published the literary remains of his friend John Hales, of Eton. (*Biog. Brit.—Preface to Exposition of Creed.*)

BISHOP SHERLOCK.

Thomas Sherlock was the son of Dr. William Sherlock, Master of the Temple, and author of the still well-known 'Practical Discourse concerning Death.' Thomas Sherlock was born at London, in 1678. He was educated at Eton, where he had Bolingbroke,

Townshend, and Robert and Horace Walpole among his school-companions. With Townshend and the Walpoles Sherlock is said to have formed friendships at Eton, to which he owed much of the worldly good fortune which attended him through life. Sherlock distinguished himself at Eton not only in scholarship but in every vigorous game. He was the best and boldest swimmer in the school; and Warton, on the authority of Walpole, interprets Pope's expression '*the plunging prelate,*' which is applied to Sherlock in the Dunciad, as allusive to Sherlock's youthful renown for taking headers. In our days we have known a similar epithet good-humouredly applied for a similar reason to another excellent Etonian. May our modern 'swimming bishop' meet with as much prosperity in his arduous career in England's colonies, as Sherlock met with at home.

Sherlock entered Cambridge in 1693, where he was admitted at Catherine Hall, under the tuition of Dr. Long. His future great rival and contemporary, Hoadly, had entered this college one year before him; and it is a curious fact noticed by Mr. Hughes, in his memoir prefixed to Valpy's edition of Sherlock's works, that the master, the tutor, the rival student, and himself were all destined to attain the episcopal bench. Sir W. Dawes, Master of Catherine, was made bishop of Chester in 1707; and Dr. Long, bishop of Norwich, in 1723. Sherlock, in the person of the future Bishop of Winchester, found a rival worthy of him, and one whose rivalry continued to stimulate him to renewed exertions long after they had both exchanged the academic arena for a wider and more important field of combat. It is said that the two young men very soon discovered their destiny as rivals, and in consequence never regarded each other with feelings of peculiar complacency. One day, as they were returning together from their tutor's lecture on "Tully's Offices," Hoadly observed, "Well, Sherlock, you figured away finely to-day by help of Cockman!" "No, indeed!" replied Sherlock, "I did not; for though I tried all I could to get a copy, I heard of only one; and that you had secured."

Sherlock was an excellent classic, but the bent of his mind was more to mathematics, to which he applied himself with the greatest ardour, and with great honour. He was also an earnest student of metaphysics. He took his degree with high distinction in 1697. In 1698 he was elected a Fellow of his college, and soon afterwards took holy orders.

In 1704, Sherlock was appointed to succeed his father in the Mastership of the Temple. The sermons delivered by him in the Temple Church, which are published among his works, are justly considered to be some of the best specimens of pulpit oratory in the language. One of the "Quarterly Reviewers," in speaking of the various schools of preaching, says :—

"The calm and dispassionate disquisition on some text of Scripture, or the discussion of some theological question, henceforward (after the Restoration) to be the exclusive object of an English sermon, was carried by Sherlock to a perfection rarely rivalled, unless by Smalridge, nearly his own contemporary, and by Horsley in more recent times. The question is clearly stated and limited, —every objection anticipated,—and the language is uniformly manly and vigorous. Sherlock indeed occasionally breaks out in passages of greater warmth and earnestness."

The truth is, that he is always earnest, but seldom excited; and this is what best befits the gravity of the pulpit. An enthusiastic preacher is almost always certain either to rush into rant or to sink into sentimentality, both of which are not only sins against good taste, but are by far more serious errors, on account of the disgust which they excite in the best educated and most intellectual part of the audience; a disgust which is too apt to be extended to the place as well as to the preacher.

In 1714, Sherlock was elected Master of Catherine Hall, and in 1715, he was made Dean of Carlisle. He came forward early in the celebrated Bangorian controversy, as Bishop Hoadly's most formidable opponent. He showed in this contest his own independence, and freely risked the loss of the favour which he enjoyed at Court to do what he considered his duty to the Church. He was removed from the list of King's chaplains in 1717; but his high reputation and the friendship of Walpole soon not only restored him, but raised him to much higher rank.

In the controversies which arose at that period respecting the proofs of the divine origin of Christianity, Dr. Sherlock distinguished himself by his valuable writings, particularly his "Use and Intent of Prophecy," and his "Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus," which is a masterly reply to the objections of those who reject the evidence of miracles, and particularly to those of Woolston. In 1727 he succeeded his old opponent Hoadly as Bishop of Bangor, and was translated to Salisbury in 1734. His

learning and eloquence gave him considerable weight in the debates of the House of Lords, and his reputation both as a divine and a ruler in the Church was so great that in 1747 the Archbishopric of Canterbury was offered to his acceptance, but declined by him on account of the state of his health. In the next year, however, he accepted the Bishopric of London.

In 1750 he published his celebrated "Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Inhabitants of London and Westminster on occasion of the late Earthquakes." Some severe shocks of an earthquake were felt in the region of the metropolis and other parts of England in that year, and the utmost consternation prevailed. Bishop Sherlock's address was, in this excited state of public feeling, bought up and read with such eagerness that more than 100,000 copies were sold within a month. In 1759 Sherlock published an excellent charge to his clergy, in which he expatiates very forcibly on the evils of non-residence. Bishop Sherlock died at the advanced age of 84, on the 18th of July, 1761. (*Life by Hughes.—Cunningham's British Biography.*)

On approaching the close of the seventeenth century, we find the names of Eton statesmen increasing rapidly in number and in renown. Indeed, for the last hundred and fifty years Eton has supplied our Houses of Parliament with an unbroken succession of chiefs in the war of eloquence; and for far the greater portion of those years she has supplied England with her Premiers. Lord Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Townshend, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Chatham, the elder Fox, Lord North, Charles James Fox, Mr. Wyndham, the Marquess of Wellesley, Lord Grenville, Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, and Lord Stanley—are all Etonians. The names of other living statesmen, besides the great Duke's, might be added to this list; but this work does not comprise the memoirs of the living; and long may it be before it will be possible for any writer to complete a biography of the hero-statesman whom I have named, or of the other distinguished political chiefs of the present time to whom I have referred.

I pass to the consideration of the life and character of the greatest of our statesmen.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Robert Walpole (afterwards Sir Robert Walpole, and first Earl of Orford) was born at Houghton, in Norfolk, on the 26th of August, 1676. His family was ancient, honourable, and opulent, and his father had signalised himself in his county by his zeal in promoting the Revolution of 1688. Fortunately for Sir Robert Walpole he was a third son; for his natural easy disposition, and love of society and pleasure, would probably have fixed him in indolence and obscurity for life, if he had been brought up with the expectation of inheriting his father's estate. But the knowledge that he was a younger son, and that he must look to his own exertions for his fortune, taught him the necessity of making early use of his abilities and opportunities, and his strong common sense must have soon shown him the practical value of application and regularity. After being for a short time at a private school at Massingham, he was placed at Eton on the foundation, where he was educated under the care of Mr. Newborough, the head master of the school, who seems early to have discerned and appreciated the solid merits of Walpole's mind, and is said to have taken peculiar pains in stimulating him to exertion. This judicious care, and the beneficial effects of the emulation which prevails in a public school, co-operated with Walpole's knowledge of the necessity for exertion which his prospects in the world required; and he acquired at Eton the deserved character of an excellent classical scholar. Horace was his favourite author, and continued so during his life, when his familiarity with other classics had long faded away. His talents for oratory must have shown themselves very early, for Coxe records (and I have heard the anecdote confirmed from family tradition by Mr. Spencer Walpole, the present member for Midhurst,) that when Walpole and St. John were young members of the House of Commons, and the success of the latter there was reported to Newborough, under whom both had been educated, he replied, "But I am impatient to hear of Robert Walpole having spoken; for I am convinced that he will be a good orator."

It is commonly stated that the rivalry between St. John and Walpole commenced while they were contemporaries at Eton.

But this can hardly have been the case, as Walpole was two years older than the other; a disparity of age which is nothing in manhood, but which is enormous between two boys, so far as any trial of proficiency in their studies is concerned. No boy of fifteen expects or wishes to be measured by the same standard as his senior of seventeen; nor does the latter feel any complacency in being acknowledged to be a riper scholar than one who is several forms below him.

On the 22nd of April, 1696, Walpole was admitted a scholar of King's College, Cambridge. He only resided there two years, but he always remained sincerely attached to his college; and long afterwards, when he was Prime Minister, on a collection being made among old Kingsmen for the new building in the College, now known as Gibb's Building, Walpole subscribed 500*l.*, remarking that he deserved "no special thanks, as he was only paying for his board and lodging while a scholar."

Coxe relates that Walpole, "during his residence as a scholar at King's," was seized with the small-pox, which was of a most malignant sort, and he continued for some time in imminent danger. Dr. Brady, the famous historical advocate for the Tory principles of the English constitution, who was his physician, said to one of the fellows of King's College, warmly attached to the same party, "He must take care to save this young man, or we shall be accused of having purposely neglected him, because he is so violent a Whig." It was indeed principally owing to his kind and assiduous attention that Walpole recovered. Notwithstanding Brady's political prejudices he was so much pleased with the spirit and disposition of his young patient, that he observed with an affectionate attachment, "His singular escape seems to me a sure indication that he is reserved for important purposes." In the latter period of his life, when the prediction had been fulfilled, this anecdote was frequently related by Walpole with a complacency which showed that it had made a deep impression on his mind, and proved his satisfaction at the recollection of an event that seemed to anticipate his subsequent elevation." Coxe also says, "At college he formed a strict intimacy with Hare and Bland, who were members of the same foundation, and in every situation of life showed an affectionate regard for the friends of his early youth. He raised Hare, who afterwards ably distinguished himself in defending the measures of the Whig administration, to the

Bishopric of Chichester, and promoted Bland to the Provostship of Eton College and Deanery of Durham."

Walpole resided at Cambridge only two years, as on the death of the last of his elder brothers, in 1698, his father immediately withdrew him from the university, and endeavoured to make him devote all his thoughts to the management and improvement of the family estates. For about two years Walpole led a country life, the mornings devoted to field sports or agricultural pursuits, and the evenings to the Bacchanalian festivities which then were the general recreations of all hearty and hospitable English squires. His father's death, at the end of 1700, left him master of himself and of the paternal acres; and his marriage with the daughter of a Lord Mayor of London enabled him to clear off all incumbrances on the property, and gave him a clear income of 2000*l.* a year.

Though Walpole had acquired a keen relish for field sports and boisterous conviviality during his two years' rustication under the paternal auspices in Norfolk, he was not insensible to ambition; and he must have felt conscious that he was fitted to shine in a higher sphere than the society of worthy men "whose talk is of bullocks," and whose favourite arena for emulative striving is either the hunting field or the drinking room.

Part of Walpole's inheritance consisted in borough influence; and having resolved on entering public life, he caused himself to be elected member for Castle Rising in each of the two short parliaments that sate during the last two years of King William's reign. The pocket borough of King's Lynn also belonged to Walpole, and, when Queen Anne's first Parliament was summoned, he chose King's Lynn as his place to be returned for, and thenceforth represented that place until he became Earl of Orford.

Thus possessed of considerable parliamentary influence, as well as of independent fortune, of good abilities, and of social and agreeable manners, Walpole was a welcome recruit to the Whigs, in whose ranks he instantly arrayed himself on entering Parliament in 1701. His eloquence, his capacity for business, his resolute spirit, and his sound common sense, manifested themselves by degrees, and before long raised him to eminence among the chiefs of his party. His first attempt at speaking in the House is said to have been unsuccessful; but acute observers could discern in Walpole, even amid the embarrassment and confusion of his early

efforts, the materials for a consummate orator; and by judicious perseverance he recovered from his stumble at the threshold, and soon stood high in the favour of the House as a speaker. Coxe has preserved from contemporary authorities an account of Walpole's first appearance in the debates, when "he was confused and embarrassed, and did not seem to realise those expectations which his friends had fondly conceived." At the same time another member made a set speech which was much admired. At the end of the debate some persons casting ridicule on Walpole as an indifferent orator, and expressing their approbation of the maiden speech made by the other member, Arthur Mainwaring, who was present, observed in reply, "You may applaud the one and ridicule the other, but depend on it that the spruce gentleman who has made the set speech will never improve, and that Walpole will in time become an excellent speaker." The prediction of Mainwaring was soon verified.

The fact that such statesmen as Godolphin and Marlborough took Walpole into their confidence, and employed him in important offices during their ministry, is the best proof of the soundness of Walpole's merit, as well as of its having been soon displayed. In 1705, Walpole was nominated one of the council to the Lord High Admiral of England, Prince George of Denmark. In 1708 he became Secretary of State of the War department; and in that capacity actively co-operated in organising the victories to which Marlborough was then leading our troops. In 1709, Walpole received the Treasurership of the Navy; and in 1710 he was appointed one of the parliamentary managers of the impolitic impeachment of Sacheverell, which had been resolved on by a majority of the ministers. Walpole's speech was the most admired of all those delivered on this trial; and it was marked with a cautious desire—highly characteristic of the speaker—to please Queen Anne, as well as by the force and clearness with which all available arguments against Sacheverell's doctrines were employed in it. I will quote a few sentences from the report of this speech, as preserved in Coxe's papers and in the State Trials.

"I hope," said Walpole, "that your lordships' just judgment will convince the world that every seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher (the Doctor will pardon me for borrowing one string of epithets from him, and for once using a

little of his own language), who has no hope of distinguishing himself in the world but by a matchless indiscretion, may not advance, with impunity, doctrines destructive of the peace and quiet of her Majesty's government and the Protestant succession, or prepare the minds of the people for an alteration, by giving them ill impressions of the present establishment and its administration. This doctrine of unlimited, unconditional, passive obedience was first invented to support arbitrary and despotic power, and was never promoted or countenanced by any government that had not designs, some time or other, of making use of it. What, then, can be the design of preaching this doctrine now, unasked, unsought for, in her Majesty's reign, when the *law* is the only ruling measure, both of the power of the Crown, and of the obedience of the people?"

When the Godolphin ministry was dismissed by Queen Anne, or rather by Mrs. Masham, Harley, who was the chief of the new cabinet, endeavoured to win over Walpole to remain in office under him. But Walpole, unlike Harley, was true to his Whig principles, and soon received the honour of being selected, together with the Duke of Marlborough, for the revengeful attacks of the now prevailing Tories. A charge of corruption was brought against him for having received perquisites on some contracts for forage. A majority of a hostile House of Commons passed a resolution that Walpole was guilty of corruption, and that he should be committed prisoner to the Tower of London; and by a subsequent vote he was expelled the House. Lord Mahon, in his "History of England after the Peace of Utrecht," well remarks that "It is quite certain, from the temper of Walpole's judges, that even the most evident innocence or the strongest testimonies would not have shielded him from condemnation; and that, had he made no forage contracts at all, or made them in the spirit of an Aristides or a Pitt, he would have been expelled with equal readiness by that House of Commons, the same which did not blush to hurl an unworthy charge of peculation against Marlborough."

This persecution gave Walpole the dignity and notoriety of a political martyr. At the end of the session he was released from the Tower, and on the dissolution in the following year he was re-elected for King's Lynn, and re-appeared in the House of Commons. He now assumed a more prominent position as a Whig leader, and assailed the Tories with an exasperated energy,

of which he had previously given little signs. On the accession of George the First, he was justly recognised as one of the most valuable supporters of the Hanoverian dynasty, and took his place among the new Whig ministers as Paymaster of the Forces, Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, and a Privy Councillor.

For three years he was the most active member of Stanhope's cabinet, but in 1717 he became involved in the dissensions between his brother-in-law Lord Townshend and the Premier, and on Lord Townshend's dismissal from office Walpole resigned, and went for a time into factiously violent opposition against his late colleagues. For one part, however, of Walpole's conduct during this period, he deserves the gratitude of every admirer of the constitution of England: this is his resolute and eloquent opposition to Lord Sunderland's and Lord Stanhope's Peerage Bill, which, had it not been for Walpole, would undoubtedly have passed into a law of the land.

The projectors of this specious measure had taken advantage of George the First's dislike to his son, to prevail on him to consent to stripping the Crown of the important privilege of making peers. The Bill provided that only six more English peers should be added to the present number, though there might be a new creation whenever a peerage became extinct; and instead of the sixteen elective representatives of the Scotch nobility, the King was to nominate twenty-five hereditary peers out of the members of that body. It was vaunted that this measure would secure the independence of the House of Lords, and prevent the Crown from controlling its deliberations by creating batches of new peers to gain a majority for the ministers on any particular measure, as had been done when Queen Anne's Tory ministry sent their twelve new peers into the House to outvote the Whig lords. We, who have seen the political movements of 1832 and 1848, can instantly see how fatal such a measure would have been to the existence of the Upper House of our Parliament: how certainly the narrow and exclusive oligarchy, which Sunderland's Bill would have created, must have fallen before the fierce attacks of modern democracy. It is Walpole's glory to have foreseen, and to have prevented, the destructive consequences to the authority and stability of the House of Lords, which would have followed the temporary aggrandizement of the individual peers of that generation. Those who have, like the writer of these memoirs, learned

by long and earnest study of our constitution to look on our House of Lords as a blessing to the country, are bound to revere the memory of Walpole, who saved it from itself in 1719.

The Peerage Bill passed rapidly through the Upper House; and, had it not been for Walpole, it would have passed with equal ease through the Commons. The Whigs in opposition to the Court either favoured the Bill, or despaired of making effectual resistance to it. But Walpole had both the sagacity to discern and the resolution to combat the evil. At a meeting of the chiefs of the opposition, when nearly all present were disposed to let the Bill pass without debate or division, Walpole keenly exposed both the mischievous nature of the measure, and the cowardice of giving way when the feelings of the country gentlemen and middle classes might be so strongly roused to back the opposition against it. "For my part," declared Walpole, "I am determined that, if deserted by my party on this question, I will singly stand forth and oppose it." Gradually, and not without altercation, Walpole won his friends over to his opinion, and it was agreed that when the Bill came down to the Commons, they should fight to the last against it with Walpole for their general and their champion.

The debate came on on the 8th of December, nor does Lord Mahon, to my mind, exaggerate when he says, that during that debate "the fate of the British constitution seemed to hang suspended in the balance." Walpole's was the great speech of the night.—He told the House that "Among the Romans, the temple of Fame was placed behind the temple of Virtue, to denote that there was no coming to the temple of Fame but through that of Virtue. But if this Bill is passed into a law, one of the most powerful incentives to virtue would be taken away, since there would be no arriving at honour but through the winding-sheet of an old decrepit lord or the grave of an extinct noble family." After more rhetoric and some Latin quotations, Walpole continued, more in his own natural style:—"Had this Bill originated with some noble peer of distinguished ancestry, it would have excited less surprise; a desire to exclude others from a participation of honours is no novelty in persons in that class:—*Quod ex aliorum meritis sibi arrogant, id mihi ex meis ascribi nolunt.*

"But it is matter of just surprise that a Bill of this nature should either have been projected, or at least promoted, by a

gentleman who was not long ago seated amongst us, and who, having got into the House of Peers, is now desirous to shut the door after him. When great alterations in the constitution are to be made, the experiment should be tried for a short time before the proposed change is finally carried into execution, lest it should produce evil instead of good; but in this case, when the Bill is once sanctioned by Parliament, there can be no future hopes of redress, because the Upper House will always oppose the repeal of an Act which has so considerably increased their power.

"The great unanimity with which this Bill has passed the Lords ought to inspire some jealousy in the Commons; for it must be obvious that whatever the Lords gain must be acquired at the loss of the Commons and the diminution of the regal prerogative; and that in all disputes between the Lords and Commons, when the House of Lords is immutable, the Commons must, sooner or later, be obliged to recede. The view of the ministry in forcing the Bill is plainly nothing but to secure their power in the House of Lords. The principal argument on which the necessity of it is founded is drawn from the mischief occasioned by the creation of twelve Peers during the reign of Queen Anne, for the purpose of carrying an infamous peace through the House of Lords: that was only a temporary measure, whereas the mischief to be occasioned by this Bill will be perpetual. It creates thirty-one Peers by authority of Parliament: so extraordinary a step cannot be supposed to be taken without some sinister design in future. The ministry want no additional strength in the House of Lords for conducting the common affairs of government, as is sufficiently proved by the unanimity with which they have carried through this Bill. If, therefore, they think it necessary to acquire additional strength, it must be done with views and intentions more extravagant and hostile to the constitution than any which have yet been attempted. The Bill itself is of a most insidious and artful nature." He alluded to the known enmity which existed between the King and the heir to the throne in a delicate but in a very striking manner; and then he spoke with equal art of the personal character of George, and of the seeming surrender of one of the most important of his prerogatives—the faculty of making Peers. "We are told," said he, "that his Majesty has voluntarily consented to this limitation of his prerogative. It may be true; but may not the King have been deceived? which, if it is ever to be supposed, must be

admitted in this case. . . . . The character of the King furnishes us also with a strong proof that he has been deceived; for although it is a fact that in Hanover, where he possesses absolute power, he never tyrannised over his subjects, or despotically exercised his authority, yet can one instance be produced of his ever giving up a prerogative?" Walpole then assailed the Scotch clauses of the Bill, declaring that nothing could be more unfair than that particular clause which assigned to twenty-five Scottish Peers hereditary seats in lieu of the sixteen elective ones,—that the Bill was a violation of the Act of Union, and would endanger the entire dissolution of it by the high offence it would give to the great body of the Scottish Peerage, in thus excluding them and their posterity from all possibility of taking their seats as British Peers. He said, "The sixteen elective Scotch Peers already admit themselves to be *a dead Court weight;* yet the same sixteen are now to be made hereditary, and nine added to their number. These twenty-five, under the influence of corrupt ministers, might find their account in betraying their trust." After declaring that the Bill would make the Lords masters of the King, and shut the door of honour against the rest of the nation, Walpole said, "How can their Lordships expect the Commons to give their concurrence? How would they themselves receive a Bill which should prevent a Baron from being made a Viscount, a Viscount an Earl, an Earl a Marquis, and a Marquis a Duke? Would they consent to limit the number of any rank of Peerage? Certainly none; unless, perhaps, the Dukes. If the pretence for this measure is, that it will tend to secure the freedom of Parliament, I say that there are many other steps more important and less equivocal, such as the discontinuance of bribes and pensions. That this Bill will secure the liberty of Parliament I totally deny: it will secure a great preponderance of Peers; it will form them into a compact impenetrable phalanx, by giving them power to exclude, in all cases of extinction and creation, all such persons from their body as may be obnoxious to them."

"In this strain," says Speaker Onslow, "he bore all before him;" and the Bill was rejected by 269 votes to 177.

Walpole also creditably distinguished himself by his opposition to the South Sea project: and when that bubble broke, and a season of distress and panic succeeded, as usual, to the season of factitious prosperity and fanatical speculation, Walpole was the

statesman and the financier in whom alone the nation felt any confidence, and to whom the nation looked to extricate our affairs from ruin, and restore both public and private credit. Walpole had rejoined the ministry in 1720, and he now in the next, which was long known as the South Sea year, checked by the sagacity of his financial, and the wise moderation of his other measures, the confusion and disaffection which had been fast spreading through the country. In Lord Mahon's eloquent words, "It should never be forgotten, to the honour of Walpole, that he stepped forward at a most perilous and perplexing crisis, and that it was he who stood between the people and bankruptcy, between the King and sedition."

Walpole now became First Lord of the Treasury. The deaths of Stanhope and Sunderland left him undisputed chief of the government; and a large Whig majority in each House of Parliament made his government a strong one. For twenty years he maintained his high position; for the few days that followed the death of George the First can hardly be considered an exception, nor can such a mere *Interrex* as Sir Spencer Compton be said to have ever been Premier of England. For twenty years Walpole disposed of

"Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia"

in the British empire, and exercised more influence than any other individual, crowned or subject, over the politics and destinies of the whole civilised world. His biography would be a history of Europe. I can here only indicate the principal objects and the leading characteristics of his government. His great aims were the preservation of peace, and the securing of the Protestant succession. For sixteen years he succeeded in the first, though he at last gave way to royal zeal and popular clamour, in favour of a foolish Spanish war. That he succeeded in the second great object of his policy, the high testimony of Burke is decisive authority. Burke has said of Sir Robert Walpole: "The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the crown to this royal family, and with it, their laws and liberties to this country."

We must remember, also, under what difficulties Walpole had to struggle in working out his wisest plans. Guizot[1] truly

[1] Discourse on the History of the English Revolution.

remarks, that, under George the First and George the Second, "the revolutionary and dynastic questions were not wholly extinct: the English nation had no affection for German princes who did not speak their language and did not like their habits; who eagerly seized on any pretext to quit the country, and to visit their small hereditary state; and who continually sought to involve them in continental quarrels, to which the English attached no importance and no interest." He also truly adds, that "the domestic quarrels, and the coarse licentiousness of the royal family, offended the country." Walpole was obliged to maintain these rulers on our throne, or to see that wretched bigot, the Pretender, whom his own adherents owned to be destitute of every generous feeling and every enlightened principle,[6] installed over the English nation;—to see England made the vassal of Rome and the satellite of France, and the host of abuses revived, which are synonymous with the name of Stuart. Walpole felt that his own government was the great barrier between the English constitution and the Stuarts. This made him cling to office, and this is his justification for having done so. He truly warned his adherents, when exhorting them to stand firm at a great political crisis,[7] what consequences would follow a ministerial defeat. "Should our Jacobite adversaries," said he, "find themselves at the helm here, does anybody that hears me want to be told what must become of the Whig cause, party, and principles? what must become of all the Revolution measures that have been pursued with so much steadiness and maintained with so much glory for above forty years? what must become of this Government and this Family, and the true freedom, welfare, and prosperity of this country?"

Besides the Jacobite party, which both at home and abroad was numerous, active, able, and unscrupulous, Walpole had to contend with a continually increasing body of Whig malcontents, whom the celebrated Pulteney marshalled against him. They at last drove the veteran statesman from his post. It is deeply discreditable to Walpole's contemporaries, that the very measures and parts of his policy, the merits of which are now most clearly acknowledged, were most successfully assailed, and were made the most effective means of undermining his popularity. Such is the case with his excise scheme, which was founded on the soundest

[6] See Bolingbroke's account of him in the Letter to Sir William Wyndham.

[7] See his speech in Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 215, et seq.

principles of taxation, and which shows Walpole, as a political economist, to have been far in advance of his age. Such is the case with his project for improving the Irish coinage, which Swift assailed in the Drapier's Letters with all his marvellous powers of style, and with all his still more marvellous powers of lying. Such, above all, was the case with Walpole's pacific policy, against which Jacobite, Tory, and the self-termed Patriot party united all their powers of invective and all their stores of lampoon.

It must not, however, be disguised that other causes contributed to sap Walpole's authority. One was the wide-spread belief in the corrupt nature of his policy; and another was his neglect to enlist the able speakers and writers of his time on his side, or even to propitiate them by favour and patronage. That Walpole's own contemporaries looked on his system of government as based on bribery and corruption, to an extent far exceeding what had been the case with former ministries, abundant proofs might be cited; but one decisive testimony is enough, and this may be found in the well-known lines of Pope, in which he praises the winning manners and good humour of the great minister:

> "Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power:
> Seen him uncumbered with the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
> Would he oblige me? Let me only find
> He does not think me what he thinks mankind."

This belief in the corruptness of Walpole's government has increased with time; and among common-place authors, "*corrumpere et corrumpi* Walpole *vocatur*." But of late years the great minister of the Hanoverian succession has been judged more wisely and more favourably. Lord Brougham among Whig writers, and Lord Mahon among Tory writers, may be cited, as two eminent historical inquirers, who have exposed the injustice and exaggeration of the charges that have so long and so unsparingly been heaped upon Walpole. They both refer to the utter failure of his enemies to substantiate their imputations against him. "A far more rigorous test was applied to his conduct than any other minister ever underwent. His whole proceedings were unsparingly attacked, towards the close of his reign, by a motion personally directed against him, supported by the most acrimonious zeal, and preceded by the minutest inquiry into all his weak points. In

the House, when he was present to meet the charge of corruption, none was made. After he had ceased to rule, a select committee was appointed to inquire into his public conduct during the last ten years; and out of its twenty-one members, that committee comprised no less than nineteen of his bitterest enemies; the minister then stood forsaken and alone—there was no Court favour at his back—no patronage or lucre in his hands—much popularity to gain, and no danger to run by assailing him. Yet even under such favourable circumstances, what did this ten years' siege upon his character, this political Troy, really bring forth? What facts does the report allege in support of its avowed hostility? An attempt upon the virtue of the Mayor of Weymouth: the promise of a place in the revenue to a returning officer: the atrocity of dismissing some excise officers who had voted against the government candidate: vague surmises from the amount of secret service money. Now if Walpole had in real truth been the corrupter of his age—if he had prostituted public honours or public rewards in the cause of corruption — if fraudulent contracts, undue influence at elections, and bribed members of Parliament were matters of every-day occurrence; — if, in short, only one-tenth part of the outcry against Walpole was well founded, how is it possible that powerful and rancorous opponents should be able to find only so few, imperfect, and meagre proofs to hurl against him? No defence on the part of Walpole's friends is half so strong and convincing as this failure of his enemies."

Whence then, it may be asked, originated this belief, which certainly did exist, that Walpole was the great patron of parliamentary corruption? In the first place, there was a lamentable amount of corruption among the public men of that age, as there had been among the public men of many preceding ages. The national tone of state morality was by no means high. And though it is unjust to say that Walpole was below the average standard of the time, it would be absurd to say that he stood in pre-eminent purity above it. There was some corruption in his government, as there was in every government from the Restoration down to the first ministry of the elder Pitt. Thus there was a substratum of truth on which Wyndham, Bolingbroke, and Walpole's other numerous foes might plant their engines, and their eloquent hatred could soon create the necessary superstructure of calumny. In the second place, Walpole himself undoubtedly

contributed to foment the popular prejudice against himself by the scoffing careless tone in which he was wont to treat all pretensions to purity and disinterested patriotism. He must indeed, during his long tenure of high office, have seen instances innumerable of sordid rapacity and hypocritical meanness, both among the politicians who fawned around him, and those who bayed against him. But to generalise the vices of individuals as human attributes, to ignore the existence of honesty or honour among mankind, is as unwise and unjust in thought, as it is impolitic in avowal. Walpole suffered for his sarcasms, and, so far, he suffered deservedly.

But, in pointing this out, we must at the same time, in justice to Walpole, point out that his low estimate of human virtue did not make him the cold-blooded selfish misanthrope which the veteran statesman too often becomes. If he too often spoke, he never acted in the Mephistopheles' vein. He was to the last in his friendships unchanging, frank, and sincere: he was warm of heart and liberal of hand: and when we trace the strifes and progress of party in English history, we find under Walpole a marked change in the treatment pursued by triumphant leaders towards their adversaries. "The system under which contending statesmen used to raise up rival scaffolds, and hunt down one another even to the death, ended during his administration." And it is to be remembered that Walpole, by the accurate and universal intelligence which he constantly secured respecting Jacobite intrigue either at home or abroad, had for years the lives of many of his most vehement enemies in his hands.

Walpole's oratory was like his mind, manly, vigorous, and practical. He despised all declamation, and all the little tricks, which even great geniuses sometimes stoop to, for the sake of producing stage effect in the senate. He spoke to win, and not to shine. Some extracts of his speeches have been given in the preceding pages of this memoir, and among the other meagre remnants of his oratory the reports of his speech against the repeal of the Septennial Bill, his description of Bolingbroke in the debate of 1739, and his defence of his own administration in 1741, particularly deserve perusal.

The memoirs of Lord Hervey which have been published during the last few years, besides throwing much incidental light on the conduct of Walpole and his contemporaries, contain a character of

Sir Robert, so ably and elaborately drawn that I shall gladly transfer it to these pages. Be it remembered that Lord Hervey was Walpole's intimate associate and colleague, had acted with and under him for years, and had the best possible means of forming a correct opinion of his merit. Nor must this sketch be looked on as the partial production of a partisan, for Lord Hervey shows abundantly in the course of his memoirs that he was in no slight degree jealous of Walpole's ascendancy; and there is no ground for suspecting him of having wilfully exaggerated any of the good or disguised any of the bad qualities of the chief by whom he was overshadowed. Walpole's coarseness in manners, and proneness to pleasures of a lower order, are perhaps scarcely marked enough by Hervey; but we must remember that these blemishes were the common blemishes of the age, and that Walpole was not more gross, though he may have been more frank, than the great majority of his contemporaries.

Lord Hervey thus describes our great Eton Premier:—"He had a strength of parts equal to any advancement, a spirit to struggle with any difficulties, a steadiness of temper immoveable by any disappointments. He had great skill in figures, the nature of funds, and the revenue. His first application was to this branch of knowledge; but as he afterwards rose to the highest posts of power, and continued longer there than any first minister in this country since Lord Burleigh ever did, he grew, of course, conversant with all the other parts of government, and very soon equally able in transacting them. The weight of the whole administration lay on him: every project was of his forming, conducting, and executing. From the time of making the Treaty of Hanover, all the foreign as well as domestic affairs passed through his hands; and, considering the little assistance he received from subalterns, it is incredible what a variety and quantity of business he despatched; but as he had infinite application and long experience, so he had great method and a prodigious memory, with a mind and spirit that were indefatigable: and without every one of these natural as well as acquired advantages it would indeed have been impossible for him to go through half what he undertook. No man ever was blessed with a clearer head, a truer or quicker judgment, or a deeper insight into mankind; he knew the strength and weakness of everybody he had to deal with, and how to make his advantage of both; he had more warmth of

affection and friendship for some particular people than one could have believed it possible for any one who had been so long raking in the dirt of mankind to be capable of feeling for so worthless a species of animals. One should naturally have imagined that the contempt and distrust he must have had for the species in gross, would have given him at least an indifference and distrust towards every particular. Whether his negligence of his enemies, and never stretching his power to gratify his resentment of the sharpest injury, was policy or constitution, I shall not determine: but I do not believe anybody who knows these times will deny that no minister ever was more outraged, or less apparently revengeful. Some of his friends, who were not unforgiving themselves, nor very apt to see imaginary faults in him, have condemned this easiness in his temper, as a weakness that has often exposed him to new injuries, and given encouragement to his adversaries to insult him with impunity. Brigadier Churchill, a worthy and good-natured, friendly and honourable man, who had lived Sir Robert's intimate friend for many years, and through all different stages of his power and retirement, prosperity and disgrace, has often said that Sir Robert Walpole was so little able to resist the show of repentance in those from whom he had received the worst usage, that a few tears and promises of amendment have often washed out the stains even of ingratitude. In all occurrences, and at all times, and in all difficulties, he was constantly present and cheerful; he had very little of what is generally called insinuation, and with which people are apt to be taken for the present, without being gained; but no man ever knew better among those whom he had to deal with, who was to be had, on what terms, by what methods, and how the acquisition would answer. He was not one of those projecting, systematical great geniuses who are always thinking in theory, and are above common practice: he had been too long conversant in business not to know that in the fluctuation of human affairs and variety of accidents to which the best concerted schemes are liable, they must often be disappointed who build on the certainty of the most probable events; and therefore seldom turned his thoughts to the provisional warding off future evils which might or might not happen,—or the scheming of remote advantages, subject to so many intervening crosses; but always applied himself to the present occurrence, studying and generally hitting upon the properest method to improve what

was favourable, and the best expedient to extricate himself out of what was difficult.

"There never was any minister to whom access was so easy and so frequent, nor whose answers were more explicit. He knew how to oblige when he bestowed, and not to shock when he denied; to govern without oppressing, and conquer without triumph. He pursued his ambition without curbing his pleasures, and his pleasures without neglecting his business; he did the latter with ease, and indulged himself in the other without giving scandal or offence. In private life, and to all who had any dependence upon him, he was kind and indulgent; he was generous without ostentation, and an economist without penuriousness; not insolent in success, nor irresolute in distress; faithful to his friends, and not inveterate to his foes."

Walpole's neglect to win over to his side, and attach to himself by encouragement and high appointments, the best of the rising young statesmen of George the Second's reign, contributed much to his downfall. His old friends and coadjutors died off, and he would brook no new rival. He stood too much alone,—the mark for the attacks of every ancient enemy and every Jacobite, and also of all the new aspirants to political power and honour, each of whom looked on Walpole as a monopoliser, whom he must get rid of, in order to have any chance of the great prizes. Walpole's resistance was heroic; but his strength gradually grew less, while the animosity and the throng of his opponents daily increased. Probably the mere fact of his having been so long minister told against him. Men got tired of hearing him called Prime Minister for twenty years running. He gave way, against his better judgment, to the popular clamour for a Spanish war; and soon experienced the truth, that the statesman who makes a concession to popular clamour in order to preserve place for the moment, is as short-sighted in his policy, as the prince of a city who gives his treasures to an invader in order to buy a reprieve from an immediate assault.

On the 15th of February, 1741, Sandys prefaced with a long and plausible speech a motion for an address to remove the minister. All the power of both sides was employed in the debate, in which Walpole made a most powerful and effective reply to his multitudinous assailants. He spoke last in the debate; and though the reports which we possess of his speech are meagre and incom-

plete, they show that Walpole could put forth when he pleased, eloquence and sarcasm of no ordinary power, besides employing the most consummate skill in choosing and arranging his topics. "He observed that the parties combined against him might be divided into three classes—the Tories,—the disaffected Whigs, calling themselves patriots,—and the *boys*. To the first class Walpole's tone was mild and most conciliatory, but it became stern when he fell upon the discontented Whigs. 'These patriots,' he exclaimed, 'are such from discontent and disappointment, who would change the ministry that themselves might exclusively succeed. They have laboured at this point for twenty years, and unsuccessfully; they are impatient of longer delay. They clamour for change of measures, but mean only change of ministers. In party-contests why should not both sides be equally steady? Does not a Whig administration as well deserve the support of the Whigs as the contrary? Why is not principle the cement in one as well as the other, especially when they confess that all is levelled against one man? Why this one man? Because they think, vainly, nobody else could withstand them. All others are treated as tools and vassals. The one is the corrupter, the numbers corrupted. But whence this cry of corruption and exclusive claim of honourable distinction? Compare the estates, character, and fortunes of the Commons on one side with those on the other. Let the matter be fairly investigated; survey and examine the individuals who usually support the measures of government and those who are in opposition. Let us see to whose side the balance preponderates. Look round both houses, and see to which side the balance of virtue and talent preponderates. Are all these on one side, and not on the other? Or are all these to be counterbalanced by an affected claim to the exclusive title of patriotism? Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism,—a venerable word when duly practised: but I am sorry to say that, of late, it has been so much hackneyed about that it is in danger of falling into disgrace; the very idea of true patriotism is lost, and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot, sir! why, patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot! I have never been afraid of making patriots, but I disclaim and despise all their

efforts. But this pretended virtue proceeds from personal malice and from disappointed ambition. There is not a man amongst them whose particular aim I am not able to ascertain, and from what motive they have entered into the lists of opposition.' Proceeding to consider the articles of accusation which they had brought against him, and which they had not thought fit to reduce to specific charges, he spoke of foreign affairs first, and complained of the way in which they had managed the question, by blending numerous treaties and complicated negotiations into one general mass by stigmatising the whole diplomacy of Europe for thirty years past, and making him accountable for all its shiftings and changings, and all its mischiefs and errors. 'To form a fair and candid judgment,' said he, 'it becomes necessary not to consider the treaties merely insulated; but to advert to the time in which they were made,—to the circumstances and situation of Europe when they were made,—to the peculiar situation in which I stand,—and to the power which I possessed. I am called, repeatedly and insidiously, prime and sole minister. Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that I am prime and sole minister in this country, am I, therefore, prime and sole minister of all Europe? Am I answerable for the conduct of other countries as well as for that of my own? Many words are not wanting to show that the particular views of each Court occasioned the dangers which affected the public tranquillity, yet the whole is charged to my account. Nor is this sufficient; whatever was the conduct of England, I am equally arraigned. If we maintained ourselves in peace, and took no share in foreign transactions, we are reproached for tameness and pusillanimity. If, on the contrary, we interfered in the disputes, we are called Don Quixotes and dupes to all the world. If we contracted guarantees, it was asked, why is the nation wantonly burthened? If guarantees were declined, we were reproached with having no allies.'"

After analysing the charges against his foreign policy, Walpole replied to Shippen's charges against his administration of the sinking fund; and he showed that, within the last sixteen or seventeen years, no less than eight millions of the national debt had been actually discharged by the new application of that fund, and that at least seven millions had been taken from that fund and applied to the relief of the agricultural interest by the diminution of the land-tax. As to the South Sea scheme, it was no project of

his; and he asked whether he had not been called on by the voice of the King and the unanimous voice of the nation to remedy the fatal effects produced by it. He proceeded with these queries:—"Was I not placed at the head of the Treasury when the revenues were in the greatest confusion? Is credit revived? Does it not now flourish? Is it not at an incredible height? and, if so, to whom must that circumstance be attributed? Has not tranquillity been preserved at home, notwithstanding a most unreasonable and violent opposition? Has not trade flourished?" As to the conduct of the war, he said, "As I am neither admiral nor general, as I have nothing to do with either our navy or army, I am sure I am not answerable for the prosecution of it. But, were I to answer for everything, no fault could, I think, be found with my conduct in the prosecution of this war. . . . . If our attacks upon the enemy were too long delayed, or if they have not been so vigorous or so frequent as they ought to have been, those only are to blame who have for so many years been haranguing against standing armies; for without a sufficient number of regular troops in proportion to the numbers kept up by our neighbours, I am sure we can neither defend ourselves nor offend our enemies." In concluding his eloquent defence, he said,—"What have been the effects of the corruption, ambition, and avarice with which I am so abundantly charged? Have I ever been suspected of being corrupted? A strange phenomenon; a corrupter himself not corrupt! Is ambition imputed to me? Why, then, do I still continue a commoner? I, who refused a white staff and a peerage. I had, indeed, like to have forgotten the little ornament about my shoulders (the ribbon of the Order of the Garter) which gentlemen have so repeatedly mentioned in terms of sarcastic obloquy. But, surely, though this may be regarded with envy or indignation in another place, it cannot be supposed to raise any resentment in this house, where many may be pleased to see those honours which their ancestors have worn restored again to the Commons. Have I given any symptoms of an avaricious disposition? Have I obtained any grants from the Crown since I have been placed at the head of the Treasury? Has my conduct been different from that which others in the same station would have followed? Have I acted wrong in giving the place of auditor to my son, and in providing for my own family? I trust that their advancement will not be

imputed to me as a crime, unless it shall be proved that I placed them in offices of trust and responsibility for which they were unfit. But while I unequivocally deny that I am sole and prime minister, and that to my influence and direction all the measures of government must be attributed, yet I will not shrink from the responsibility which attaches to the post I have the honour to hold; and should, during the long period in which I have sat upon this bench, any one step taken by government be proved to be either disgraceful or disadvantageous to the nation, I am ready to hold myself accountable. To conclude, sir, though I shall always be proud of the honour of any trust or confidence from his Majesty, yet I shall always be ready to remove from his councils and presence when he thinks fit; and therefore I should think myself very little concerned in the event of the present question, if it were not for the encroachment that will thereby be made upon the prerogatives of the Crown. But I must think that an address to his Majesty to remove one of his servants, without so much as alleging any particular crime against him, is one of the greatest encroachments that was ever made upon the prerogatives of the Crown; and therefore, for the sake of my master, without any regard for my own, I hope that all those that have a due regard for our constitution, and for the rights and prerogatives of the Crown, without which our constitution cannot be preserved, will be against this motion."

Walpole's majority against Sandys was decisive, but it was his last great victory. He himself told his intimate friends that he felt that his opponents must in the end prevail against him. As doubts began to prevail as to the stability of his power, the mean and the timorous among his adherents began to fly from him.

With all the influence of the Crown and of his own wealth, both of which he unhesitatingly used, the next elections were unfavourable. Questions as to controverted elections, which were then not of law but of party, were decided in favour of the opposition. On the 9th of February, 1742, he was created Earl of Orford, and on the 11th he resigned.

The attempt at prosecution for alleged corruption which was made against him came, as before mentioned, to an utter failure. Walpole retained his influence with the King to the last; and his advice was frequently sought by persons of the highest station. He did not long survive the loss of office. He died on the 18th of

March, 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, of one of the cruelest maladies to which the human frame is subject, and which he bore to the last with unexampled calmness and fortitude.

Lord Brougham, in his "Historical Sketches of Statesmen," thus concludes his admirably drawn character of this great minister:—"To hold up such men as Walpole in the face of the world as the model of a wise, a safe, an honest ruler, becomes the most sacred duty of the impartial historian; and as has been said of Cicero and of eloquence, by a great critic, that statesman may feel assured that he has made progress in the science to which his life is devoted who shall heartily admire the public character of Walpole."

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

It has been said[8] that Lord Bolingbroke's ambition was to be the modern Alcibiades,—to be at once pre-eminent for excess in every sensual pleasure, and for surpassing energy in ruling a nation's councils. This parallel between the youthful Bolingbroke and the son of Clinias in the earlier part of his career is a true one. It might have been added, that each loved to talk of, but not to practise philosophy; that each was a contemner of his country's creed; and that Bolingbroke's patriotism, like that of Alcibiades, was measured by the extent to which he thought his country's prosperity was likely to promote his own personal aggrandizement. To the high military renown of the Athenian, Bolingbroke can offer no counterpart; but, on the other hand, he was far his superior in eloquence, and in intellectual ascendancy over his contemporaries in a highly intellectual age.

Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke, was the son of Sir Henry St. John, Baronet, of the ancient family of that name. He was born at the family mansion at Battersea, in Surrey, in 1678. His mother died early; and, as he was the only son by his father's first marriage, he inherited a good estate in Wiltshire, which had been settled on his mother and her issue, and thus acquired an ample independent fortune early in life, though his father lived to an extreme old age.

Most unfortunately for Bolingbroke, his early childhood was passed in the house of his grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, and

[8] Lord Mahon's History, vol. i. p. 35.

under the care and tuition of a fanatically puritanical grandmother, and a still more fanatically puritanical Presbyterian preacher, Daniel Burgess. By their mistaken zeal little Henry St. John was daily drugged with the prolix formulas of dull devotion. "I was obliged," he says in part of his writings, "I was obliged, while yet a boy, to read over the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth Psalm." He in another passage says of this Nonconformist polemic, whose works were made the compulsory staple of his early studies, "Dr. Manton, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a high Churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more."

Unhappily the repulsive dogmas of Burgess, Manton, and his grandmother, did more than make Bolingbroke a non-Presbyterian. By a re-action, of which far too many instances might be cited, the quick and high-spirited boy through an injudicious cramming with the doctrines and ritual of a single sect conceived a prejudice against all revealed religion whatsoever. They, who teach children, should always remember that a clever child has a very keen eye for the ridiculous; and that the contempt which such a child acquires for the awkward or silly teacher, even of truth, is easily extended to the truth itself; which becomes thus associated in the pupil's mind with ludicrous or loathsome recollections of the unlucky preceptor, and is fancied to be folly because the child first heard it from a fool.

After having passed some years under this dreary domestic discipline, young St. John was sent to Eton. Here, as afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, the brilliancy of his genius commanded the admiration both of his fellow-students and his academic rulers. Irregular in everything, he never amassed such ample stores of sound learning as distinguished some of the scholars of his age. With the Greek classics his acquaintance was never more than superficial; but he was extensively and accurately conversant with the Latin writers, and he added to his classical accomplishments the unusual merit of a thorough knowledge of the best writers in his own and other modern languages. He devoted much time and thought to metaphysics—a study which he rightly thought absolutely essential to the man who seeks to make the minds of others acknowledge his own mind's dominion. He was well read in ancient and a consummate master of modern history. He had

ready invention, rich imagination, fluent diction, exquisite taste, shrewd wit, and an unrivalled power of artistic arrangement. Such were his talents; and he had also the energy and the fire which are the attributes of genius alone. Add to these endowments and acquisitions a person both elegant and commanding, an expressive and noble aspect, graceful gesture, and a voice of unrivalled modulation and power; add also the solid advantages, as well as the *prestige*, of high birth and ample fortune, and we may form some idea of the imposing manner in which young St. John made appearance in the political world of England.

He entered parliament in 1701 as member for Wootton Basset, a Wiltshire borough, that belonged to his family. He had already formed a friendship with Harley, who was the leader in the House of Commons of the Tory party, which was then beginning to make a successful stand in parliament against the Whigs. To him St. John now attached himself as his political chief, and came forward as a zealous champion against low Church and revolution principles.

Such were St. John's abilities and eloquence, that even before the end of his first session, and while he was yet in the twenty-third year of his age, he was reckoned one of the most active and efficient members of his party, and was the favourite speaker of the House. He continued to sit in the succeeding parliaments, and to co-operate with Harley. His influence and authority with the Commons continued to increase, and in 1704 he became a member of the Godolphin and Marlborough ministry, the important post of Secretary-at-war being intrusted to his hands; an office which he had the honour of holding during several of the most glorious years of the great war of the succession. His friend Harley was made Secretary of State about the same time.

While the dawn of Bolingbroke's political career was thus brilliant, his private life was deformed by the coarsest excesses. He had married in 1700 a lady with whom he received considerable property; but his open profligacy soon compelled her to separate herself from him. In a grossly immoral age he made himself notorious both among his countrymen and foreigners for the grossness of his immoralities. Such notoriety seemed indeed to be one of the first objects of his existence; and he lost no opportunity of blazoning his own disgraces.

Lord Chesterfield, who was his contemporary, in the elaborate character which he has drawn in one of his letters, while he

pays ample homage to the brilliancy of Bolingbroke's genius, says truly of him, that "he has been a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passion and of the weakness of the most exalted human reason. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterised not only his passions but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. Those passions were interrupted by a stronger—Ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character, but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation."

As is well known, the Marlborough and Godolphin ministry grew by degrees less and less Tory, and eventually became decidedly Whiggish. But Harley and St. John continued to act under it for some time after Rochester and other violent Tories had been removed. Marlborough was at this time personally attached to St. John. He discerned the high intellectual merits of the young orator, who, in return, did justice to the military genius of our first Great Duke. But St. John clung to his old connexion with Harley. He must have known, even if he did not prompt, the back-stair and bed-chamber intrigues by which Harley strove to supplant his own ministerial chiefs, and to rule Queen Anne through Mrs. Masham instead of Marlborough ruling her through his Duchess. Accordingly, in 1708, when the Whigs detected Harley's manœuvres and forced him to resign, St. John resigned also. For two years he was out of parliament,—a period which he employed in the most steady course of study that he ever followed, and a period which he always afterwards justly regarded as the most serviceable to himself of his whole life.

In 1710, when the victory of Abigail over Sarah at Queen Anne's toilet had outweighed all Marlborough's victories in the field, and when Sacheverell's trial had made the Whigs generally unpopular with the squirearchy and populace, St. John shared in Harley's triumphant return to power. He was made Secretary of State, with the supreme direction of foreign affairs; and, as the conclusion of peace with France was the first object of Harley's ministry, St. John held the most arduous and important post in the new cabinet.

Some years afterwards, in his celebrated letter to Sir William Wyndham, Bolingbroke gave a very frank account of the principles on which he and Harley acted. He says, "I am afraid that

we came to Court in the same dispositions as all parties have done; that the principal spring of our actions was to have the government of the State in our hands; that our principal views were the conservation of this power, great employments to ourselves, and great opportunities of rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us. It is, however, true, that with these considerations of private and party interest there were others intermingled, which had for their object the public good of the nation, at least what we took to be such."

When a statesman thus openly avows that he made his country's interests secondary to his own, it is idle to discuss his title to the character of a patriot, and difficult to discern his right to be treated as an honest man.

Bolingbroke, however, was not always thus candid; and a large portion of his writings is devoted to the task of proving that the treaty of Utrecht, by which he terminated the war of the succession, was both honourable and advantageous for England. There are many arguments which deserve fair attention on either side of the question, whether the true interests of this nation required a further prosecution of the war, which had originally been commenced by the grand alliance of Austria, England, and Holland, for the purpose of preserving the liberties of Europe, and reducing the exorbitant power of France. Such had been declared by the allies to be the leading principle of their confederacy; the immediate object for which they commenced hostilities, being to prevent the grandson of King Louis of France from reigning as King Philip of Spain. The victories of Marlborough had so broken the power of France, that it would have been idle to think Europe any longer in danger from French arms in 1710. But Philip of Anjou kept possession of the Spanish sceptre which he had grasped; and Bolingbroke, by the treaty of Utrecht, secured it to a Bourbon dynasty. The arguments for and against this celebrated treaty are admirably summed up by Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England." He and most politicians of recent times decide against Bolingbroke on this point. But even if there be any doubt whether it was impolitic in the English ministry to conclude such a treaty as that of Utrecht, there never has been, and never can be, any doubt as to the baseness of the means by which that treaty was effected. In direct breach of the

article of the confederacy by which the allies bound themselves to each other to enter into no separate negotiations with the common enemy, England made a clandestine treaty with France in the midst of actual hostilities: the English troops acted, or rather abstained from action, in accordance with secret instructions from the French General; we left our allies to be attacked and defeated by the French army, to which our desertion had made them suddenly and hopelessly inferior; we even seized on the towns of our own confederates, and, after having for a while loudly denied the existence of any private compact between ourselves and the French, we openly and unblushingly avowed it, and did all we could to force our allies to submit to similar terms of accommodation with the House of Bourbon.

Bolingbroke was the great actor in all these scenes, though Harley was the nominal head of the ministry. Bolingbroke always assumed the credit, as he chose to call it, of the negotiations; and I will quote some of the passages in his letter to Sir W. Wyndham respecting them. The character which he draws of Harley, Lord Oxford, is no less just than severe. The value of his praises of himself can be easily estimated. These quotations may also serve as specimens of the venomous grace with which Bolingbroke could speak and write:—

"A principal load of parliamentary and foreign affairs in their ordinary course lay upon me; the whole negotiation of the peace, and of the troublesome invidious steps preliminary to it, as far as they could be transacted at home, were thrown upon me. I continued in the House of Commons during that important session which preceded the peace, and which, by the spirit shown through the whole course of it, and by the resolutions taken in it, rendered the conclusion of the treaties practicable. After this, I was dragged into the House of Lords in such a manner as to make my promotion a punishment, not a reward, and was there left to defend the treaties almost alone.

"It would not have been hard to have forced the Earl of Oxford to use me better. His good intentions began to be very much doubted of; the truth is, no opinion of his sincerity had ever taken root in the party; and which was worse, perhaps, for a man in his station, the opinion of his capacity began to fall apace. He was so hard-pushed in the House of Lords in the beginning of 1712, that he had been forced, in the middle of the session,

to persuade the Queen to make a promotion of twelve Peers at once, which was an unprecedented and invidious measure, to be excused by nothing but the necessity, and hardly by that. In the House of Commons his credit was low, and my reputation very high. You know the nature of that assembly: they grow, like hounds, fond of the man who shows them game, and by whose halloo they are used to be encouraged. The thread of the negotiations, which could not stand still a moment without going back, was in my hands; and before another man could have made himself master of the business, much time would have been lost, and great inconveniences would have followed. Some, who opposed the Court soon after, began to waver then; and if I had not wanted the inclination, I should have wanted no help to do mischief. I knew the way of quitting my employments and of retiring from Court when the service of my party required it; but I could not bring myself up to that resolution, when the consequence of it must have been the breaking my party, and the distress of the public affairs. I thought my mistress treated me ill, but the sense of that duty which I owed her came in aid of other considerations, and prevailed over my resentment. These sentiments, indeed, are so much out of fashion, that a man who avows them is in danger of passing for a bubble in the world: yet they were, in the conjuncture I speak of, the true motives of my conduct, and you saw me go on as cheerfully in the troublesome and dangerous work assigned me, as if I had been under the utmost satisfaction. I began, indeed, in my heart, to renounce the friendship, which till that time I had preserved inviolable for Oxford. I was not aware of all his treachery, nor of the base and little means which he employed then, and continued to employ afterwards, to ruin me in the opinion of the Queen and everywhere else. I saw, however, that he had no friendship for anybody, and that with respect to me, instead of having the ability to render that merit which I endeavoured to acquire an addition of strength to himself, it became the object of his jealousy, and a reason for undermining me. In this temper of mind I went on, till the great work of the peace was consummated, and the treaty signed at Utrecht, after which a new and more melancholy scene for the party, as well as for me, opened itself.

"Instead of gathering strength, either as a ministry or as a party, we grew weaker every day. The peace had been judged,

with reason, to be the only solid foundation whereupon we could erect a Tory system; and yet, when it was made, we found ourselves at a full stand. *Nay the very work, which ought to have been the basis of our strength, was in part demolished before our eyes, and we were stoned with the ruins of it.* Whilst this was doing, Oxford looked on, as if he had not been a party to all which had passed; broke now and then a jest, which savoured of the inns of court and the bad company in which he had been bred; and on those occasions, where his station obliged him to speak of business, was absolutely unintelligible.

"Whether this man ever had any determined view besides that of raising his family, is, I believe, a problematical question in the world. My opinion is, that he never had any other. The conduct of a minister who proposes to himself a great and noble object, and who pursues it steadily, may seem for a while a riddle to the world, especially in a government like ours, where numbers of men, different in their characters and different in their interests, are at all times to be managed; where public affairs are exposed to more accidents and greater hazards than in other countries; and where, by consequence, he who is at the head of business will find himself often distracted by measures which have no relation to his purpose, and obliged to bend himself to things which are in some degree contrary to his main design. The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our government; and the pilot and the minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their port by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. But as the work advances, the conduct of him who leads it on with real abilities clears up, the appearing inconsistencies are reconciled, and when it is once consummated, the whole shows itself so uniform, so plain, and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think he could have done the same. But, on the other hand, a man who proposes no such object, who substitutes artifice in the place of ability, who, instead of leading parties and governing accidents, is eternally agitated backwards and forwards by both, who begins every day something new, and carries nothing on to perfection, may impose awhile on the world; but a little sooner or a little later the mystery will be revealed, and nothing will be found to be couched under it but a thread of pitiful expedients, the ultimate end of which never extended further than living from

day to day. Which of these pictures resembles Oxford most, you will determine.

"He is naturally inclined to believe the worst, which I take to be a certain mark of a mean spirit and a wicked soul; at least I am sure that the contrary quality, when it is not due to weakness of understanding, is the fruit of a generous temper and an honest heart. Prone to judge ill of all mankind, he will rarely be seduced by his credulity; but I never knew a man so capable of being the bubble of his distrust and jealousy. He was so in this case, although the Queen, who could not be ignorant of the truth, said enough to undeceive him. But to be undeceived, and to own himself so, was not his play. He hoped by cunning to varnish over his want of faith and of ability. He was desirous to make the world impute the extraordinary part, or, to speak more properly, the no part, which he acted with the staff of Treasurer in his hand, to the Queen's withdrawing her favour from him, and to his friends abandoning him; pretences utterly groundless, when he first made them, and which he brought to be real at last."

The advancement to the peerage, which is alluded to in this passage, took place in 1712, when Mr. St. John was created Baron St. John, and Viscount Bolingbroke. The last is the name by which he is generally known, and which I have employed by anticipation in speaking of the antecedent part of his career. Harley had made himself Earl of Oxford, soon after the commencement of his ministry.

The preceding extracts show how bitter a hatred had sprung up between these two once fast friends. Swift, their common friend, in vain tried to reconcile them. Besides the procrastinating, vacillating paltriness which was inherent in Harley's spirit, and his mean selfishness in grasping at everything while fit to wield nothing, there was another cause of difference between him and Bolingbroke, more creditable to the Premier. There cannot be any doubt of Bolingbroke having resolved during their ministry to take effectual measures for bringing in the Pretender and setting aside the House of Hanover immediately on Queen Anne's death. Impudently as he and Swift have denied this in their writings, it has been decisively proved by the publication of the memoirs of Marshal Berwick, whom Bolingbroke admits to have been his agent for communications with France. Harley dabbled in negotiations with the Pretender, but held back from the bold

measures which Bolingbroke proposed for insuring a counter-revolution at the Queen's death. This may have been partly owing to Harley's natural irresolution, but it is but justice to believe that he was unwilling utterly to betray the good old cause of civil and religious liberty for which his father and himself had taken up arms in 1688, and that he recoiled from destroying the Protestant settlement which he himself had helped to establish in 1701. Bolingbroke had no such scruples. He knew that his conduct in the Utrecht negotiations, his active share in all the intolerant measures which had been taken against the English Nonconformists, and his recognised position as the parliamentary champion of the highest of high Tories, must have made him an object of mistrust with the Hanoverian family, with whom his enemies the Whigs were in proportionate favour. He had therefore nothing to hope for himself from the House of Brunswick, while he might fairly expect to be the all-powerful minister of the heir of the Stuarts, could he seat that personage on the English throne as King James the Third. As for the enthusiastic, though misplaced, loyalty of the nobler spirits among the Jacobites towards the exiled descendants of their ancient monarchs, Bolingbroke neither felt nor did he ever pretend to feel it. He laughed to scorn the old doctrines of divine right and indefeasible allegiance. He must also have thus early ascertained, through his abundant opportunities of inquiring, the utterly contemptible personal character of the Pretender, such as he afterwards himself described it in some of the most bitter and powerful passages of his many bitter and powerful writings.[9] Bolingbroke cared nothing for all this, but looked coolly and steadily to what would be best for himself. He saw that his personal interest would be promoted by bringing in the Pretender, and to bring in the Pretender he accordingly resolved, making his country as usual a subject of secondary consideration. After a long series of bickerings he succeeded in displacing Harley by the same influence through which Harley had displaced Marlborough. Bolingbroke won over Lady Masham, Lady Masham ruled Queen Anne, and on the 27th of July 1714, her Majesty dismissed the Lord High Treasurer from all his employments; and all the power of the State, with full authority to call whom he pleased to act under him as ministers, was committed to the triumphant Bolingbroke.

[9] Letter to Sir W. Wyndham, pp. 90, 105.

It was known that Queen Anne could not live long, and the success at her death of all Bolingbroke's schemes seemed secure. Much had already been done towards remodelling the army by displacing the best of Marlborough's officers; and many of the strongest sea-ports had already been entrusted to Jacobite authorities. Bolingbroke, after ineffectually trying to cajole some of the leading Whigs, drew up the scheme of a ministry of thorough-going Jacobites. He had an interview with Gaultrier the Pretender's agent, in which he assured him of his continuing zeal *for the King*.

Had three months, had even three weeks, been allowed him, it is certain that he would have so matured his arrangements, as to have made the Pretender's enthronement, or a civil war, or both, inevitable. Providentially not three days of power were permitted him to misspend. Harley was dismissed on the 27th of July, and on the 30th the Queen was seized with an apoplectic fit, and her recovery was pronounced to be hopeless. The leading Whigs, especially the Dukes of Argyll and Somerset, acted with energy at this crisis. So rapid had been the succession of events, that Bolingbroke and his confederates had not yet been formally enrolled in office. Argyll and Somerset appeared unbidden at the council board. The Duke of Shrewsbury deserted Bolingbroke, to co-operate with them. They proceeded to the bedside of the dying Queen, and a gesture from the royal sufferer was construed into an assent to their proposal that Shrewsbury should at once be appointed Lord High Treasurer. Before evening the Whigs were in power, and the image of authority with which Bolingbroke had delighted himself for forty-eight hours had utterly vanished. On the next day the Queen died, and King George the First was proclaimed King of England, as peaceably as if Queen Sophia Guelph, and not Queen Anne Stuart, lay dead in Kensington Palace.

Bolingbroke lingered in England for a short time after the proclamation of King George the First. On the arrival of the new monarch, Bolingbroke requested permission to kiss his hand, and sent most humble assurances of his obedience; but his request was refused; and it was resolved to impeach him of high treason. Instead of staying to meet the charge, he fled in disguise to France, "in consequence," says he, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne, "of having received certain and repeated information from some who are in the secret of affairs, that a resolution was taken by those

who had power to execute it, to pursue me to the scaffold." In other parts of his writings, he says, that in order to defend himself he must have co-operated with Harley (then under a similar accusation), and that he "abhorred Harley to that degree, that he could not bear to be joined with him in any case!"

Immediately on his flight being known, a bill of attainder was brought in against him by his ancient schoolfellow, Walpole; and so general was the impression of his guilt, that only two members —both of whom were rank Jacobites—ventured to utter a word in the fugitive's defence. The Bill passed through the Upper House; and, as if to justify it, Bolingbroke, with, as he says, the smart of attainder tingling in his veins, accepted the office of secretary in the mock court of the Pretender. But he soon discovered the folly of the step he had taken. In his letter to Sir William Wyndham, he has humorously but bitterly depicted the contemptible character of the sham King James the Third, the madness of his followers, and the hopelessness of their projects. Bolingbroke was relieved from the false position in which he had placed himself, by an insolent and unmerited dismissal, with which he was favoured by that personage, who even put forth the "brutum fulmen" of an impeachment against him, as a traitor to the House of Stuart.

Thus proscribed by both parties, Bolingbroke eagerly sought to rid himself of the attainder which had been passed against him in England. In this he was materially aided by his second wife, whom he had married in Paris during his exile. This lady employed her wealth in bribing the Duchess of Kendal, one of King George's favourites, and permission was given for Bolingbroke's return to his country. As soon as he arrived in England, he used all his arts and energy to obtain the reversal of his attainder, not scrupling to humble himself to degradation before his enemy Walpole, that he might accomplish his object; and his efforts were so far successful, that in two years after his return from banishment, his family estate was restored to him, and he was allowed to possess any other estate in the kingdom which he might think proper to purchase. But Walpole never would consent to Bolingbroke's resuming his seat in the House of Peers. He restored him to every thing else, but cautiously shut the doors of parliament against him. This caution is, as Walpole's own son remarked, the fullest homage to Bolingbroke's eloquence, and

shows how formidable must have been his talents as a Parliamentary chief of party.

Bolingbroke purchased a seat of Lord Tankerville's, at Dawley, near Uxbridge in Middlesex, and here he devoted himself to farming for a short time. He maintained a constant correspondence with Swift, now banished, as he himself said, to Ireland, and Pope resided within a short distance; so that he was not wholly deprived of the society of eminent men. In writing to Swift about this period, he says, "I am on my own farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots; I have caught hold of the earth, to use a gardener's phrase, and neither my friends nor my enemies will find it an easy matter to transplant me again." But he could not endure rustication long. He soon returned keener than ever to the strife of party, though debarred from entering the great arena of conflicting statesmen, and shining forth as the Achilles of the eloquent war.

Finding that there was no hope of his being restored to his station so long as Walpole held the reins of power, and heedless of the gratitude which he had again and again professed to that statesman, he leagued himself with the Tory party, and with the discontented Whigs who clung to Pulteney. All the tactics of the Opposition were directed by Bolingbroke, and he was the animating spirit of every open assault, and every dark and wily manœuvre, with which the great minister was assailed. But the Press was Bolingbroke's great engine. He had previously, while Queen Anne's minister, shown a sagacity far in advance of his age, by appreciating and employing the Press, as a systematic organ for raising Public Opinion in his own favour, and crushing his adversaries beneath it. He now commenced a weekly political paper called "The Craftsman," of which he was himself projector, manager, and chief writer; and by means of this journal and other periodicals he circulated throughout the country series after series of fierce invectives and skilful insinuations against Walpole, in which it is difficult to say whether malice or genius is the most conspicuous.

Walpole at last fell, but Bolingbroke did not rise. The House of Peers was still shut against him, and the rest of his life was passed partly in France, and partly in retirement at his family mansion at Battersea, where he died in 1751. He had continued during the last years of his life to publish political and literary

treatises; and it was chiefly at this period that he compiled those writings on religious subjects which by his orders his legatee and executor, David Mallet, published after his death. Johnson's sarcasm on this is well known: he said that "Bolingbroke having loaded a blunderbuss against Christianity, had not the courage to fire it off, but left a hungry Scotchman half-a-crown to pull the trigger after his death." Johnson might have added, that the loading was with blank cartridge; as Bolingbroke's theological writings are by universal confession shallow, inaccurate, and illogical. Pope truly said of him, on hearing that he was writing on such subjects, "If ever Bolingbroke trifles, it must be when he turns divine."

Comment on Bolingbroke's pretensions to patriotism or to honest worth is surely unnecessary after tracing his conduct and career. But on turning from the consideration of Lord Bolingbroke himself to the consideration of his writings, contempt is instantly exchanged for boundless admiration. I unhesitatingly place him at the head of all the prose writers in our language. Hooker, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and others of our old authors may have finer bursts of sublimity and pathos in their most poetic prose; but these are 'purpurei panni,' to be sought for among heaps of rugged sentences, harsh metaphors, and grotesque conceits. Bolingbroke never thus shocks the taste, while for page after page he charms us with the fertility of his imagination and the varied richness of his majestic mind. He is clear and nervous as Swift, without Swift's plebeian meagreness of style. He has Addison's elegance without his tameness. He has Johnson's sententious grandeur without his pomposity. He has sarcasm as stern as that of Junius, but he has also descriptive powers; he has a skill of varying his tone and manner; he has a graceful facility and judgment in the introduction of passages of repose, such as that celebrated railer never displays. Above all, Bolingbroke's writings have the charm of never wearing the appearance of effort. There are no traces in them of getting up the steam. His intellectual strength is like the strength of the living body, ever present, and ever ready for free and unartificial exertion. So too of his diction: his contemporary, Lord Chesterfield, confessed that till he read Lord Bolingbroke's writings, he did not know all the extent and powers of the English language; and that Lord Bolingbroke's eloquence was not a studied or laboured eloquence,

but a flowing happiness of expression. Lord Mahon truly says that "The greatest praise of Bolingbroke's style is to be found in the fact, that it was the study and the model of the two greatest minds of the succeeding generations—Mr. Burke and Mr. Pitt. The former, as is well known, had so closely imbued himself with it, that his first publication was a most injurious, and, to many persons, most deceptive imitation of its manner. To Mr. Pitt it was recommended by the example and advice of his illustrious father, who, in one of his letters, observes of Oldcastle's Remarks, that they 'should be studied, and almost got by heart, for the inimitable beauty of the style.' Mr. Pitt, accordingly, early read and often recurred to these political writings; and he has several times stated in conversation to the present Lord Stanhope, that there was scarcely any loss in literature which he so deeply deplored, as that no adequate record of Bolingbroke's speeches should remain. What glory to Bolingbroke, if we are to judge of the master by his pupils!"

Lord Brougham has eulogised Bolingbroke's style in terms equally strong. I would advise any reader who wishes to satisfy himself as to the true position of Bolingbroke as a writer, to consider, first, what are the two great elements of our language; and whether excellence in writing English must not consist in combining and judiciously employing the peculiar beauties and resources of each of these elements. Then, read Bolingbroke's first work—his letter to Sir William Wyndham—and ask yourself whether you would wish to have a more complete or a more graceful specimen, either of the simple pure strength of the Anglo-Saxon, or of the dignified copiousness of the Latin part of our language.

I have already quoted a very fine passage from this letter; I will add a few more from it, and from other parts of Bolingbroke's works, which will show the variety as well as the extent of his powers.

Bolingbroke is speaking of the Pretender's Court:

"Here I found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eyes: no subordination, no order, no concert. Persons, concerned in the management of these affairs upon former occasions, have assured me this is always the case. It might be so to some degree; but I believe never so much as now. The Jacobites had wrought one another

up to look on the success of the present designs as infallible. Every meeting-house which the populace demolished, every little drunken riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine expectations: and there was hardly one amongst them who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the Restoration, which he took it for granted would be brought about without him in a very few weeks.

"Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. Those who could write and read had letters to show, and those who had not arrived to this pitch of erudition had their secrets to whisper. No sex was excluded from this ministry. Fanny Oglethorp, whom you must have seen in England, kept her corner in it, and Oliver Trant was the great wheel of our machine."

The writers in support of Walpole:—

"The reasons I have given for mentioning these writers ought to excuse me for it, at least to you; and even to you I shall say very little more about them. The flowers they gather at Billingsgate, to adorn and entwine their productions, shall be passed over by me without any reflection. They assume the privilege of watermen and oyster-women. Let them enjoy it in that good company, and exclusively of all other persons. They cause no scandal; they give no offence; they raise no sentiment but contempt in the breasts of those they attack; and it is to be hoped, for the honour of those whom they would be thought to defend, that they raise, by this low and dirty practice, no other sentiment in them. But there is another part of their proceeding, which may be attributed by malicious people to you, and which deserves for that reason alone some place in this dedication, as it might be some motive to the writing of it. When such authors grow scurrilous, it would be highly unjust to impute their scurrility to any prompter; because they have in themselves all that is necessary to constitute a scold,—ill manners, impudence, a foul mouth, and a fouler heart. But when they menace, they rise a note higher. They cannot do this in their own names. Men may be apt to conclude, therefore, that they do in the name, as they affect to do it on the behalf, of the person, in whose cause they desire to be thought retained."

Importance of early historical education:—

"The temper of the mind is formed, and a certain turn given to our ways of thinking; in a word, the seeds of that moral

character, which cannot wholly alter the character, but may correct the evil and improve the good that is in it, or do the very contrary, are sown betimes, and much sooner than is commonly supposed. It is equally certain, that we shall gather or not gather experience, be the better or worse for this experience, when we come into the world and mingle amongst mankind, according to the temper of mind and the turn of thought that we have acquired beforehand, and bring along with us. They will tincture all our future acquisitions; so that the very same experience, which secures the judgment of one man, or excites him to virtue, shall lead another into error, or plunge him into vice. From hence it follows, that the study of history has in this respect a double advantage. If experience alone can make us perfect in our parts, experience cannot begin to teach them till we are actually on the stage: whereas, by a previous application to this study, we con them over at least, before we appear there: we are not quite unprepared; we learn our parts sooner; and we learn them better."

I have quoted more largely from Bolingbroke than I otherwise should have done, on account of the general neglect with which his works are now treated. It is indeed neither to be wondered at nor to be lamented, that, taking them as a whole, they are now seldom read. Their subject-matter causes this. Generally speaking, when Bolingbroke is not irreligious, he is unfairly attacking Walpole, or dishonestly defending the peace of Utrecht. But as rhetorical exercises, his works are invaluable; and, to adopt again the remark of Lord Chesterfield, "the Englishman who is wholly unacquainted with Bolingbroke, is very imperfectly acquainted with the power and beauty of his own language." (*Life by Mallet, prefixed to his Works. — Lord Mahon's History. — Knight's Cyclopædia.*)

SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

This eminent leader of a powerful parliamentary party against Sir Robert Walpole, was descended from an ancient Norfolk family, which possessed the lands of Wymondham in that county from a very early period. He was the grandson of Sir William Wyndham, on whom Charles the Second conferred a baronetcy. He was born in 1687; he received his education at Eton, and at

Christ-church, Oxford. On leaving the university he spent some years in travelling abroad. Soon after his return to England he was chosen knight of the shire for Somerset, and sat as such in the three last parliaments of Queen Anne, and in all the subsequent parliaments, until his death. Bolingbroke's friendship procured for him, in 1710, the post of Secretary-at-War. In 1713 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Wyndham was an ardent and an almost undisguised Jacobite; and entered accordingly into all Bolingbroke's schemes to keep out the Hanoverian dynasty. But there is this wide difference between the two statesmen, that Wyndham, however mistaken, was sincere in the line of politics which he adopted.

Lord Bolingbroke's influence over Wyndham was discreditably manifested in the resemblance between the two friends as to irregularity in morals, and want of religious principle. It was, however, only in Sir William's earlier years that the latter weakness was exhibited by him. As he grew older he grew wiser. Lord Mahon says—"In early life Wyndham was guilty of a failing which reason and reflection afterwards corrected, he thought and spoke with levity on sacred subjects. One instance of this kind I am inclined to mention, on account of the admirable answer which he received from Bishop Atterbury; an answer not easily to be matched, as a most ready and forcible, yet mild and polished reproof. In 1715 they were dining with a party at the Duke of Ormond's, at Richmond. The conversation turning on prayers, Wyndham said, that the shortest prayer he had ever heard of was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim:—'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!' This story was followed by a general laugh. But the Bishop of Rochester, then first joining in the conversation, and addressing himself to Wyndham, said, with his usual grace and gentleness of manner, 'Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short, but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances: "O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do thou not forget me!"'—The whole company sat silent and abashed."

This anecdote, as Lord Mahon mentions, is found in the writings of Dr. King, who was himself one of the party.

On the accession of King George the First, Wyndham kept his place in parliament, and strenuously defended his old friends

and colleagues on their impeachment. On the breaking out of Mar's rebellion in 1715, Sir William was apprehended and sent to the Tower, but he was afterwards set at liberty without a trial. After this period he still pursued his career of opposition to the Whig ministers and was the acknowledged head of the high Tory party. He died in 1740, being then only fifty-three years old; and for nearly half that period he had been a leading member of the House of Commons. We possess no specimens of Wyndham's oratory sufficient to enable us to form a sure estimate of it: but we may be at least certain that he, who was for years classed with Pulteney as "the two Consuls of the Opposition," and who was recognised by Walpole as a formidable antagonist, must have been gifted with considerable powers of eloquence, and must have acquired no mean skill as a debater. "In my opinion," says Speaker Onslow, "Sir William Wyndham was the most made for a great man of any one that I have known in this age. Every thing about him seemed great. There was no inconsistency in his composition; all the parts of his character suited and helped one another." (*Cunningham's Biography.—Lord Mahon's History of England*, vol. iii.)

LORD TOWNSHEND.

Charles Viscount Townshend, the eldest son of Horatio, first Viscount Townshend, was born on the 10th of March, 1674. He was at Eton with the Walpoles and other Etonians of celebrity in after-life, as already mentioned in preceding memoirs. He took his seat in the House of Peers on attaining his majority, and became successively Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Norfolk,—a Commissioner for treating of an Union with Scotland,—Captain Yeoman of Queen Anne's Guard,—a Privy Councillor,—and one of the plenipotentiaries for negotiating a peace with France in 1709. His colleague on this occasion was the Duke of Marlborough. Townshend remained at the Hague as English Ambassador to the States-General; and, by the recommendation of several of the leading men in Holland, he became favourably known by the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George the First.

On his return home, after the expulsion of the Whigs from office by Harley, Mrs. Masham, and Bolingbroke, Townshend continued

firm to the Whig cause, and, by a marriage with Sir Robert Walpole's sister, made still closer the friendship already subsisting between them as old schoolfellows and county neighbours.

On the accession of George the First, whose confidence Townshend had previously obtained, he was nominated one of the Lords Justices to whom the government was confided until the King's arrival. On the 14th of September, 1714, he was made Chief Secretary of State, and took the lead in administration until the latter end of 1716, when, in consequence of differences as to the King's Hanoverian policy, he resigned his seals of office. He was, however, soon restored to power. In June, 1720, he became President of the Council, and was appointed one of the Lords Justices during the King's visit to Hanover. Shortly afterwards he resumed his office of Chief Secretary of State, and in May, 1723, accompanied George the First to his Electorate.

The death of Stanhope and the disgrace of Sunderland at length left Townshend and his brother-in-law, Walpole, without any formidable competitors, and their political supremacy was for some time untroubled. In July, 1724, Townshend was made a Knight of the Garter. In 1727 he again accompanied George the First to the Continent, and was present at that monarch's decease.

He continued in office after the accession of George the Second, until May 1730, when a violent personal quarrel occurred between him and Walpole, which ended in Townshend's resignation. Lord Mahon says of him, "He left office with a most unblemished character, and, what is still more uncommon, a most patriotic moderation. Had he gone into opposition, or even steered a neutral course, he must have caused great embarrassment and difficulty to his triumphant rival; but he must thereby also have thwarted a policy of which he approved, and hindered measures which he wished to see adopted. In spite, therefore, of the most flattering advances from the Opposition, who were prepared to receive him with open arms, he nobly resolved to retire altogether from public life. He withdrew to his paternal seat at Rainham, where he passed the eight remaining years of his life in well-earned leisure or in agricultural improvements. It is to him that England, and more especially his native county of Norfolk, owes the introduction and cultivation of the turnip from Germany. He resisted all solicitations to re-enter public life, nor would even consent to visit London. Once, when Chesterfield had embarked in full opposition

to Walpole, he went to Bainham, on purpose to use his influence as an intimate friend, and persuade the fallen minister to attend an important question in the House of Lords. 'I have irrevocably determined,' Townshend answered, 'no more to engage in politics. I recollect that Lord Cowper, though a staunch Whig, was betrayed by personal pique and party-resentment to throw himself into the arms of the Tories, and even to support principles which tended to serve the Jacobites. I know that I am extremely warm, and I am apprehensive that, if I should attend the House of Lords, I may be hurried away by my temper and my personal animosities to adopt a line of conduct which in my cooler moments I may regret.' Whatever may be thought of Lord Cowper's conduct, the highest praise is certainly due to Townshend's, and he deserves to be celebrated in history as one of the very few who, after tasting high power, and when stirred by sharp provocation, have cherished their principles more than their resentments, and rather chosen themselves to fall into obscurity than the public affairs into confusion. Let him who undervalues this praise compute whether he can find many to deserve it!"

Horace Walpole, brother of the great minister, was educated on the foundation, and went to King's in 1698. In 1706 he accompanied General Stanhope to Barcelona, as private secretary; and, in 1708, went as Secretary of an embassy to the Emperor of Germany. In 1720 he was appointed Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, Viceroy of Ireland. In 1723 he went as Ambassador to Paris, where he resided till 1727. In 1733 he was sent with plenipotentiary powers to the States-General of Holland. In 1756 he was created a peer of England, by the title of Lord Walpole of Wolterton. According to his nephew, he was a very feeble Menelaus to the ministerial Agamemnon. But, according to Coxe and some other authorities, the

Gravis hasta minoris Atridæ

was wielded with considerable effort in the political conflicts of his age. Lord Walpole died in February, 1757.

There are several Etonians of this century who acquired distinction as churchmen and scholars, whom I have not yet spoken of, but I must not omit in this chapter. First, I will revert to

THE EVER MEMORABLE JOHN HALES.

Such was the title given by his friends and contemporaries to a learned, ingenious, pious and kind-hearted man, who became a Fellow of Eton in 1613. The sounding title of "ever memorable," applied to one whose works now seldom find a reader, and whose name is rarely mentioned by any modern writer, reminds one of the epithets "Angelic," "Seraphic," "Irrefragable," and the like, which were so liberally bestowed on the once idolised but now neglected Schoolmen. In truth, the reputation of Hales in his own age seems to have been due not so much to any proof of gigantic genius or stupendous learning, as to pleasing powers of conversation, and affability of temper, combined with a fair share of natural ability and an unusual share of industrious energy. Every age has its John Hales. Almost every circle of learned and able men comprises an individual whom all the rest agree in liking for the personal charm of his society, and whose opinion they all respect on account of its certain good taste and fairness. Such a man is sure to have his literary merits eulogised to an extent which after-ages wonder at, and is often in his lifetime freely invested with a pre-eminence above those, up to whose level the judgment of posterity in vain seeks justification for raising him. Hales's life was almost throughout retired and academic, but there are some passages in it which may be read with interest and sympathy, though none of them arrest our attention either by singularity or general importance.

Hales was born at Bath in 1584. After leaving the grammar-school of that city, he was entered a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. At that university he was distinguished for his learning, and particularly by his knowledge of Greek. Sir Henry Savile, then Warden of Merton, noticed Hales, and through his influence, Hales was elected a Fellow of Merton in 1605. In 1612 he was made its university Greek Professor. In 1613, Savile, who had become Provost of Eton, exerted his influence at that college in Hales's favour, and Hales was made a Fellow of Eton in 1613.

Hales passed many happy years in this college, respected by all who knew him for his erudition and integrity, and beloved for his

cheerfulness and amiability. From the range of his reading and the readiness of his memory he is said to have been called "the Walking Library;" and he was intimately acquainted not only with the scholars and divines, but also with many of the poets and nobility of his time. Whenever the Court was at Windsor, Hales's society was eagerly sought for by a brilliant throng, who valued his conversation not only on account of Hales's learning, but on account of his extensive acquaintance with modern literature and the fine arts, and the accuracy of his judgment on such matters. Hales had also some fame as a poet, as appears from Sir John Suckling's Session of the Poets. "Hales sat by himself," &c.

In 1618 Hales accompanied Sir Dudley Carlton, Ambassador to the Hague, as his Chaplain. Hales's intercourse with the Dutch divines is said to have modified his tenets on some doctrinal points; and, on his return, some careless expressions which he had let fall having been spitefully repeated with the customary additions and embellishments, he incurred the suspicion of a leaning towards Socinianism. A small tract on Schism, which he wrote for his friend Chillingworth in 1636, was surreptitiously circulated, and some passages in it, when viewed through the medium of a pre-existing prejudice against the author, seemed to favour this suspicion. Hales at once sought and obtained an interview with Archbishop Laud, whom he satisfied of his orthodoxy, and through whose favour he was appointed to a Canonry of Windsor in 1642. Hales had previously declined the Archbishop's offer of preferment, but on this being pressed on him he judged that it would be disrespectful to refuse it.

It was for a short time that he held it; for on the Civil War breaking out, Hales was soon ejected from his canonry.

The story of his subsequent persecutions has a local as well as a personal interest, and I therefore quote it in the words of the old Biography:—

"About the time of the Archbishop's death, he retired from his lodgings in the college into a private chamber at Eton, where he remained for a quarter of a year unknown to any, and spent in that time only sixpence a week, living only upon bread and beer; and as he had formerly fasted from Tuesday night to Thursday night, so in that time of his retirement he abstained from his bread and water; and when he heard that the Archbishop was murdered, he wished that his own head had been taken off instead

of his Grace's. He continued in his fellowship at Eton, though refusing the Covenant, nor complying in anything with the times; but was ejected upon his refusal to take the Engagement, and Mr. Penwarden put into his room, to whom he gave a remarkable proof of the steadiness of his principles with regard to the public; and to a gentleman of the Sedley family in Kent he gave another no less remarkable proof of the steadiness of his temper with regard to a private and studious life. In this resolution he retired to the house of a gentlewoman near Eton about a year after his ejection, accepting of a small salary with his diet to instruct her son; here he officiated as chaplain, performing the service according to the Liturgy of the Church of England; and Dr. Henry King, the suffering Bishop of Chichester, being at the same house with several of his relations, they formed a kind of college there. But this retirement, which must in his present circumstances needs have been very agreeable to him, he was not suffered to enjoy long; for upon a declaration by the State, prohibiting all persons to harbour malignants, *i. e.*, Royalists, he left that family, notwithstanding the lady assured him that she would readily undergo all the danger which might ensue by entertaining him. His last retirement was to a lodging in Eton, at the house of a person whose husband had been his servant. Here he was entertained with great care and respect, but being now destitute of every other means of supporting himself, he sold a great part of his valuable library to a bookseller in London for 700*l.* However, though his fortune was much broken by his sufferings, yet the current story of his being reduced to extreme necessity appears by his will not to be well grounded. He was not long sick, about a fortnight, and then not very ill; but discoursed with all his friends as freely as in his health 'till within half an hour before his death, which happened on the 19th of May, 1656, being aged seventy-two years; he dyed in his last-mentioned lodging, and the day after was buried, according to his own desire, in Eton College churchyard, where a monument was erected over his grave by Mr. Peter Curwen."

The greater part of Hales's works was collected and published by Pearson (afterwards Bishop of Chester) in 1658. They are entitled *The Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College.* The volume consists principally of sermons, which display sincere piety and varied though not very well

arranged erudition. That against duelling seems, so far as I am a judge, the best among them. Of the other works, the best is *On the Method of Reading History*. There are some very sensible observations in this, especially as to the necessity of combining a good knowledge of geography and chronology with historical studies.

Pearson wrote a preface to this book, in which he highly eulogises his friend, from which I will quote a few passages:—"Mr. John Hales, sometime Greek Professor of the University of Oxford, long Fellow of Eaton College, and at last also Prebendary of Windsore, was a man, I think, of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtility of wit, as ever this, or perhaps any nation bred. His industry did strive, if it were possible, to equal the largeness of his capacity, whereby he became as great a master of polite, various, and universal learning, as ever yet conversed with books. Proportionate to his reading was his meditation, which furnished him with a judgment beyond the vulgar reach of man, built upon unordinary notions, raised out of strange observations and comprehensive thoughts within himself. So that he really was a most prodigious example of an acute and piercing wit, of a vast and unlimited knowledge, of a severe and profound judgment.

"Although this may seem, as in itself it truly is, a grand *elogium*, yet I cannot esteem him less in any thing which belongs to a good man, then in those intellectual perfections; and had he never understood a letter, he had other ornaments sufficient to indear him. For he was of a nature (as we ordinarily speak) so kind, so sweet, so courting all mankind, of an affability so prompt, so ready to receive all conditions of men, that I conceive it near as easie a task for any one to become so knowing, as so obligeing.

"As a Christian, none was more ever acquainted with the nature of the Gospel, because none more studious of the knowledge of it, or more curious in the search, which being strengthened by those great advantages before mentioned, could not prove otherwise than highly effectual. He took indeed to himself a liberty of judgeing, not of others, but for himself: and if ever any man might be allowed in these matters to judge, it was he who had so long, so much, so advantageously considered, and which is more, never could be said to have had the least worldly design in his determinations. He was not only most truly and strictly just in his secular transactions, most exemplary, meek, and humble, not-

withstanding his perfections, but beyond all example charitable, giving unto all, preserving nothing but his books, to continue his learning and himself."

Isaac Barrow, uncle of the famous Isaac Barrow, was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge; he became one of the Fellows, but was ejected by the Presbyterians in 1643. He then went to Oxford, where he was made one of the chaplains of New College. On the surrender of Oxford to the parliamentary army, Barrow, like others of the English clergy, underwent great troubles and privations, being obliged to shift from place to place, and seek a temporary refuge from the arrest and imprisonment with which he was threatened. After the Restoration he was replaced in his Fellowship at Peterhouse; and on the 12th of July, 1660, he was made a Fellow of Eton College. In 1663 he was made Bishop of the Isle of Man, and was in the next year made by the Earl of Derby, Governor of that island. He resided there for several years, during which time he was a great benefactor to the inhabitants. He gave or procured endowments for the clergy of the isle, and obliged each of them to open a school in his respective parish, for which a stipend was paid by the Bishop himself. He was made Bishop of St. Asaph in 1669, and conferred many benefits on that diocese. He died in 1680.

Bishop Fleetwood was of the ancient family of the Fleetwoods of Lancashire. He was born in 1656. He was at Eton for some years prior to 1675, the date when he became a scholar of King's. He was appointed one of King William's chaplains soon after 1688, and he also was preferred to the rectory of St. Austin's in the City, and the rectorship of St. Dunstan's in the West.

In 1691 he published a collection of ancient Pagan and Christian monumental inscriptions, entitled "Inscriptionum Antiquarum Sylloge." In 1692 he published a "Plain Method of Christian Devotion," translated from Jurieu. This work proved so popular that it ran through twenty-seven editions in little more than half a century.

About 1703 Fleetwood resigned all his preferments in London, and retired to a small rectory which he held in Buckinghamshire. In this retirement he pursued the study of antiquities, drew up his "Chronicon Preciosum," containing an account of English money, and the price of corn and other commodities for the preceding six hundred years.

On the death of Beveridge, in 1706, Fleetwood was elevated to the see of St. Asaph, but he was not consecrated until June, 1708. Upon the death of Bishop Moore, in 1714, he was translated to the see of Ely, in which he continued till his death in 1723. Fleetwood left behind him the reputation of a good scholar, an accomplished antiquary, and an eloquent preacher. One of his best known publications is his "Vindication of the Thirteenth Chapter to the Romans."

Bishop Waddington left Eton for King's in 1687. He afterwards returned to Eton as a Fellow in 1720. He was one of George the First's chaplains, and was promoted to the see of Winchester in 1724. He retained his Fellowship, holding it in commendam. He died in 1731.

Francis Hare, who became a scholar of King's in 1688, is said to have been celebrated while at Eton for the brilliancy of his scholarship, and particularly for the beauty of his Latin verses. After he had become a Fellow of King's, the Duke of Marlborough made him private tutor to his only son, the Marquis of Blandford. Marlborough afterwards made Hare Chaplain-General to the English army.

By this connexion with the Great Duke, Hare was led to turn his thoughts to politics, and to defend his patron from the calumnious attacks which grew so frequent against him, when Queen Anne's favour began to fail the Whigs, and Harley and Bolingbroke were struggling to repossess themselves of office. Hare first appeared, as an author, in defending the war and the measures of the Whig administration. His writings on these subjects were chiefly published before the year 1712. He wrote "The Barrier Treaty vindicated," and also a treatise in four parts, entitled "The Allies and the late Ministry, defended against France and the present Friends of France." These tracts were serviceable to the war interest, in opposition to the strictures of Swift and the efforts of the Tory party. Tindal often refers to them in his continuation of Rapin, as valuable historical documents respecting that period.

In the discharge of his official duties, Hare followed the army to Flanders; but how long he remained there, or when he resigned his station as Chaplain-General, does not appear. Soon after the publication of his political pieces, we find him advanced to the Deanery of Worcester, and engaging with great warmth as the

coadjutor of Sherlock, Potter, Snape, and others, in the famous Bangorian Controversy. Hoadly singled out Hare from among the throng of his adversaries, and the conflict between these two was carried on with acrimony.

In the year 1727 Dr. Hare was advanced to the Bishopric of St. Asaph, having been previously removed from the Deanery of Worcester to that of St. Paul's. He was translated to the see of Chichester in 1731, which, together with the Deanery of St. Paul's, he retained till his death.

During his residence at the university, and for some time afterwards, a warm friendship subsisted between him and Dr. Bentley. When he went into Holland as Chaplain-General of the army, Bentley put into his hands a copy of his notes and emendations to Menander and Philemon, to be delivered to Burmann, the celebrated professor at Leyden. Bentley also dedicated to Hare his "Remarks on the Essay of Free-thinking," which essay was supposed to have been written by Collins, formerly Hare's pupil, but with whom neither Hare nor any other member of the Church could feel any possible sympathy.

Hare was much gratified by the compliment paid him by Bentley, and for some time a warm friendship existed between these two learned men, which was at last broken off and converted into the usual "Odium literarium" in consequence of their both editing the same author, and quarrelling over their notes and readings.

Bishop Hare was a profound Hebrew scholar; and the work on which he probably bestowed more pains than on any other, was his system of metres in Hebrew poetry, first published in connexion with the Hebrew Psalms, divided in conformity with his notion of their measures.

Bishop Hare was the first English scholar who entered deeply into the text question of the presence or absence of metre in the poetic parts of the Old Testament. Bishop Lowth opposed Hare's theory in a work in which he did ample justice to Hare's learning and ability. He says of Hare's hypothesis, that "the arguments advanced in its favour appeared so conclusive to some persons of great erudition, as to persuade them that the learned prelate had fortunately revived the knowledge of the true Hebrew versification, after an oblivion of more than two thousand years, and that he had established his opinion by such irresistible proofs, as to place it beyond the utmost efforts of controversy."

Lowth is generally considered to have completely refuted Hare on this subject, though the opinions of the latter have since found a few adherents.

Bishop Hare died in 1740. His works were collected and published in 1746, in four volumes octavo.

He was a man of exemplary personal character, and of undoubted zeal for the promotion of piety and religious knowledge. Nor can the eulogy of Blackall on him be deemed exaggerated, who thus sums up his character, 'He was a sound critic, a consummate scholar, and a bright ornament of the Church and nation.' (*Cunningham's Biography.—Chalmers's Biog. Dict.*)

Bishop Monck, brother to the celebrated General of that name, was Provost of Eton for about a year after the Restoration. He had been educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and had been rector of Plymtree in Devonshire, and Kilhampton, Cornwall. He was made Bishop of Hereford in the same year in which he received his Provostship; but he only filled his high station for a twelvemonth, dying in December, 1661. He was honoured with a funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Eton, and its sister foundation of King's, had their share of the troubles which overspread England from 1640 to 1660. But, though individuals suffered, the College escaped without permanent injury. Generally speaking, the Etonians seem to have been on the side of royalty, and "Killed in battle for the King" is a common affix to the names in the *Registrum regale* in the early part of the century. Eton probably owed her immunity from spoliation to the exertions of Thomas Rous, who was made her Provost in 1643. Rous had been educated as a commoner at Broadgate Hall, (now Pembroke College,) Oxford. He sat in the House of Commons as member for Truro for thirty years. He was Speaker of the notorious Barebones Parliament. It is recorded to his credit, that he acted with liberality and kindness to his ejected predecessor, and to several other clergymen of the English Church.

Rous is noted by Walker in his "History of Independency," as among the more prominent of the Independents who obtained preferments: he received, Walker observes, the Provostship of Eton, worth 800*l.* a year, and a lease from the College worth 600*l.* a year more. He had, therefore, substantial reasons for endeavouring to preserve the College; and happily, he had influence enough to

preserve it. He was appointed one of Cromwell's council, and placed at the head of the board of "Tryers." When Cromwell created an "Upper House," Rous was one of those he called to a seat in it. Rous was greatly disliked by the royalists, by whom he was styled—as Wood mentions—the "Illiterate Jew of Eton." But their epithet was a mere term of unreasonable abuse, as Rous was a very learned man, and had published several works, which, if deficient in taste and questionable in doctrine, showed certainly abundance of erudition. Rouse founded three Scholarships, now worth 30*l.* per annum, to be supplied from superannuated Eton Scholars, should none of his own kin apply within fifty days. He died Jan. 7, 1658.

There are two more Etonians who became distinguished during the civil troubles of this country, whose names I will mention. The biographical notice affixed to one of them in the *Alumni Etonenses* is worth quoting, both for the singularity of the incidents which it narrates, and for the quaintness with which it narrates them.

"Henry Bard, son of George Bard, Vicar of Staines in Middlesex; while he was yet scholar of his college, he went to Paris, without the knowledge of his friends. Afterwards he travelled into France, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia, and sent a long account of his travels to his contemporary and fellow-collegian, Charles Mason. After his return he lived expensively, as he had done before, without any visible income, and gave a fair copy of the Alcoran, which he had brought from Egypt for the purpose, to King's College Library. He is supposed to have taken it from a mosque in Egypt, which being valued but at 20*l.*, he remarked that he was sorry he had ventured his neck for it. His person was robust and comely, and on the eve of the Rebellion, retiring to King Charles the First at York, and recommending himself to the notice of the Queen for his knowledge of the languages, he had the commission of a Colonel given him; and was afterwards Governor of Camden House, in Gloucestershire, and then of Worcester; the former of which he burnt when he left it. On the 22nd of November, 1643, he received the honour of knighthood, and was soon afterwards created Baron of Bombry, and Viscount Bellamont in Ireland, July 8, 1645. He was afterwards taken prisoner in an unsuccessful battle; and wrote to the Parliament, telling them that he had not taken up arms for

religion, (for then there were so many, that he knew not which to profess,) nor for the laws, but to re-establish the King on his throne; and therefore seeing that the time was not yet come, he desired to be discharged, that he might leave the country; which was granted him. After the death of King Charles the First, he was sent by King Charles the Second, then an exile, Ambassador to the Emperor of Persia, upon hopes of great assistance of money from that Court, in consideration of great services done to the Persians by English ships at Ormus; but, being overtaken in his travels in that country by a whirlwind, was choked by the sands. He died a Roman Catholic, leaving behind him a widow, not so rich, but upon her petition after the Restoration, she was relieved by King's College, and two daughters, who were of his religion, one of which was afterwards the mistress of Prince Rupert."

The same work thus records the fate of ANTHONY ASCHAM, who left Eton for King's in 1643:—"He was a favourer of the Parliament, by whose authority he was appointed tutor to James, Duke of York, afterwards James the Second. In 1648 he published "A Discourse, wherein is examined what is particularly lawful during the concussions and revolutions of Government," &c. He was appointed Resident to Spain in the latter end of the year 1649, and arriving at Madrid in June following, had an apartment in the palace, where he was murdered. Six English gentlemen went to his chambers, and two of them staying at the bottom of the stairs, and two at the top, the other two entered the room, one of which advanced to the table, where Ascham and his interpreter were sitting, and pulling off his hat, said, "Gentlemen, I kiss your hands; pray, which is the Resident?" Upon which the Resident rising, the other took him by the hair, and with a dagger gave him five stabs, of which he died. As the interpreter in confusion was retreating, the other four despatched him. One of them suffered capital punishment for the crime, the rest were either pardoned or escaped. According to the account in Thurloe, Ascham was murdered at an inn, before the orders came for his removal into the palace.

I have mentioned the first English ambassador to Russia in speaking of Dr. Fletcher in the last chapter. I may now name another Etonian and Kingsman who visited and described that country. This was SAMUEL COLLINS, who left Eton for King's in 1634. He studied medicine, and was a Member of the College of

Physicians in London. Afterwards, by the favour of the visitors of the university, he was admitted into New College, Oxford, and incorporated A. M. in that university in 1650. He afterwards travelled abroad, and resided at the Great Czar's Court of Moscow for the space of nine years, and wrote "The History of the Present State of Russia, in a Letter written to a Friend in London. Lond. 1671."

The great additions made to the College buildings by Provost Allestree have been already noticed. Provost Godolphin, uncle to the celebrated minister of that name, was also a great benefactor to the College. The flourishing condition of Eton in Sir Henry Wotton's time has been alluded to in the memoir of Sir Henry and in that of Boyle. During the latter part of this century the school fully recovered from its temporary depression during the time of the civil troubles. There is an amusing account in Pepys's Diary of a visit which that delightful old gossip paid to Eton. He had been with a friend and his wife to Windsor, and thence they went to Eton.

"At Eton," says Pepys, "I left my wife in the coach, and he and I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the shuts of the window when they go to Cambridge, by which many a one hath lived to see himself a Provost and Fellow, that hath his name in the window standing. To the hall, and there find the boys verses, 'De Peste;' it being their custom to make verses at Shrovetide. I read several, and very good they were—better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy, and in rolls as long and longer than the whole hall by much. Here is a picture of Venice hung up, and a monument made of Sir H. Wotton's giving it to the College. Thence to the porter's, and in the absence of the butler, and did drink of the College beer, which is very good: and went into the back fields to see the scholars play. And to the chapel, and there saw, among other things, Sir H. Wotton's stone, with this epitaph—"

Pepys then quotes the inscription on Sir Henry's tomb, (mentioned above,) and concludes with criticising the stonecutter's orthography.

The Provosts of this century, besides those whose memoirs have been given, were Thomas Murray, a layman, who had been tutor to Charles the First. Richard Steward, who was Commoner of

Magdalen Hall in 1608, Fellow of All Souls' in 1613, Prebendary of Worcester Cathedral in 1628, Dean of Chichester in 1634, Clerk of the Closet, and Prebendary of Westminster, in 1638, Dean of St. Paul's in 1641, and of the Chapel Royal; afterwards Dean of Lincoln, and Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation. He was a Commissioner for Ecclesiastical matters at the treaty of Uxbridge in January 1644. He was deprived of all his preferments by the Parliament, and retired to Paris, where Charles the Second visited him, after his escape from the battle of Worcester. He died there Nov. 14, 1651.

Nicholas Lockyer, of New Inn Hall, Oxford; Fellow of Eton, Jan. 21, 1649. Elected Provost, Jan. 14, 1658; of which he was deprived soon after the Restoration. He had been chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and often preached before the Parliament. He died in 1684.

John Meredith, of All Souls' College, Oxford, and Fellow there. Fellow of Eton, April 22, 1648. Rector of Stamford Rivers, county of Essex; Master of Wigston's Hospital at Leicester. After the Restoration, he was elected Warden of All Souls'. Died July 16, 1665. Buried in All Souls' College chapel.

Zachary Cradock, of Queen's College, Cambridge. Chaplain in Ordinary to the King; Canon Residentiary of Chichester in 1669; Fellow of Eton, Dec. 2, 1671. Died Oct. 1695.

Henry Godolphin, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Fellow of Eton, April 14, 1677; Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; Dean of St. Paul's in 1707. Died Jan. 29, 1732.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Chatham—Lord Camden—Lord Lyttelton—Lord Holland—Sir C. H. Williams—Fielding—Gray—Broome—West—Jacob Bryant—Horace Walpole—Marquis of Granby—Sir W. Draper—Charles James Fox—Lord North—Lord Sandwich—Sir Joseph Bankes—Lord Cornwallis—Marquis of Wellesley—Lord Howe—Canning—Windham—Whitbread—Anstey—Steevens—Porson—Sir J. Mansfield—Sir Vicary Gibbs—Lord Grey—Lord Grenville—Lord Holland—Archbishop Tenison—Bishop Lloyd—Simeon, &c., &c.

LORD CHATHAM.

WILLIAM PITT, first Earl of Chatham, was born on the 15th November, 1708, in the parish of St. James's, Westminster. He was the second son of Robert Pitt, Esq., of Boconnoc, near Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, by Harriet Villiers, sister of the Earl of Grandison (an Irish peer), and the grandson of Thomas Pitt, governor of Madras, the possessor of the celebrated Pitt diamond, which, according to an account published by himself, he bought in India for 24,000*l.*, and sold to the French king for 135,000*l.*

Pitt was sent to Eton at an early age, and was educated there till his eighteenth year. Dr. Bland was then head-master, and is said to have discerned and highly valued the high qualities of young Pitt. He was there eminent among a group, every member of which, in manhood, acquired celebrity. George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Henry Fielding, Charles Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), were among Pitt's young friends and competitors at Eton. His biographer, Thackeray, justly remarks, that "among the many recommendations which will always attach to a public system of education, the value of early emulation, the force of example, the abandonment of sulky and selfish habits, and the acquirement of generous, manly dispositions, are not to be overlooked. All these I believe to have had weight in forming the character of Lord Chatham." He was admitted a gentleman commoner at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1726.

Pitt was attacked, even in boyhood, by hereditary gout; and being thus often debarred from sharing in the ordinary sports and exercises of his age, he devoted those periods of compulsory inaction to regular and earnest reading, and thus made his physical weakness minister to his intellectual strength. He had the advantage of an able and attentive guide to his studies in his father, during his school vacations; and Lord Mahon informs us that it may be stated, on the authority of the present Lord Stanhope, that "Pitt, being asked to what he principally ascribed the two qualities for which his eloquence was most conspicuous, namely, the lucid order of his reasonings, and the ready choice of his words, answered, that he believed he owed the former to an early study of the Aristotelian logic, and the latter to his father's practice in making him every day, after reading over to himself some passages in the classics, translate it aloud and continuously into English prose."

Pitt must also have diligently and successfully cultivated, while a boy, the art of Latin versification. This is evident from the copy of Latin hexameters on the death of George the First, written by him in the first year after he went to Oxford. They may be seen in Thackeray's Life of Pitt, near the beginning of the first volume. I am persuaded that the continued exercise of composition in Latin verse is one of the most valuable for forming an accurate taste, and for giving an artistic skill in the arrangement of ideas, and in the selection of phraseology, that can possibly be pursued. To write Latin verse elegantly and correctly, implies that the writer has not only read, but that he is perfectly familiar with the best models of the Augustan age. To acquire eminence in this exercise, the best parts of Virgil, Homer, and Ovid must be known by heart—the memory and the feeling must be so imbued with their letter and their spirit, that the noble and beautiful thoughts, and the melodious lines of these great poets will suggest themselves to our recollection at the least hint, though long years may have passed away since we last read them. It is the best possible discipline for giving the imagination and the judgment that tone and temper which the epithet "classical" perfectly describes, and which no other word or phrase can express. Whether our modern Latin verses have original poetical worth or not, is quite another matter, though it is the sole test by which many people most absurdly try the utility of the exercise. Latin versification

is valuable, not on account of its *products*, but of its *process*; though it is not to be conceded that no modern Latin poetry deserves praise, even when examined with reference to the *natura naturata*, and not to the *natura naturans*.

The *Musæ Etonenses* contains many poems which command our admiration, even when we forget the date and place of their composition, and try them by the same canons which we apply to the great classical authors themselves.

Pitt's Latin verses attest his devotion to the best Augustan writers; and in every respect and for every purpose he was an assiduous and a worthy student of the classics. Lord Mahon says that Demosthenes was his favourite among them; and we learn his opinion of others by the recommendations which he gave in after-life for the studies of his second son, afterwards the celebrated minister. He then selected Thucydides as the first book for his son's reading; and it appears, from allusions in his speeches, that the greatest of all histories, the Κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ, was a constant subject of Lord Chatham's study and admiration. The other classic which Lord Chatham particularised for his son's attention, was Polybius, an historian not in general duly appreciated, and whose great characteristic may be said to be sound, practical common sense.

Lord Chatham's own studies in youth were not pedantically limited to antiquity. He was a diligent reader of the best English authors, among whom he chose, as his chief models, Bolingbroke and Barrow. His high opinion of Bolingbroke's style has been mentioned in the memoir of that writer; and Lord Chatham is said to have read some of Dr. Barrow's sermons so often, as to know them by heart.

After leaving Oxford, Mr. Pitt (for it is best to speak of "the great Commoner" by his name as such, until he became the still greater Lord) made the customary tour of Europe. His patrimony, as a younger son, being small, he obtained, on his return, a cornetcy in the Blues. In 1735 he was returned to parliament for the family borough of Old Sarum. His principal friends and connexions were at that time attached to Frederick Prince of Wales, and consequently in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. Pitt was thus naturally enlisted among the assailants of that minister; and it is probable that his keen sensibility for England's honour made him estimate too highly the insults which this nation was then supposed

to be receiving from Spain, and for which Sir Robert was reluctant to declare war. Walpole's habit of scoffing at all enthusiasm, and his contemptuous neglect of men of genius (subjects discussed in the preceding memoir of that minister) must also have gone far to alienate an ardent, youthful temperament, like that of Pitt. Pitt learned, in after-life, to appreciate, and had the candour to acknowledge, the solid merits of Walpole; but it is not to be wondered at that he thought differently *calidâ juventâ*.

Pitt made his first speech in the House on the 29th April, 1736, on Mr. Pulteney's motion for a congratulatory speech to the King, on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The report which we possess of this speech can hardly be accurate; but we know that the oration itself was highly eulogised by those on Pitt's side who heard it; and it had the far more decisive honour of being fiercely resented by those against whom it was directed. They who listened to Pitt, felt at once that a spirit of the highest order was among them. Walpole instinctively recognised in him an adversary of the most formidable strength and the most fiery vehemence. While Pitt was speaking, the veteran minister is said to have muttered to those near him, "We must muzzle this terrible Cornet of Horse." Walpole thought that he could intimidate him. Pitt's personal circumstances were known to be far from affluent, and his regimental pay was not a matter of indifference to him. Walpole dismissed the "terrible Cornet" from the army; but he grievously mistook the man whom he had to deal with. Pitt's indignation was roused by the blow that was meant to tame him; and he now attacked the minister and the Court with powers of oratory, such as had never before been witnessed in modern times, and which have never since been equalled.

The meagre and inaccurate parliamentary reports of that period cannot give us even faithful sketches of Pitt's early speeches; and even if we possessed most full and accurate reports of them, we should be unable, by perusing them, to appreciate their full effect. We must strive to call up and keep before our minds' eye, the personal image of him who delivered them. We must strive to comprehend and remember the magic of his voice, and the majestic grace of his gesture. "His voice was both full and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to the highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of

the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate; he then had spirit-stirring notes that were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort." Such is the description of his voice by a contemporary. The outer man was in figure and in features worthy of the soul within. He had a tall and manly form, and the most careless spectator was struck with the grace and dignity of his deportment.

His features were noble; and his was an eye, which, his contemporaries observe, was as powerful and significant as his words even in his latter years. "There was a grandeur in his personal appearance," says a writer, who speaks of him in his decline, "which produced awe and mute attention; and though bowed by infirmity and age, his mind shone through the ruins of his body, armed his eye with lightning, and clothed his lip with thunder."— "He was born an orator," says Wilkes, "and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect, and even awe: a manly figure, with the eagle eye of the great Condé, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence the moment he appeared; and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the high respect of his soul before his lips had pronounced a syllable. There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one askance. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent Murray has faltered, and even Fox shrunk back appalled from an adversary 'fraught with fire unquenchable,' if I may borrow an expression of our great Milton."

He was himself carefully solicitous as to his personal appearance and his action, which, according to Horace Walpole, was as studied and as successful as Garrick's. I think, with Lord Mahon, that there was too much straining after effort in his preparations for speaking, and his most elaborate orations were certainly his least effective. But, to quote the admirable language of the same historian, "When without forethought, or any other preparation than those talents which nature had supplied and education cultivated, Chatham rose—stirred to anger by some sudden subterfuge of corruption or device of tyranny—then was heard an eloquence never surpassed either in ancient or in modern times. It was the highest power of expression ministering to the highest power of thought. Dr. Franklin declares that in the course of his life he had seen sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom

without eloquence; in Lord Chatham only had he seen both united. Yet so vivid and impetuous were his bursts of oratory, that they seemed even beyond his own control,—instead of his ruling them, they often ruled him, and flashed forth unbidden, and smiting all before them. As in the oracles of old, it appeared not he that spake, but the spirit of the deity within. In one debate, after he had just been apprised of an important secret of State, 'I must not speak to-night,' he whispered to Lord Shelburne, 'for when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out.'

"No man could grapple more powerfully with an argument; but he wisely remembered that a taunt is, in general, of far higher popular effect, nor did he therefore disdain (and in these he stood unrivalled) the keenest personal invectives. His ablest adversaries shrunk before him, crouching and silenced. Neither the skilful and polished Murray, nor the bold and reckless Fox, durst encounter the thunderbolts which he knew how to launch against them; and if these failed, who else could hope to succeed?

"But that which gave the brightest lustre, not only to the eloquence of Chatham, but to his character, was his loftiness and nobleness of soul. If ever there has lived a man in modern times, to whom the praise of a Roman spirit might be truly applied, that man, beyond all doubt, was William Pitt. He loved power—but only as a patriot should, because he knew and felt his own energies, and felt also that his country needed them,—because he saw the public spirit languishing, and the national glory declined,—because his whole heart was burning to revive the one, and to wreathe fresh laurels round the other. He loved fame—but it was the fame that follows, not the fame that is run after,—not the fame that is gained by elbowing and thrusting, and all the little arts that bring forward little men,—but the fame that a minister at length will and must wring, from the very people whose prejudices he despises, and whose passions he controls. The ends to which he employed both his power and his fame, will best show his object in obtaining them. Bred amongst too frequent examples of corruption; entering public life at a low tone of public morals; standing between the mock-patriots and the sneerers at patriotism—between Bolingbroke and Walpole—he manifested the most scrupulous disinterestedness, and the most lofty and generous purposes: he shunned the taint himself, and in time removed it

from his country. He taught British statesmen to look again for their support to their own force of character, instead of Court cabals or Parliamentary corruption. He told his fellow-citizens—not as agitators tell them—that they were wretched and oppressed, but that they were the first nation in the world; and under his guidance they became so! And, moreover, (I quote the words of Colonel Barré, in the House of Commons,) "he was possessed of the happy talent of transfusing his own zeal into the souls of all those who were to have a share in carrying his projects into execution; and it is a matter well known to many officers now in the House, that no man ever entered the Earl's closet who did not feel himself, if possible, braver at his return than when he went in." "Thus he stamped his own greatness on every mind that came in contact with it, and always successfully appealed to the higher and better parts of human nature."[1]

Such was his character; and such was his oratory, both when the House of Commons heard him as Mr. Pitt, and when he charmed the House of Lords as Earl Chatham. It is remarked, and that by no favourable critic of his career, that "from his first appearance no ministry was able to withstand his avowed hostility."[2] We must endeavour to keep the image of the man steadily before us, as we proceed to trace what opponents he overthrew, and what elements of national power and prosperity he called into existence.

Walpole resigned in the beginning of February, 1742; but his retirement did not bring Pitt into office. The King had conceived a violent prejudice against him, not only on account of the prominent and effective part he had taken in the general assault upon the late administration, but more especially in consequence of the strong opinions he had expressed on the subject of Hanover, and respecting the public mischiefs arising from George the Second's partiality to the interests of the Electorate.

Lord Wilmington was the nominal head of the new administration, which was looked on as little more than a weak continuation of Walpole's. The same character was generally given to Pelham's ministry, (Pelham succeeded Wilmington as Premier, on the death of the latter in 1743,) and Pitt soon appeared in renewed opposition to the Court. It was about this time that he received a

[1] Lord Mahon. [2] Quarterly Review, 1840.

creditable and convenient addition to his private fortune, which also attested his celebrity.

In 1744, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough died, leaving him a legacy "of 10,000*l.* on account of his merit in the noble defence he has made of the laws of England, to prevent the ruin of his country."

Pitt was now at the head of a small but determined band of Opposition statesmen, with whom he was also connected by intermarriages between members of their respective families and his own. These were Lord Cobham, the Grenvilles, and his schoolfellow Lord Lyttelton. The genius of Pitt had made the opposition of this party so embarrassing to the minister, that Mr. Pelham, the leader of the House of Commons, and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, found it necessary to get rid of Lord Carteret, who was personally most obnoxious to the attacks of Pitt, on account of his supposed zeal in favour of the King's Hanoverian policy. Pitt's friends, Lyttelton and Grenville, were taken into the ministry, and the undoubted wish of the Pelhams was to enlist Pitt also among their colleagues. But "*The great Mr. Pitt,*" says old Horace Walpole—using in derision an epithet soon confirmed by the serious voice of the country—"*the great Mr. Pitt insisted on being Secretary at War;*"—but it was found that the King's aversion to him was insurmountable, and, after much reluctance and difficulty, his friends were persuaded to accept office without him, under an assurance from the Duke of Newcastle that "he should at no distant day be able to remove this prejudice from his Majesty's mind." Pitt concurred in the new arrangement, and promised to give his support to the remodelled administration. Accordingly in the principal, indeed in almost the only debate of the session, 1744-5, he spoke in favour of a continuance of the war in Flanders, as recommended by the minister. Pitt's "fulminating eloquence," as it was termed by one who heard it, quelled all objections; and the session passed away without the ministry having any opposition to encounter.

On the breaking out of the rebellion of 1745, Pitt energetically supported the ministry in their measures to protect the established government. George the Second's prejudices against him were, however, as strong as ever. At last a sort of compromise was effected. Pitt waived for a time his demand of the War Secretaryship, and on the 22nd of February, 1746, he was appointed one of

the joint Vice-treasurers for Ireland; and on the 6th of May following he was promoted to the more lucrative office of Paymaster-General of the Forces. After each of these appointments he was re-elected for Old Sarum. In his office of Paymaster of the Forces, Pitt set an example as new as it was rare among statesmen of personal disinterestedness. He held what had hitherto been an exceedingly lucrative situation: for the Paymaster seldom had less than 100,000*l.* in his hands, and was allowed to appropriate the interest of what funds he held to his own use. In addition to this it had been customary for foreign princes in the pay of England to allow the Paymaster of the Forces a per-centage on their subsidies. Pitt nobly declined to avail himself of these advantages, and would accept of nothing beyond his legal salary. This conduct earned him the public admiration and affection. Whatever inconsistencies might have been traceable in his political conduct were forgiven and forgotten, and he was looked on as a true patriot, who sought power for the nation's good and not for his own lucre.

In 1754 Pitt married Lady Hester, the sister of Lord Temple, and of George and James Grenville, with whom he had been politically connected. While this marriage increased Pitt's political importance, it proved also the source of unalloyed domestic happiness. No enemy of Pitt's ever ventured to call in question the purity of his private life. The pride which he showed in public, and which some called imperiousness, was wholly laid aside at home, and the severest of his recent critics admit of him—

"That he was the most *powerful* orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of this empire—that for nearly half a century, he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but 'the foremost man in all the world'—that he had an unparalleled grandeur and affluence of intellectual powers, softened and brightened by all the minor accomplishments—that his ambition was noble—his views instinctively elevated—his patriotism all but excessive—that in all the domestic relations of life he was exemplary and amiable—a fine scholar, a finished gentleman, a sincere Christian—one whom his private friends and servants loved as a good man, and all the world admired as a great one—these are the praises which his contemporaries awarded, and which posterity has, with little diminution, confirmed."[3]

[3] Quarterly Review, June, 1840.

On the death of Henry Pelham, in 1754, his brother the Duke of Newcastle became first Lord of the Treasury. Pitt adhered to Newcastle for a time, but, irritated at the unfair and unconstitutional barrier which the King's personal dislike seemed to have created against his advancement, he began to assail the Premier and those members of the ministry, whom, like Murray, Pitt looked on as the instruments used to keep him under. Henry Fox (afterwards the first Lord Holland) was similarly disaffected towards Newcastle, and a common resentment against the Premier now united for a time these two statesmen, at other times so illustrious as rivals, and between whose sons a rivalry still more celebrated was to exist. Murray, the Attorney-General, was the only effective supporter of Newcastle in the House of Commons, and against Murray Pitt's fiercest thunders were now vollied. A Mr. Delaval, one of the ministerial members, had made a humorous and telling speech on an election petition against his own return, during which he kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. Fox, in one of his letters, thus records the effect with which Pitt, like a Θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς, appeared on the scene:—

"I did not come in till the close of the finest speech that ever Pitt spoke, and perhaps the most remarkable.

"Mr. Wilkes, a friend it seems of Pitt's, petitioned against the younger Delaval, chosen at Berwick, on account of bribery only. The younger Delaval made a speech on his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour, and buffoonery, which kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. Mr. Pitt came down from the gallery, and took it up in his highest tone of dignity. He was astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth. Was the dignity of the House of Commons on so sure foundations that they might venture themselves to shake it?—had it not, on the contrary, been diminishing for years, till now we were brought to the very brink of the precipice, where, if ever, a stand must be made? High compliments to the Speaker,—eloquent exhortations to Whigs of all conditions, to defend their attacked and expiring liberty, &c. 'unless you will degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject.' Displeased, as well as pleased, allow it to be the finest speech that was ever made; and it was observed that by his first two periods he brought the house to a silence and attention that you might have heard a pin drop."

According to another ear-witness, "This thunderbolt, thrown in a sky so long serene, confounded the audience. Murray crouched silent and terrified; Legge scarce rose to say with great humility, that he had been raised solely by the Whigs, and if he fell, sooner or later, he should pride himself in nothing but in being a Whig."

This speech was made on the 25th of March, 1754, and in another letter Fox thus records two other Philippics delivered by Pitt, on the 27th, ostensibly against Jacobitism—but "in both speeches," writes Fox, "every word was Murray, yet so managed that neither he nor any one else could or did take any public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sate next to Murray, who suffered for an hour."

We must remember how great and gifted a speaker Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield) was, in order to appreciate the powers of Pitt, before whom Murray thus quailed. We must bear in mind the triumphs of Hector over others, when we contemplate his flight before Achilles.

Newcastle succeeded in winning over Fox, but Pitt spurned the Premier's terms, and on the meeting of Parliament, in 1755, supported the amendment on the address in one of the most powerful speeches ever uttered within the walls of St. Stephen's. In the course of his harangue he compared the coalition of Fox and Newcastle to the junction of the Rhone and the Saone: "At Lyons," he said, "I was taken to see the place where the two rivers meet: the one gentle, feeble, and languid, yet of no depth,[4] —the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent; but different as they are, they meet at last; and long," continued he, with bitter irony, "long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and security of this nation!" The amendment was rejected by a large majority; and Pitt, Legge, and Grenville were immediately dismissed from office.

When the unfortunate events of the hostilities with France had compelled Newcastle to give in his resignation, the King sent for Fox and authorised him to bring together a new administration in concert with Pitt; but the latter pointedly refused to act with his old rival. The Duke of Devonshire proved a more successful

[4] Lord Mahon well quotes Cæsar's description of the Saone. "Flumen est Arar, quod per fines Æduorum et Sequanorum in Rhodanum influit incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluat, judicari non possit." (De Bell. Gall. lib. i. c. 12.)

negotiator with the haughty commoner, and Pitt became Secretary of State, and leader in the House of Commons. The administration, however, proved very short-lived. The King could not overcome his antipathy to Pitt; and within five months his Majesty abruptly sent Lord Temple his dismissal from the post he held of First Lord of the Admiralty, an act which was immediately followed, as must have been foreseen and designed, by Mr. Pitt's resignation.

"It has often been alleged, without contradiction—and sometimes been urged as a reproach—that Pitt, thus expelled from office, consented to accept a pension of 1000*l.* a year from the Crown. Some letters, however, which have hitherto remained unpublished, prove beyond all question that the sum thus received was no pension from the Crown, but only a gift of friendship from Lord Temple, who most earnestly pressed it, through his sister, on his brother-in-law's acceptance."

These are Lord Mahon's words, and he gives, in the Appendix of his work, full authority for what he thus advances.

At this period (1755—56) the national spirit of England, and her rank among European states, had sunk lower than it had ever been before, or has ever been since. Though the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had not been formally put an end to, hostilities were going on between the French and English both in India and in North America; and the speedy outbreak of open war at home was felt to be inevitable. All England's confidence and pride in her army had died away. Marlborough's victories were forgotten: and an ignominious cry was raised for Hanoverian troops and Hessian mercenaries to save us from the threatening wrath of France. Nor was our naval force much more to be relied on than our military. Under the feeble and jobbing system of Newcastle's administration, all departments of the government, from the Treasury, the War-office, the Admiralty, down to the most subordinate departments, were infected with the same paltry meanness and the same dishonest selfishness. The King of Prussia was our only continental ally; and while his military genius was as yet imperfectly known, his inferiority to his enemies in extent of territory, and amount of subject population, was a matter which even the silliest coward could calculate. During the winter of 1755, England was under the constant alarm of a French invasion. The country was continually agitated by accounts of the French

flotilla that was being equipped in the opposite harbours from Dunkirk to Brest; and the inhabitant of the southern counties trembled when any number of sail appeared on the horizon. Pitt saw all this with the just indignation of an Englishman. "I want," he exclaimed, "to call this country out of this enervate state, that 20,000 men from France could shake it." Providentially for England that manly voice was raised, and was heard: nor does history show a stronger proof of the influence which one great genius can exert on its country and its age, than when England at the bidding of Pitt woke from her pusillanimous torpor to an unexampled career of energy and triumph;—when, to adopt the noble words of Milton, "The strong man arose from sleep and shook his invincible locks."

The French armament which had been supposed to be destined for our own shores, attacked, in 1756, and captured the important island of Minorca, which we had retained since General Stanhope conquered it for us during the glorious wars of Queen Anne. Our fleet under Admiral Byng had failed to relieve the garrison, and the excitement in England caused by the loss of so valuable a possession, and by the discreditable inefficiency of our navy, was roused to the fiercest pitch. During this year of shame we were beaten in every part of the globe. The French took from us Oswego in the Western world; we lost Calcutta in the East. Under such gloomy auspices did the Seven Years' War commence which was destined to leave England, at its close, elevated to the very zenith of her glory and prosperity.

The voice of the nation called, trumpet-tongued, for Pitt to lead our councils: and in this posture of affairs Mr. Pitt was become, even in the opinion of the King himself, an inevitable necessity. The first project was to graft him on the old ministry, but he resolutely refused to take any part till the Duke of Newcastle should be removed. He likewise declined to act with Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox thereupon suddenly resigned—the Duke, much offended with Fox, held on and attempted other arrangements; but all failing, he was himself (in November, 1756) obliged to abdicate, after having filled the offices of Secretary of State and First Lord of the Treasury for thirty-two years. The King had no alternative but Mr. Pitt and his friends. Mr. Pitt took for himself the office of Secretary of State. The Duke of Devonshire was placed at the head of the Treasury, Lord Temple became First Lord of the

Admiralty, Mr. Legge again Chancellor of the Exchequer, George Grenville, Treasurer of the Navy; and Pitt's other adherents received subordinate appointments.

Pitt at once showed his countrymen that he had faith in them, and sent back the German auxiliaries. He organised a militia, which might at least serve to protect English homes at home: and he had the discernment and the magnanimity to convert the disaffected and lately rebellious Highlanders into loyal subjects and valiant defenders of King George's crown. He did this simply by showing that he trusted them, and thus enlisting their chivalrous and honourable feelings on the side of the government, which they once had openly opposed, but which they scorned ever to betray. Two Highland regiments were at once raised. Pitt many years afterwards looked back with honest pride to this measure, on which none but a man of genius would have ventured. "My lords, we should not want men in a good cause. I remember how I employed the very rebels in the service and defence of their country. They were reclaimed by this means; they fought our battles; they cheerfully bled in defence of those liberties which they had attempted to overthrow but a few years before!"

But from the very day when George the Second had reluctantly consented to admit Pitt as War Secretary into the ministry, there had existed a formidable combination of all the excluded politicians, aided by a steady purpose in the royal breast, to overthrow at the first possible moment the Devonshire Administration, of which Pitt was the virtual chief. The Duke of Cumberland added his influence to this secret but formidable opposition. He and the other intriguers urged the King to dismiss Lord Temple, who had made himself personally obnoxious by some ill-timed remarks about the Hanoverians being brought over by the late ministry to protect England. Temple's dismissal was, it was known, quite sure to cause Pitt's resignation. The time came for the Duke of Cumberland to set out to command the army assembled for the protection of Hanover, and he positively refused to go while Mr. Pitt and his friends continued in power. The King was easily persuaded to adopt the plans which the Duke suggested. Lord Temple and his Board of Admiralty were dismissed in the first days of April, 1757, and Lord Winchelsea and a new board appointed. It was expected that on this Mr. Pitt would have resigned; but he wisely determined "not to save his enemies any trouble, and

attended his duty at Court with increased assiduity." He showed no symptom of retiring. Time pressed—the day appointed for the Duke's departure was come, but he would not go till the ministry was changed—and so, about a week after Lord Temple's removal, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge were also formally dismissed, even before any arrangement had been made to replace them.

Nothing could exceed the indignation and ferment which Pitt's dismissal produced throughout the country. It was looked on as the certain precursor of national losses and disasters, compared to which the fall of Minorca would be trifling. The Common Council in London, and the various corporate bodies in all the other large cities and towns, met and voted strong resolutions, in which the thanks of the country were given to Pitt, and in which the Sovereign was earnestly and emphatically requested to call back to his councils the only statesman who was capable of saving the nation. Meanwhile the intriguers against Pitt were in consternation and confusion. The Duke of Devonshire had formally notified that he only held office till his successor was appointed, and none of Pitt's enemies had the courage to stand forward. For nearly three months the country remained without a government, during which time the Court applied in succession to almost every section of party-men in the country, without being able to prevail upon any individual to undertake the management of affairs. At last, on the 11th of June, Lord Mansfield received full powers from his Majesty to open negotiations with Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle; with whom Pitt had formed an alliance, but on terms in which Pitt's superiority was fully recognised, and all risk was obviated of any national mischief ensuing from Newcastle's incompetency. The entire direction of the war and of foreign affairs was to be left in Pitt's hands, Newcastle confining himself to the strictly official business of the treasury, and even there his board was to be filled up with Pitt's own adherents. At last the ministerial arrangements were completed; and on the 29th June, 1757, it was announced in the Gazette that the King had been pleased to re-deliver the seal of Secretary of State to Mr. Pitt. The Duke of Newcastle again became First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. Grenville, President of the Council; Lord Temple was Privy Seal; the Attorney-General, Henley (afterwards Lord Northington), became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; and Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), succeeded as Attorney-General.

"Thus, at last, after difficulty and delay, came into existence the first administration of Chatham—the greatest and most glorious, perhaps, that England had ever yet known,—an administration not always, indeed, free from haste or error in its schemes, and no doubt owing their success in part to the favour of Fortune and to the genius of Generals,—but still, after every allowance that can be justly required, an administration pre-eminently strong at home and victorious abroad,—an administration which even now is pointed at with equal applause by contending and opposite parties, eager to claim its principles as their own. How strange that at its outset nothing but ruin and disaster were foreseen and foretold! No one trusted to the national spirit, or deemed what it might effect if vigorously roused and skilfully directed. Of all political observers then in England there were certainly none shrewder than Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield, and the language of both at this period is fraught with the deepest despondency. According to the former:—'It is time for England to slip her cables and float away to some unknown ocean!' 'Whoever is in, or whoever is out,' writes Chesterfield, 'I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad: at home, by our increasing debt and expenses; abroad, by our ill-luck and incapacity. . . . We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect.'"[5]

The details of Pitt's biography for the four next glorious years are the details of the history not of Europe merely but of the world. In Germany, in the East Indies, in Canada, in Africa, and on every sea, our flag was triumphant, when upheld by the Generals and Admirals whom Pitt sent forth to conquer. With Pitt at the head of our councils, every man employed in England's service, from the highest rank to the humblest, felt the inspiration of a nobler nature, and forgot all thoughts save of his own duty and England's honour. Even in those nests of sloth and abuse—the government offices, Pitt's energy and determination wrought miracles. To those who told him that his orders could not be executed within the time specified, he would peremptorily reply, "It must be done," and the mandate was obeyed. He once asked an officer who had been intrusted with the command of an important expedition, how many men he should require: "Ten thousand," was the reply.

[5] Lord Mahon, vol. iv. p. 162.

"Take twenty thousand," said Pitt, "and be answerable with your life for your success." The zeal of the Minister was everywhere crowned with success. In July, 1758, Louisburg fell; Goree, Guadaloupe, Ticonderago, Niagara, Quebec, successively yielded to British prowess; Boscawen defeated the French fleet off Lagos; Hawke vanquished the Brest fleet under Conflans; Chandernagore yielded to Clive, Pondicherry to Coote; the allied arms triumphed at Minden; and the combined powers of France, Russia, and Austria, failed before the genius of Pitt.

"Nor did our trade and manufactures languish amidst this blaze of military fame. It is the peculiar honour of Chatham,—as may yet be seen inscribed on the stately monument which the citizens of London have raised him in Guildhall,—that under his rule they found COMMERCE UNITED WITH AND MADE TO FLOURISH BY WAR. Still less can it be said that these wonders had grown altogether from harmony and concord at home. It was the just vaunt of Chatham himself in the House of Commons, that success had given us unanimity, not unanimity success. Yet never had there been a more rapid transition from languor and failure to spirit and conquest. Never yet had the merits of a great Minister in producing that transition been more fully acknowledged in his lifetime. The two Houses, which re-assembled in November, met only to pass Addresses of Congratulation and Votes of Credit. So far from seeking to excuse or to palliate the large supplies which he demanded, Pitt plumed himself upon them; he was the first to call them enormous, and double any year's of Queen Anne. 'To push expense,' he said openly upon the army estimates, 'is the best economy.'" [6]

In "Butler's Reminiscences" there is recorded, on the authority of an ear-witness, an anecdote which strongly shows the ascendancy which Pitt at this time wielded over the House of Commons. On one occasion, after he had concluded a speech, to which no one seemed to offer any reply, he was about to leave the House, and had already proceeded as far as the lobby, when a member started up and said, "I rise to reply to the Right Honourable Gentleman." Pitt caught the words, stopped short, and turning round fixed his eye on the orator, who at that steady and scornful glance sate down again silent and abashed. Pitt, who was suffering from gout, then

[6] Lord Mahon's History, vol. iv. p. 279.

slowly returned to his seat, repeating, as if to himself, in a low but distinct tone, Virgil's lines:—

> "At Danaum proceres Agamemnoniseque phalanges,
> Ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
> Ingenti trepidare metu: pars vertere terga,
> Ceu quondam petiere rates: *pars tollere vocem*
> *Exiguam, inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*"

Mr. Butler says that he asked his informant whether the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member. "No, sir," he replied, "we were all too much awed to laugh."[7]

A similar anecdote is recorded of Mirabeau, in the debate of the National Assembly, when Neckar had proposed an extraordinary subsidy by vote of credit, as the only escape from national bankruptcy. Mirabeau supported this, in a speech which carried the vote of the Assembly by storm. A member got up and said, "I rise to reply to M. de Mirabeau." Mirabeau glared on his opponent; and the Assembly gazed with silent surprise at the man who could venture to reply to such a speech. The unlucky orator, after standing for a moment with his mouth open and his arm raised, sate down, without uttering another word.[8]

[7] Lord Mahon, vol. iv. p. 279.

[8] I quote a portion of a translation of this celebrated speech, in order to give the reader an opportunity of comparing the eloquence of Mirabeau with that of Chatham:—

"I would say to those who, from their dread of an extraordinary impost, familiarise their minds with the contemplation of bankruptcy,—to those, I would say, what is bankruptcy but the most cruel, the most iniquitous, the most unequal, the most disastrous of imposts? My friends, hear me a word—but one word. Two centuries of depredation and robbery have opened the gulf which is about to swallow up the kingdom. This frightful gulf must be closed. Well; here is the list of the French landowners. Choose among the richest, in order to sacrifice the fewest citizens. Choose—choose, at all events; for must not a small number perish to save the mass? Come; there are two thousand notables, possessing the means of filling up the deficit. Restore order to the finances, peace and prosperity to the kingdom. Strike—immolate, without mercy, those unhappy victims,—precipitate them into the abyss, and instantly it closes! You start back with horror! Inconsistent, pusillanimous men. Do you not perceive that in decreeing bankruptcy—or, what is still more odious, in rendering it inevitable without decreeing it—you cover yourselves with the infamy of an act a thousand times more criminal—and (which is inconceivable) gratuitously criminal; for the sacrifice, horrible as it is, would not close the gulf. Do you suppose that, because you will not have paid, you will therefore cease to be in debt? Do you suppose that the thousands, the millions of men, who will lose in an instant by the terrific explosion or its rebound, all that was their comfort in life, and perhaps their sole means of existence, will leave you in the peaceable enjoyment of your crime? You Stoic observers of the incalculable evils which this catastrophe will pour out upon France—you unfeeling, selfish men, who think the convulsions of misery and despair will pass away like so many

On George the Third's accession, Pitt's authority in council, which had hitherto been paramount, began sensibly to decline. Spain, though nominally at peace with England, had been actively aiding France; and Pitt, foreseeing that the speedy union of both the great Bourbon monarchies in open war against us was certain, wished to assume the initiative against Spain, and attack her before she had matured her plan for attacking us. Lord Bute, who had at this time complete influence over the young King, was opposed to this; and several members of the Cabinet, who were probably weary of Pitt's scorching predominance, joined the favourite in thwarting the War Secretary. The noble historian to whom I have been so largely indebted in this and other memoirs, does justice here to Pitt's wise and vigorous policy. Lord Mahon says—

"Let me add, that in the closing act of this administration,—in proposing an immediate declaration of war against Spain,—Pitt did not urge any immature or ill-considered scheme. His preparations were already made, to strike more than one heavy blow upon his enemy,—to capture the returning galleons, and to take possession of the Isthmus of Panama, thus securing a port in the Pacific, and cutting off all communication between the Spanish provinces of Mexico and Peru. Nor did his designs end here: these points once accomplished—as they might have been with little difficulty—he had planned an expedition against the Havanna, and another, on a smaller scale, against the Philippine Islands. In none of these places could the means of resistance be compared to those of the French in Canada, while the means of aggression from England would be the same. Yet a few months,

others, and the more rapidly, as they will have been more violent, are you quite sure that so many men without bread will let you revel unmolested on those luxuries to which you cling? No; you will perish; and in the general conflagration which you do not shudder to light up, the loss of your honour will not save even a single one of your vile enjoyments! Vote, then, this extraordinary subsidy; and may it suffice! Vote it—because, even if you doubt the means of meeting it, your doubts are vague and unexamined; and you can have no doubt of its necessity, and of the impossibility of dispensing with it at the moment. Beware of demanding time; calamity never allows it. Eh! gentlemen, allusion has been made to a ridiculous movement at the Palais Royal,—to a ridiculous insurrection, which never had importance but in the weak imagination of some, or in the perfidy of others. You have heard pronounced, with rage, the words—'*Catiline is at the gates, and they deliberate!*' Certainly, we have neither Catiline, nor danger, nor faction, nor Rome; but bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is upon us—threatens to devour you, your properties, your honour—*and you deliberate!*"

and the most precious provinces of Spain in the New World—the brightest gems of her colonial empire—might not improbably have decked the British crown!

"In reviewing designs so vast, pursued by a spirit so lofty, I can only find a parallel from amongst that nation which Pitt sought to humble,—I can only point to Cardinal Ximenes. This resemblance would be the less surprising, since Pitt, at the outset of his administration, had once, in conversation with Fox, talked much of Ximenes, who, he owned, was his favourite character in history."[9]

Pitt resigned on the 5th of October, 1761. Lord Temple retired with him, but Mr. Grenville remained in office. The King expressed to Pitt his high sense of his services, and his wish of signifying that opinion by some substantial mark of favour. Pitt condescended to accept a pension of 3000*l.* a year for the lives of himself, his son, and his wife, who was created Baroness of Chatham. He had written to a female relation, some years before, severely reproaching her for the "despicable meanness" of which she had been guilty, in having accepted an annuity out of the public purse; the lady, on the present occasion, it is said, took her revenge, by sending him a copy of his own letter. Pitt's popularity suffered for the time by his pension; but it is to be remembered that he was not a wealthy man. His public services had absorbed his whole time for years; and those services had gained such advantages for his country, that no pension, however large, could have been deemed an overpayment. Nor was it taken as a bribe, to buy off his opposition. He censured the measures of Lord Bute's administration, and of Mr. Grenville's, which followed it, freely and sternly, whenever he disapproved of them; and, in particular, he denounced the provisions of the Peace of Paris, by which the memorable Seven Years' War was concluded,—a war in which we had been obliged, as Pitt foretold, to declare open hostilities against Spain as well as France, though we had lost the critical opportunity of striking a decisive blow.

In 1763, Pitt took a strenuous part in maintaining against the ministers the illegality of general warrants, in the disputes which arose from the prosecution of Wilkes. His favour with the nation now stood higher than ever before; and in 1765 he received a substantial proof of the admiration felt for his character, even by

[9] Lord Mahon, vol. iv. p. 363.

those who had never had any personal intercourse with him. Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet, wholly unconnected with Pitt, died in this year, and left Pitt, by will, the estate of Burton Pynsent, in that county, worth, it was said, about 2500*l.* a year, and about 30,000*l.* in ready money.

Pitt was earnestly requested by the King, in this year, to re-enter the Cabinet; and he was offered his own terms as to the composition of his ministry. But his health, always precarious, was now in such a state, that he was incapable of the duty. I see no reason for distrusting the truth of Pitt's statements on this subject; nor do I see that they are disproved by the fact of his occasional appearances in Parliament at this time, or by the mental energy which he displayed on such occasions. It is one thing to be able to avail oneself of the temporary and uncertain intermissions of illness, and another thing to be able to reckon on such a continued immunity from it, as justifies a man in undertaking the regular duties of high and responsible employment.

It was during the Rockingham administration, in which Pitt had no place, that the formidable question of taxing America was first brought forward in the British Parliament. Of such taxation Pitt was from first to last the vehement and uncompromising opponent; while he asserted with equal uniformity, and in language equally uncompromising, the full imperial supremacy of England over her colonies. Many have commented on what they call Lord Chatham's inconsistency in these tenets; but in truth the inconsistency is only seeming, and the appearance of it is caused by the fallacious double meaning in which the same word is necessarily used in our language. I mean the word *right*. Lord Chatham said that England had the *right* to legislate in all matters for America, and yet he said that England had not the *right* to pass a law imposing taxes on America. In the first assertion Lord Chatham meant the *right* arising out of the relation between mother-country and colony, the municipal, or rather the imperial *right*, which arises from the necessity of ultimate supreme power residing *somewhere* in a state-system of mother-country and dependencies, and from the impossibility of that ultimate supreme power being placed anywhere except in the government of the mother-country. In denying the *right* of England to tax America, Lord Chatham meant another sort of *right* than that which arises from the conventional laws either of particular nations or of

particular assemblages of nations. He meant the right which arises from the eternal immutable laws of right and wrong; of "the just" and "the unjust." Judging by these, he believed that the English Parliament, in which America was unrepresented, had no *right* to tax America. He believed the attempt to be a moral crime, which justified and sanctified resistance. But he no more thought that the colonists who resisted such an attempt necessarily ceased to be members of the English empire, than that the Barons who resisted King John ceased thereby to be members of the English nation.

A plan for raising a revenue by taxing the colonies had been formed and suggested to the government as early as 1737; but Sir Robert Walpole, with his natural sagacity, had declined it. It had been talked of during the Seven Years' War; but Mr. Grenville was the first who sought to enforce it, by his celebrated Stamp Act. This measure had produced violent tumults in New England, and the mention of these in the King's Speech in 1766 brought on a debate, in which Pitt and his brother-in-law, George Grenville, once fast friends, but now firm foes, were the principal speakers.

On the Address being read, Mr. Pitt, after some complimentary expressions respecting part of it, adverted to the subject of America; and at the outset he courteously but expressively declared his want of confidence in the Rockingham ministry, and denounced the supposed secret influence of the Earl of Bute. Turning towards the Treasury bench, he said, "As to the present gentlemen, to those at least whom I have in my eye, I have no objection; I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them. Their characters are fair; and I am always glad when men of fair character engage in his Majesty's service. Some of them have done me the honour to ask my opinion before they would engage. These would do me the justice to own, I advised them to engage; but notwithstanding—I love to be explicit—I cannot give them my confidence; pardon me, gentlemen, confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom: youth is the season of credulity; by comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an over-ruling influence.

"There is a clause in the Act of Settlement to oblige every minister to sign his name to the advice which he gives his Sovereign. Would it were observed! I have had the honour to serve the Crown, and if I could have submitted to influence, I might

have still continued to serve; but I would not be responsible for others. I have no local attachments; it is indifferent to me whether a man was rocked in his cradle on this side or that side of the Tweed. I sought for merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast, that I was the first minister who looked for it, and I found it in the mountains in the North. I called it forth, and drew it into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men! men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the war before the last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world. Detested be the national reflections against them!—they are unjust, groundless, illiberal, unmanly. When I ceased to serve his Majesty as a minister, it was not the *country* of the man by which I was moved—but *the man* of that country wanted *wisdom*, and held principles incompatible with *freedom*.

"It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in the House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it! It is now an act that has passed—I would speak with decency of every act of this House, but I must beg the indulgence of the House to speak of it with freedom.

"I hope a day may be soon appointed to consider the state of the nation with respect to America. I hope gentlemen will come to this debate with all the temper and impartiality that his Majesty recommends, and the importance of the subject requires—a subject of greater importance than ever engaged the attention of this House; that subject only excepted when, near a century ago, it was the question whether you yourselves were to be bound or free. In the mean time, as I cannot depend upon health for any future day, such is the nature of my infirmities, I will beg to say a few words at present, leaving the justice, the equity, the policy, the expediency of the act, to another time. I will only speak to one point—a point which seems not to have been generally understood—I mean, to the right. Some gentlemen seem to have considered it as a point of honour. If gentlemen consider it in that light,

they leave all measures of right and wrong, to follow a delusion that may lead to destruction. It is my opinion, that this kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time, I assert the authority of this kingdom over the colonies to be sovereign and supreme, in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. They are the subjects of this kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen; equally bound by its laws, and equally participating of the constitution of this free country. The Americans are the sons, not the bastards of England. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. In legislation the three estates of the realm are alike concerned, but the concurrence of the Peers and the Crown to a tax, is only necessary to clothe it with the form of a law. The gift and grant is of the Commons alone. In ancient days the Crown, the Barons, and the Clergy possessed the lands. In those days the Barons and the Clergy gave and granted to the Crown. They gave and granted what was their own. At present, since the discovery of America, and other circumstances permitting, the Commons are become the proprietors of the land. The Church (God bless it) has but a pittance. The property of the Lords, compared with that of the Commons, is as a drop of water in the ocean; and this House represents those Commons, the proprietors of the lands; and those proprietors virtually represent the rest of the inhabitants. When, therefore, in this House we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your Majesty's Commons for Great Britain, give and grant to your Majesty—what? our own property?—No. We give and grant to your Majesty the property of your Majesty's Commons of America. It is an absurdity in terms.

"There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in the House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here? Is he represented by any knight of the shire, in any county in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number! Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough—a borough which perhaps no man ever saw? This is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. It cannot continue a century: if it does not drop, it must be amputated.

The idea of a virtual representation of America in this House, is the most contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of a man—it does not deserve a serious refutation.

"The Commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of the exercise of this, their constitutional right of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves, if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time, this kingdom, as the supreme governing and legislative power, has always bound the colonies by her laws, by her regulations, and restrictions in trade, in navigation, in manufactures—in everything, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent."

[Mr. Grenville, in reply, defended his own policy, and insisted that, as this country was acknowledged to possess supreme legislative power over America, taxation was a part of that sovereign power; and that it had been frequently exercised over those who were represented; and instanced the case of the East India Company, the proprietors of the public funds, the Palatine of Chester, and the Bishopric of Durham, before they sent representatives to Parliament. On this Mr. Pitt again rose, and addressed the House thus:—]

"I did not mean to have gone any further upon the subject to-day; I had only designed to have thrown out a few hints, which gentlemen, who were so confident of the right of this kingdom to send taxes to America, might consider; might perhaps reflect, in a cooler moment, that the right was at least equivocal. But since the gentleman who spoke last, has not stopped on that ground, but has gone into the whole, into the justice, the equity, the policy, the expediency of the Stamp Act, as well as into the right, I will follow him through the whole field, and combat his arguments on every point.

"Gentlemen, Sir, have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise. No gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it. It is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. The gentleman tells us, America is obstinate;

America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. I come not here, armed at all points with law cases and Acts of Parliament, with the statute book doubled down in dogs' ears, to defend the cause of liberty: if I had, I myself would have cited the two cases of Chester and Durham. I would have cited them, to show that even, under arbitrary reigns, Parliaments were ashamed of taxing a people without their consent, and allowed them representatives.

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"The gentleman asks, when were the colonies emancipated? *But I desire to know when they were made slaves.* But I dwell not upon words. When I had the honour of serving his Majesty, I availed myself of the means of information which I derived from my office; I speak, therefore, from knowledge. My materials were good: I was at pains to collect, to digest, to consider them; and I will be bold to affirm, that the profit to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, is two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war. The estates that were rented at two thousand pounds a year threescore years ago, are at three thousand pounds at present. Those estates sold then from fifteen to eighteen years' purchase; the same may now be sold for thirty. You owe this to America. This is the price America pays for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come with a boast, that he can fetch a pepper-corn in the Exchequer, to the loss of millions to the nation? I dare not say how much higher these profits may be augmented. Omitting the immense increase of people by natural population, in the northern colonies, and the emigration from every part of Europe, I am convinced the commercial system of America may be altered to advantage. You have prohibited where you ought to have encouraged, and encouraged where you ought to have prohibited. Improper restraints have been laid on the continent, in favour of the islands. You have but two nations to trade with in America. Would you had twenty! Let Acts of Parliament in consequence of treaties remain, but let not an English minister become a custom-house officer for Spain or for any foreign power. Much is wrong, much may be amended for the general good of the whole.

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"A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valour of your troops, I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground, on the Stamp Act, when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

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"In such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? Not to sheath the sword in its scabbard, but to sheath it in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves, now the whole House of Bourbon is united against you? while France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave-trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty? while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer, a gentleman whose noble and generous spirit would do honour to the proudest grandee of the country? The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America, that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behaviour to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them:—

'Be to her faults a little blind:
Be to her virtues very kind.'

"Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be *repealed absolutely, totally,* and *immediately.* That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time, let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be

made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever. That we may bind their *trade*, confine their *manufactures*, and exercise every *power* whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pocket without their consent."

The Stamp Act was soon afterwards repealed; but it was accompanied by an Act which contained a clause declaratory of the British Parliament's power to make laws for binding the colonies in all cases whatsoever. Pitt's speech had been made on the 14th of January, and these Acts had passed both Houses and received the royal assent on the 18th of March. The Rockingham cabinet was unable to stand against the hostility of Pitt; and in the difficulties to which this ministry also soon found itself reduced, another application was made by the King to Pitt, so early as the end of February, 1766. At that time it came to nothing, but the attempt was renewed after a few months; and in the end Pitt received full and unlimited powers to frame a new cabinet, which was completed about the beginning of August. Mr. Pitt took for himself the office of Privy Seal, which rendered indispensable his translation to the House of Lords. This choice very much surprised the world; the reasons assigned were age and infirmity, which rendered a constant attendance in the House of Commons impossible.

Lord Chatham, on now assuming office, showed great want of judgment in failing to conciliate Lord Rockingham, Lord Temple, Lord Gower, and other influential men, whom he might by a little discretion and conciliation have united under him. The support of those statesmen would have added dignity and power to his cabinet; and they would have proved better vicegerents of authority when Lord Chatham was disabled by illness. The result was, that the Duke of Grafton was placed in the office of First Lord of the Treasury—Lord Shelburne and General Conway were Secretaries of State—Lord Camden, Chancellor—the late Chancellor, Northington, President of the Council; and Charles Townshend was persuaded to become Chancellor of the Exchequer. The subordinate offices were filled with very heterogeneous materials. This was the ministry which Mr. Burke described with such wit and truth:—

"He [Lord Chatham] made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without

cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, King's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues, whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, 'Sir, your name?—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons.' I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed."

Soon after the formation of this strange ministry Lord Chatham was obliged to withdraw from all share in the conduct of affairs by a serious illness, which, from the evidence furnished by his lately published correspondence, clearly appears to have been chiefly mental, and to have taken the form of a deep hypochondria, making him shrink with horror from business, and from intercourse with any person beyond the circle of his own family. At last, on the 15th of October, 1768, he sent his friend Lord Camden to the King with a resignation of his office. But during the two years which had passed away, irreparable evil had been effected by the administration of which he was the nominal head. Charles Townshend had revived the disastrous project of taxing America; the disturbances among the colonists had in consequence revived with greater exasperation and violence than before; and when Lord Chatham's recruited health enabled him again to appear in Parliament, a convention had been summoned in the principal state of New England to take measures for redress of their grievances, and Boston was only kept in a nominal subjection to British authority by the presence of British bayonets.

Another cause of disturbance and anxiety arose from the unwise proceedings at home, which the House of Commons, at the instigation of the ministers, adopted towards the notorious John Wilkes. That demagogue, who had for some years before been outlawed, and who had been living on the continent, returned to England in 1768, and was elected member for Middlesex. The House of Commons expelled him on the 3rd of February, 1769, and on the 16th of the same month the constituency of Middlesex again elected him. The House of Commons pronounced his

election void; and declared that he was incapable of becoming a member of the existing parliament. He was again chosen member by a vast majority of the Middlesex electors, but Colonel Luttrell, his opponent, who had not obtained as many votes as a fourth part of Wilkes's, was declared the lawful member. In the midst of the confusion occasioned by these proceedings, Parliament met on the 9th of January, 1770, when Lord Chatham appeared in the House of Lords and once more re-asserted his position as a master of parliamentary debate.

A recent severe critic[1] of Lord Chatham's character and career has argued from the vigour which Lord Chatham displayed during the last years of his life, in opposing the American war, that the excuse, set up on the score of illness for his previous inaction while he was nominal minister, must have been fictitious. This is a grievous charge; but surely it is unfounded. I have before adverted to the difference between the pressure on a sick brain of daily duty and constant responsibility, compared with the occasional task of vigorous but temporary efforts, which a man may make at his own good time, and need only make when he feels in the vein. Nor did Lord Chatham's appearance in vigorous opposition follow immediately on the period of his ministerial supineness. A year of retirement and calm intervened, during which the shattered frame was recruited, and the o'er-strung nerves were restored to their natural healthy elasticity. There are other dates which prove the reality and the recurrence of his bodily afflictions. It is true that in the session of Parliament which began in 1770 he took a prominent and active part. He also appeared occasionally in the session which began 21st January, 1772; in one speech in particular, which he delivered in May that year, in support of a bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters, he showed, according to the report of the debate, 'as much oratory and fire as perhaps he ever did in his life.' But his name does not appear again in the debates till towards the end of the session of 1774, on the 27th of May in which year, though still labouring under a state of ill-health, which had long kept him absent from the House, he spoke warmly and impressively in opposition to one of Lord North's bills for subduing the resistance in America. He spoke also several times on the same now all-engrossing subject in the earlier part of the first session of the

[1] Quarterly Review, June, 1840.

next Parliament, which met in November of this year; but then a return of ill-health sent him back for nearly two years into retirement. When he again made his appearance in the House in the end of May, 1777, it was to reiterate with increased earnestness his views and warnings on American affairs; and he continued to come down for the same purpose during the next session as often as the little strength remaining in his racked and shattered frame would permit. At last, on the 7th of April, 1778, after he had spoken once on a motion for an address to the King on the state of the nation, he attempted to rise again to notice something that had been said by the Duke of Richmond in reply, when he dropped senseless into the arms of those beside him.

I am anticipating the memorable closing scenes of his life, but these dates (as I find them collected in the biographical notice of him in Knight's Cyclopædia,) seem to me to be all important in vindicating his memory from the charges of malingering and hypocrisy.

On the first night of the session of 1770, Lord Chatham spoke early in the debate, condemning the conduct of the House of Commons respecting Wilkes, and proposing an amendment to the address. Lord Mansfield, in opposition to this amendment, urged on the lords the impropriety of general declarations of law by either House of Parliament; and contended that the case of Mr. Wilkes had come judicially before the Commons; and that, therefore, it would be exceedingly improper for the House of Lords to enter upon an inquiry into the proceedings of the Lower House with respect to their own members, and that such an interference would inevitably lead to a rupture between the two Houses.

To this speech of Lord Mansfield, Lord Chatham replied in one of his noblest speeches, portions of which are as follows:—

"There is one plain maxim, to which I have invariably adhered through life—That in every question, in which my liberty or my property were concerned, I should consult and be determined by the dictates of common sense. I confess, my lords, that I am apt to distrust the refinements of learning, because I have seen the ablest and most learned men equally liable to deceive themselves, and to mislead others. The condition of human nature would be lamentable indeed, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fall to the share of so small a number of men, were

sufficient to direct our judgment and our conduct. But Providence has taken better care of our happiness, and given us, in the simplicity of common sense, a rule for our direction, by which we shall never be misled. I confess, my lords, I had no other guide in drawing up the amendment which I submitted to your consideration; and before I heard the opinion of the noble lord who spoke last, I did not conceive that it was even within the limits of possibility for the greatest human genius, the most subtile understanding, or the acutest wit, so strangely to misrepresent my meaning, and to give it an interpretation so entirely foreign to what I intended to express, and from that sense which the very terms of the amendment plainly and distinctly carry with them. If there be the smallest foundation for the censure thrown upon me by that noble lord—if, either expressly, or by the most distant implication, I have said or insinuated any part of what the noble lord has charged me with, discard my opinions for ever, discard the motion with contempt.

"My lords, I must beg the indulgence of the House. Neither will my health permit me, nor do I pretend to be qualified to follow that learned lord minutely through the whole of his argument. No man is better acquainted with his abilities and learning, nor has a greater respect for them, than I have. I have had the pleasure of sitting with him in the other House, and always listened to him with attention. I have not now lost a word of what he said, NOR DID I EVER. Upon the present question, I meet him without fear. The evidence which truth carries with it, is superior to all argument; it neither wants the support, nor dreads the opposition, of the greatest abilities.

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"Now, my lords, since I have been forced to enter into the explanation of an amendment, in which nothing less than the genius of penetration could have discovered an obscurity, and having, as I hope, redeemed myself in the opinion of the House, having redeemed my motion from the severe representation given of it by the noble lord, I must a little longer entreat your lordships' indulgence. The constitution of this country has been openly invaded in fact; and I have heard, with horror and astonishment, that very invasion defended upon principle. What is this mysterious power, undefined by law, unknown to the subject, which we must not approach without awe, nor speak of without reverence,

which no man may question and to which all men must submit? My lords, I thought the slavish doctrine of passive obedience had long since been exploded: and, when our kings were obliged to confess that their title to the crown, and the rule of their government, had no other foundation than the known laws of the land, I never expected to hear a divine right, or a divine infallibility, attributed to any other branch of the legislature. My lords, I beg to be understood; no man respects the House of Commons more than I do, or would contend more strenuously than I would, to preserve them their just and legal authority. Within the bounds prescribed by the constitution, that authority is necessary to the well-being of the people: beyond that line every exertion of power is arbitrary, is illegal; it threatens tyranny to the people, and destruction to the state. Power without right is the most odious and detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination: it is not only pernicious to those who are subject to it, but tends to its own destruction. It is what my noble friend (Lord Lyttelton) has truly described it, *Res detestabilis et caduca.* My lords, I acknowledge the just power, and reverence the constitution of the House of Commons. It is for their own sakes that I would prevent their assuming a power which the constitution has denied them, lest, by grasping at an authority they have no right to, they should forfeit that which they legally possess. My lords, I affirm that they have betrayed their constituents, and violated the constitution. Under pretence of declaring the law, they have *made* a law, and united in the same persons the office of legislator and of judge.

"I shall endeavour to adhere strictly to the noble lord's doctrine, which is indeed impossible to mistake, so far as my memory will permit me to preserve his expressions. He seems fond of the word jurisdiction; and I confess, with the force and effect which he has given it, it is a word of copious meaning and wonderful extent. If his lordship's doctrine be well founded, we must renounce all those political maxims by which our understandings have hitherto been directed, and even the first elements of learning taught us in our schools when we were school-boys. My lords, we knew that jurisdiction was nothing more than *jus dicere;* we knew that *legem facere* and *legem dicere* were powers clearly distinguished from each other in the nature of things, and wisely separated by the wisdom of the English constitution; but now, it seems, we must adopt a

new system of thinking. The House of Commons, we are told, has a supreme jurisdiction; that there is no appeal from their sentence; and that wherever they are competent judges, their decision must be received and submitted to, as, *ipso facto*, the law of the land. My lords, I am a plain man, and have been brought up in a religious reverence for the original simplicity of the laws of England. By what sophistry they have been perverted, by what artifices they have been involved in obscurity, is not for me to explain; the principles, however, of the English laws are still sufficiently clear: they are founded in reason, and are the masterpiece of the human understanding; but it is in the text that I would look for a direction to my judgment, not in the commentaries of modern professors. The noble lord assures us, that he knows not in what code the law of Parliament is to be found; that the House of Commons, when they act as judges, have no law to direct them but their own wisdom; that their decision is law; and if they determine wrong, the subject has no appeal but to heaven. What then, my lords, are all the generous efforts of our ancestors—are all those glorious contentions, by which they meant to secure to themselves, and to transmit to their posterity, a known law, a certain rule of living—reduced to this conclusion, that instead of the arbitrary power of a king, we must submit to the arbitrary power of a House of Commons? If this be true, what benefit do we derive from the exchange? Tyranny, my lords, is detestable in every shape; but in none so formidable as when it is assumed and exercised by a number of tyrants. But, my lords, this is not the fact, this is not the constitution; we have a law of Parliament; we *have* a code in which every honest man may find it. We have Magna Charta, we have the Statute Book, and the Bill of Rights.

"If a case should arise unknown to these great authorities, we have still that plain English reason left, which is the foundation of all our English jurisprudence. That reason tells us, that every judicial court and every political society must be vested with those powers and privileges which are necessary for performing the office to which they are appointed. It tells us also, that no court of justice can have a power inconsistent with, or paramount to, the known laws of the land; that the people, when they choose their representatives, never mean to convey to them a power of invading the rights or trampling upon the liberties of those whom they represent. What security would they have for their rights, if once

they admitted that a court of judicature might determine every question that came before it, not by any known positive law, but by the vague, indeterminate, arbitrary rule, of what the noble lord is pleased to call *the wisdom of the Court?* With respect to the decision of the courts of justice, I am far from denying them their due weight and authority; yet, placing them in a most respectable view, I still consider them, not as law, but as an evidence of the law; and before they can arrive even at that degree of authority, it must appear that they are founded in, and confirmed by, reason; that they are supported by precedents taken from good and moderate times; that they do not contradict any positive law; that they are submitted to without reluctance by the people: that they are unquestioned by the legislature (which is equivalent to a tacit confirmation); and what, in my judgment, is by far the most important, that they do not violate the spirit of the constitution.

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"My lords, I am ready to maintain that the late decision of the House of Commons is destitute of every one of those properties and conditions, which I hold to be essential to the legality of such a decision.

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"It is to *your* ancestors, my lords, it is to the English Barons that we are indebted for the laws and constitution we possess. Their virtues were rude and uncultivated, but they were great and sincere. Their understandings were as little polished as their manners, but they had hearts to distinguish between right and wrong; they had heads to distinguish between truth and falsehood; they understood the rights of humanity, and they had the spirit to maintain them.

"My lords, I think that history has not done justice to their conduct, when they obtained from their Sovereign that great acknowledgment of national rights contained in Magna Charta: they did not confine it to themselves alone, but delivered it as a common blessing to the whole people. They did not say, 'These are the rights of the great barons,' or, 'These are the rights of the great prelates;'—no, my lords, they said, in the simple Latin of the times, '*Nullus liber homo,*' and provided as carefully for the meanest subject as for the greatest. These are uncouth words, and sound but poorly in the ears of scholars; neither are they addressed to the criticism of scholars, but to the hearts of free

men. Those three words, '*Nullus liber homo,*' have a meaning which interests us all; they deserve to be remembered, they deserve to be inculcated in our minds; they are worth all the classics.

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"My lords, the character and circumstances of Mr. Wilkes have been very improperly introduced into this question, not only here, but in that court of judicature where his cause was tried: I mean the House of Commons. With one party he was a patriot of the first magnitude; with the other the vilest incendiary. For my own part, I consider him merely and indifferently as an English subject, possessed of certain rights which the laws have given him, and which the laws alone can take from him. I am neither moved by his private vices nor by his public merits. In *his* person, though he were the *worst* of men, I contend for the safety and security of the best; and, God forbid, my lords, that there should be a power in this country of measuring the civil rights of the subject by his moral character, or by any other rule but the fixed laws of the land! I believe, my lords, *I* shall not be suspected of any personal partiality to this unhappy man: I am not very conversant in pamphlets or newspapers; but from what I have heard, and from the little I have read, I may venture to affirm that I have had my share in the compliments which have come from that quarter; and as for motives of ambition (for I must take to myself a part of the noble duke's insinuation), I believe, my lords, there have been times in which I have had the honour of standing in such favour in the closet, that there must have been something extravagantly unreasonable in my wishes if they might not *all* have been gratified; after neglecting those opportunities, I am now suspected of coming forward, in the decline of life, in the anxious pursuit of wealth and power, which it is impossible for me to enjoy. Be it so; there is one ambition at least which I ever will acknowledge, which I will not renounce but with my life; it is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have received from my ancestors."

My limits forbid me to transfer to these pages any of "the solemn warnings, the wise, eloquent, and enthusiastic appeals," which, in the course of the long struggle with America, Lord Chatham "addressed alternately to the hopes and fears, the feelings and interests, of the mother country."[2] But one memorable speech

[2] Quarterly Review.

must not be passed over. In the debate on the 20th of November, 1777, respecting an amendment to the address on the subject of the American war, Lord Suffolk had defended the employment of Indians against the colonists, saying, that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means which God and nature had put into our hands." Lord Chatham had already spoken in the debate; but on hearing this, his indignant eloquence blazed forth.

"I am astonished!" exclaimed he, "shocked, to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House or in this country:—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman and un-Christian! My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. 'That God and nature put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating, literally, my lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that *right reverend* bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of *this learned* bench to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution: I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that

adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war!* Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

"My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and this country from this sin.

"My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

It was asserted in answer to this, that Lord Chatham himself had employed Indians in the last war. The truth of this counter-charge is well investigated by Lord Brougham in his "Historical Sketches of Statesmen." But the utmost that can be shown against Lord Chatham is, that he knew that Indian tribes had been in alliance with us in Canada, and in a letter dated October, 1760, he desired General Amherst to thank the Indian allies for their bravery, and to express his Majesty's satisfaction

that by the good order kept among them no act of cruelty had stained the lustre of the British arms.

After the disaster of Burgoyne at Saratoga, it was known that our old enemies in Europe were preparing to attack us, and avenge the humiliation which Pitt had inflicted on them in the Seven Years' War. As the prospect of affairs became more discouraging, and now that all opportunities of conciliating the Americans had been for ever thrown away, Englishmen began to hint at the possible expediency of surrendering their fair provinces in the Western world to the victorious rebels. The tidings of defeat and danger multiplied, the public burdens began to press more and more severely, and this policy of surrender found fresh advocates. At last the Duke of Richmond, who had faithfully supported Lord Chatham in his opposition to the war, gave notice of an address to the Crown, recapitulating in detail the expenses, losses, and misconduct of the war, and entreating his Majesty to dismiss his Ministers, and to withdraw his forces, by sea and land, from the revolted provinces. The proud spirit of Chatham could not stoop to this. His state of bodily illness at the time when he was informed of the Duke of Richmond's intended motion, was such, that it was evident that he could only exert himself in Parliament at the hazard of his life. But he resolved, even at that hazard, to raise his voice against what he thought his country's degradation, and on the 7th of April, 1778, the day appointed, Lord Chatham, looking like a dying man, save that his eye retained all its native fire, was supported into the House of Lords by his son the Hon. William Pitt, and his son-in-law Lord Mahon.

Arnold has well compared with this the striking passage in Roman history, when the Senate were assembled to consider the necessity of treating with the victorious Pyrrhus; and when Appius the Blind, then in extreme old age, caused himself to be carried to the Senate-House to raise his voice against the meditated dishonour to the Roman name. But the grandeur of the scene, and the grandeur of the man, in our own history, are far the highest; and the death of Chatham gives a tragic sublimity to this, the closing act of his illustrious life, which places it above all parallel.

When Lord Chatham entered the House, leaning, as before mentioned, on his son and his son-in-law, the lords stood up, and made a lane for him to pass to his seat, whilst with the gracefulness of deportment for which he was so eminently distinguished, he

bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat on the bench of the earls, he listened to the speech of the Duke of Richmond with the most profound attention.

After Lord Weymouth had spoken against the Address, Lord Chatham arose with slowness and difficulty from his seat, leaning on his crutches, and supported by his two relations. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it towards heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day, to perform my duty and to speak on a subject which is so deeply impressed on my mind. I am old and infirm; have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave. I have risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House!"

The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House, were here most affecting; had any one dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard.[3] At first, Lord Chatham spoke in a low and feeble tone, which showed the effects of severe illness; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and became as harmonious and rich as ever. He recounted the whole history of the American war, the measures to which he had objected, and all the evil consequences which he had foretold; adding at the end of each period, "And so it proved." In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrance of former invasions. "A Spanish invasion, a French invasion, a Dutch invasion, many noble Lords must have read of in history; and some Lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may remember a Scotch invasion." He then continued with redoubled force:—

"I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me—that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a measure? My lords, his Majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest posses-

[3] Thackeray's Life of Chatham, vol. ii. p. 377.

sions? Shall this great kingdom, that has survived whole and entire the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest; that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish armada, now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that, seventeen years ago, was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, 'Take all we have, only give us peace?' It is impossible!

"I wage war with no man, or set of men. I wish for none of their employments: nor would I co-operate with men who still persist in unretracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm, decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, where there is no middle path. In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honour, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. But, my lords, any state is better than despair. Let us, at least, make one effort; and, if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

When Lord Chatham sat down Lord Temple said to him, "You have forgot to mention what we have been talking about. Shall I get up?" Lord Chatham replied, "No, no, I will do it bye and bye."

The Duke of Richmond replied, urging the impossibility of England competing with the numerous enemies who were leagued against her. During part of his speech, Lord Chatham indicated, both in his countenance and gestures, symptoms of emotion and displeasure, and on the Duke's sitting down, Lord Chatham rose and made an eager effort to address the House, but his strength failed him, and he fell backwards in convulsions. He was immediately supported by the peers around him, and by his younger sons, who happened to be present as spectators. He was conveyed first to the house of Mr. Sargent in Downing Street, and thence to Hayes. He lingered till the 11th of May, on which day he expired amid his sorrowing family, having borne his sufferings to the last with the fortitude of a great man, and with the Christian resignation of a good one.

I hope that, even in this brief memoir, Lord Chatham has been sufficiently pourtrayed to render any general summing up of his

character needless. Criticism may detect some blemishes. He may have been sometimes inconsistent in his policy: sometimes over vehement in his expressions. His mode of addressing his Sovereign may have partaken too much of the ceremonious obsequiousness of the age. He may sometimes have been harsh towards a rival or imperious to a colleague. These things, as was said of graver faults in a far inferior man, are mere specks in the sun. I am not going to scrutinise them; and shall only add a few remarks on Lord Chatham's speeches, in the form in which we possess them.

The reports of the early ones seem so meagre, and some of them are so apocryphal, that no judgment of Chatham's powers can be formed from them.

The reply to old Horace Walpole's taunt about youth bears to my mind internal evidence of Johnson's authorship. I see nothing in it to make an admirer of Chatham claim it for his idol.

In the later speeches we have better and fuller materials for estimating the eloquence of "the Great Commoner," and greater peer.

The first and most certain impression that we feel in reading Chatham, is, that we have before us the workings of no ordinary mind. We feel ourselves in the presence of a high soul, and a commanding genius. We feel, moreover, that the mighty spirit, who deals with the audience, deals with them as beings inferior to himself. Chatham does not stoop to reason as with equals; he enunciates some great truth, some bold principle, and commands obedience to it. He speaks to our hearts, not to our heads. He abounds in axioms, and an utter fearlessness of consequences marks his axioms. He never shrinks from following them out to the last, however startling may be their results. The nervous fiery style, with its bold metaphors and close compact sentences, is worthy of the spirit.

There are few audiences, and there are few occasions, for which such speaking is adapted. It suits not deprecation, it contains not the elements of reasoning or of persuasion. No traces of skill in narrative are to be found in Chatham. His eloquence is only the eloquence of declaration and denunciation. But in those two, how transcendent is his genius! All other modern orators, and almost all ancient ones, seem dwarfed by comparison with him. Perhaps Mirabeau among the moderns comes nearest to him.

Demades among the ancients possibly equalled him. I, of course, always except Demosthenes, the perfect, the unapproachable in every branch of eloquence.

But how wordy seem Cicero's invectives by the side of Chatham's; how mean and weak those of Æschines! As for Curran, Erskine, Burke, &c. &c., Chatham flashes more on the soul in one sentence, than they convey in pages.

The lines in which Aristophanes describes the eloquence of Pericles seem well to image that of Chatham:—

"Ἐντεῦθεν ὀργῇ Περικλέης ὀλύμπιος
ἤστραπτεν, ἐβρόντα, ξυνεκύκα τὴν Ἑλλάδα."

I ought also to have excepted Pericles in placing the orators of old below Chatham. Unfortunately we only possess Pericles in Thucydides: and I think the historian has dimmed the brightness, though he may have added to the weight, of the speeches which he has fused into his great work.

What we miss in Chatham's speeches is calmness:—the calmness of majestic self-conscious strength. Pericles and Demosthenes possessed this. They could thunder: but they were, like the heavens, sublime in other moods besides their thunderstorms. —(*Life by Thackeray.—Lord Mahon's History.—Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches of Statesmen.*)

LORD CAMDEN.

Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," speaks of the pleasure he felt in entering on the memoir of Charles Pratt, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England and Earl Camden. It is with pleasure that I echo Lord Campbell's words respecting "one of the brightest ornaments of my profession." And Eton may well be proud of ranking him among her sons; for Lord Camden "was a profound jurist, and an enlightened statesman—his character was stainless in public and in private life—when raised to elevated station he continued true to the principles which he had early avowed—when transferred to the House of Peers, he enhanced his fame as an asserter of popular privileges—when an Ex-Chancellor, by a steady co-operation with his former political associates, he conferred greater benefits on his country, and had a still greater

share of public admiration and esteem than when he presided on the woolsack—when the prejudices of the Sovereign and of the people of England produced civil war, his advice would have preserved the integrity of the empire—when America, by wanton oppression, was for ever lost to us, his efforts mainly contributed to the pacification with the new republic—and Englishmen to the latest generation will honour his name for having secured personal freedom, by putting an end to arbitrary arrests under general warrants—for having established the constitutional right of juries, and for having placed on an imperishable basis the liberty of the press."[4]

He was a gentleman by birth, and his family had long been settled at Careswell Priory, near Colhampton, in Devonshire, a county which has truly been said to have always been, and still to be, fertile in illustrious lawyers. Lord Camden's father, Sir John Pratt, was Chief Justice of the King's Bench in George the First's reign; but he died when his fifth son Charles, the subject of the present memoir, was only ten years old; so that the future Chancellor rose fairly through the ranks of the profession; nor could any one apply to him the bitter sarcasm, which exhibitions of parental partiality on the Bench have sometimes provoked, that "the ermine of the father was made a begging bag for the son's briefs."

Charles Pratt was sent to Eton, and was elected on the foundation, soon after his father's death. While very young, he was warned that the slender patrimony which fell to his share as a younger child would do no more than educate him; and that he must look to that education and his own exertions as his means for rising in the world. Young Pratt understood his position, and applied himself cheerfully to its duties. During the years which he passed at Eton he acquired an unusual amount of classical learning; and, without doubt, the rough atmosphere of a public school did much in fostering the manly independence of character which marked him in after life.

There is, probably, no other place in the world at which so many and so permanent friendships have been formed as at Eton; and, among the "*Amicitiæ Etonenses*" of four centuries, few have been more sincere or more valuable in their consequences than the friendship which sprang up at Eton between Charles Pratt, afterwards Earl Camden, and William Pitt, afterwards Earl Chatham. The former

[4] Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. v.

owed to it his first legal promotion, his introduction to political life, and his Chancellorship. Nor were the benefits all on one side. Lord Camden's unfailing, uncompromising support, was a tower of strength to the elder Pitt in all his constitutional campaigns; and the younger great minister of that name derived important aid in the chief crisis of his early career, from the ready aid which Lord Camden gave his old friend's son against the coalesced parties of Fox and Lord North.

In 1731, Charles Pratt left Eton for King's. There he continued his classical studies, being, as his nephew George Hardinge informs us, not a plodding methodical reader, but by no means a superficial one. "He read with genius," says Hardinge. And at King Henry the Sixth's two royal colleges he formed the classical taste which he never lost, and which is to be traced in all he wrote and in all his speeches. Livy and Claudian are said to have been his favourite authors. Having been while a little child destined for the bar by his father, Pratt had been entered at the Inner Temple even before he went to Cambridge; and during his residence at the university he commenced the surest foundation for professional excellence, by studying the English history and constitution, and the science of jurisprudence, as well as the literary masterpieces of Greece and Rome.

It is recorded of him that he found King's divided into the parties of Whigs and Tories, with the former of which he instantly allied himself, and that he stood forward as a College Hampden in resisting the attempted encroachments of some of the collegiate authorities on the general rights of the whole body.

Having taken his degree in due course, Pratt, in 1735, left Cambridge for London, and began to keep his terms in the Inner Temple, where he was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1738.

Orders do not necessarily give a living; a diploma does not involve patients; a wig and gown have no inseparable connection with clients; and in each and all of the three learned professions, learning alone availeth little. Pratt was long that standard mark for commonplace gibers, a briefless barrister. Lord Campbell well contrasts his position with the early forensic career of Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke.

"Very differently did young Pratt fare from the man whose rapid career had recently been crowned by his elevation to the woolsack. Yorke, the son of an attorney, himself an attorney's

clerk, and intimate with many attornies, and attornies's clerks, overflowed with briefs, from the day he put on his robe, was in full business his first circuit, and was made Solicitor-General when he had been only four years at the bar. Pratt, the son of the Lord Chief Justice of England, bred at Eton and Cambridge, the associate of scholars and gentlemen, though equally well qualified for his profession, was for many years without a client. He attended daily in the Court of King's Bench, but it was only to make a silent bow, when called on 'to move.' He sate patiently at chambers, but no knock came to the door, except that of a dun, or of a companion, as briefless and more volatile. He chose the Western Circuit, which his father used to *ride*, and where it might have been expected that his name might be an introduction to him; but spring and summer, year after year, did he journey from Hampshire to Cornwall, without receiving fees to pay the tolls demanded of him at the turnpike-gates, which were then beginning to be erected.

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"He persevered for eight or nine years, but, not inviting attornies to dine with him, and never dancing with their daughters, his practice did not improve, and his *impecuniosity* was aggravated." At last he grew thoroughly dispirited, and made up his mind to give up his profession, and retire to his College. There he was sure of a home and a subsistence from the founder's bounty; and if he took holy orders, he might hope, in due course of time, to have one of the College livings conferred on him. Before, however, he put his plan into execution, he thought, that, as an act of courtesy, he would call on the leader of his circuit, and make his intention known to him. This was Henley, afterwards Lord Northington, who had formed a favourable opinion of young Pratt, and had uniformly treated him with courtesy and kindness. Henley first tried to jest Pratt out of his purpose, and then spoke to him with so much cheering kindness, about his abilities, and his ultimate certainty of success, that he succeeded in making the almost despairing young barrister promise to try one circuit more, before he deserted the law.

On this circuit it happened that Pratt had a brief; that he had Henley as his senior in the case, and that Henley was taken ill, just as the case came on, so that Pratt had to lead it. It also happened that the case was one precisely adapted for an advan-

tageous display of Pratt's best qualities. Few were credulous enough to suppose that such a combination of favourable circumstances was altogether fortuitous; and there can be little doubt but that Henley followed the dictates of kindness more than those of professional etiquette, and contrived this opportunity for Pratt, to show what stuff he was made of. The opportunity was fully used by Pratt. He opened the case for the plaintiff in a clear and well-arranged address; examined his own witnesses with art and self-possession; and cross-examined those of his adversary with discretion as well as with force. Having the additional opportunity of replying on the whole case, he did so with animation and eloquence; was complimented by the judge; won his verdict, and established his reputation with the many who heard him, and with more who soon heard of him, as an advocate of trustworthy power and prudence.

This incident, which laid the foundation of Lord Camden's prosperity, may be called by some a piece of good luck. It should be remembered that such pieces of good luck are utterly thrown away on all, who have not trained themselves, by long and unremitting study, to be able to take advantage of them. Opportunity is useless to the hand that cannot grasp it. If Pratt had not diligently learned the principles of our laws, especially of the law of evidence; if he had not been in the assiduous habit of watching how causes *were* conducted, and reflecting on how they *might* be conducted; if he had not acquired, by exercise, the powers of analysing theories, and of grouping facts, his Winchester brief would only have exposed him to shame, instead of opening the path to wealth and honour. He would have made a flashy, foolish speech; he would have floundered with his first witness; he would have blundered and got bewildered at the first point of law that was started during the case; and, even if he had succeeded in gasping out a reply, he would have concluded the day amid the reproaches of his beaten client, the malicious compassion of his learned friends, and the audible jeers of the non-professional bystanders.

Pratt had deserved success, and he obtained it. His first case proved to him

"The fruitful parent of a hundred more."

He rose rapidly into good practice on his circuit, and acquired a good share of business in Westminster Hall. The best men of the

day were glad to have him as their junior in heavy cases; for he knew his profession thoroughly, and could always be reckoned on as a "Fidus Achates," when not required to assume the post of Æneas.

He first acquired general public reputation in a case in which he was counsel for a printer, who was prosecuted for an alleged libel, contained in some comment on the conduct of the House of Commons. The Attorney-General had been ordered by the House to prosecute, and the case attracted great public interest. The presiding judge intimated the then usual opinion, that the jury were only to see whether the defendant really published the paper complained of, and whether the allusions in it were really directed to the persons whom the indictment charged to be the objects of the libel. But Mr. Pratt at once asserted the liberal doctrine in favour of the rights of juries on charges of libel, for which he struggled forty years, and which he saw at last solemnly confirmed. He told the jury that they were bound to consider not only the fact of publication, but the question whether the paper was libellous or not. He told them that, unless they believed that the defendant intended it to sow sedition and subvert the constitution, as was charged by the prosecutor, they were bound to acquit him.

"'Are you impannelled,' said he, 'merely to determine whether the defendant had sold a piece of paper value two-pence? If there be an indictment preferred against a man for an assault with an intent to ravish, the intent must be proved; so if there be an indictment for an assault with intent to murder, the jury must consider whether the assault was in self-defence, or on sudden provocation, or of malice aforethought. The secret intention may be inferred from the tendency; but the tendency of the alleged libel is only to be got at by considering its contents and its character; and, because "S—r" means "*Speaker*," and "h—h-b—ff" means "*high-bailiff*," are you to find the defendant guilty, if you believe in your consciences that what he has published vindicates the law, and conduces to the preservation of order?' He then ably commented upon the absurdity of this prosecution by the House of Commons, who, arbitrarily and oppressively abusing the absolute power which they claimed, would not even tolerate a groan from their victims. Said he, 'There is a common proverb, —and a very wise Chancellor affirmed that *proverbs are the wisdom of a people*,—LOSERS MUST HAVE LEAVE TO SPEAK. In the Scrip-

ture, Job is allowed to complain even of the dispensations of Providence, the causes and consequences of which he could not comprehend. As complaints are natural to sufferers, they may merit some excuse where the infliction is by the act of man, and to common understandings seems wanton and tyrannical. A gentleman of high birth and unblemished honour is committed to a felon's cell in Newgate, because, being convicted of no offence, he refuses to throw himself before those, for whom he did not feel the profoundest respect, into that attitude of humility which he reserved for the occasion of acknowledging his sins, and praying for pardon before the throne of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Must all be sent to partake his dungeon who pity his fate? The Attorney-General tells a free people that, happen what will, they shall never complain. But, gentlemen, you will not surrender your rights, and abandon your duty. The fatal blow to English liberty will not be inflicted by an English jury.' "[5]

Pratt won his verdict, and at once became as well known and esteemed by the country at large, as he had previously been by the members of his own profession.

His business steadily increased, and though he for some time took no part in politics, he was on terms of familiar intimacy with his old friend and schoolfellow Pitt, who constantly consulted him on all questions of constitutional or international law. At last, in 1757, when Pitt was enabled to take office on his own terms, he resolved on bringing Pratt into power with him. He made him at once Attorney-General, by a high and unusually summary promotion, but of which Sir Charles Pratt (so he now became) proved himself amply worthy.

He conducted the few state prosecutions which he was required to institute, with a temper and fairness which did him even more honour than the professional skill which he displayed. It was during this period of his life that he married. The absence of any rumours or anecdotes about his domestic life, is a sure proof that it was both blameless and happy.

Sir Charles Pratt remained in office for a short time after the accession of George the Third, and after Mr. Pitt had left the ministry. But on the Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas falling vacant, the Attorney-General claimed it; and he received the appointment in January, 1762. The Chief-Justiceship of the

[5] Lord Campbell's Chancellors, vol. v. p. 236.

Common Pleas was generally looked on as a dignified retirement, on which its possessor was shelved for life. And Pratt, writing to his friend Dr. Davies at this period, says: "I remember you prophesied formerly that I should be a chief-justice, or perhaps something higher. Half is come to pass: I am thane of Cawdor; but the greater is behind, and if that fails me, you are still a false prophet. Joking aside, I am retired out of this bustling world to a place of sufficient profit, ease, and dignity, and believe that I am a much happier man than the highest post in the law could have made me."

But it happened that while he was Chief of the Common Pleas, the legal questions arising out of Wilkes's arrest were brought before that court, which instantly became the scene of the greatest excitement and interest, instead of its pristine dullness. Lord Chief-Justice Pratt on this occasion asserted the principles of constitutional liberty with manly energy and consummate learning. He denied the legality of a minister's issuing general warrants whereby any individual might be arrested. He also, in another case which was brought before him, decided against the legality of the then common practice of a Secretary of State issuing, on a charge of libel, general warrants to search for and seize papers.

The popularity which the Chief-Justice acquired by his decided and constitutional opinion on general warrants, spread far and near. The city of London presented him with the freedom of the corporation in a gold box, and voted that his portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, should be placed in Guildhall. The corporations of Bath, Dublin, Exeter, and Norwich, followed the example. His fame as the defender of the constitution spread even beyond England, and he was spoken of as THE GREAT LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE PRATT.

While he obtained just renown for his conduct on these great constitutional questions, he also proved himself to be an able, an impartial, and a patient judge, in the ordinary matters of litigation that came before him.

In 1765, on the establishment of Lord Rockingham's administration, the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas was created a Baron of Great Britain, by the name of Baron Camden, of Camden Place, in the county of Kent, with remainder to his heirs male. On the 30th of July, 1766, when Pitt was created Earl of Chatham, and appointed Lord Privy Seal, Lord Camden was called to the

office of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, in the room of the Earl of Northington; and throughout the kingdom his elevation was welcomed with general confidence and satisfaction. He fully maintained, as an Equity Judge, the high reputation which he had acquired, while presiding over a court of Common Law; and the part taken by him in state affairs, as a member of the House of Lords, was in unison with the wise and constitutional spirit which he had shown before his elevation to the peerage.

He was also anxious to benefit his country as a law-reformer. He had prepared to bring forward, with Lord Chatham's sanction and support, a bill for improving and extending the protection of the Writ of Habeas Corpus, and some other measures for the amelioration of our legal system, both in criminal and civil matters; but the confusion soon caused by Lord Chatham's deplorable illness prevented the Chancellor from doing his country the valuable services in these matters which he had designed.

On Lord Chatham's total retirement from the councils of his own administration, Lord Camden's situation became peculiarly embarrassing. It was for the purpose of co-operating with Lord Chatham, and in the full expectation of acting always under the auspices of his illustrious friend, that Lord Camden had entered the cabinet. We have observed, in the memoir of Chatham, what a mass of discordant materials that cabinet was; how it was only possible to keep it together in harmonious organisation by the weight of Lord Chatham's supreme authority. When that was removed, the key-stone of the arch was gone. In the confusion which ensued, Lord Camden saw those members of the government from whose measures he differed the most decidedly obtain the ascendancy. He was tantalised by perpetually renewed and perpetually baffled expectations of Lord Chatham's recovery, and, while his friend even nominally remained in office, he was unwilling to resign. In a letter to Lord Grafton he thus speaks of his position:—"The administration since Lord Chatham's illness is almost entirely altered, without being changed; and I find myself surrounded with persons to whom I am scarce known, and with whom I have no connection." During this interval of Lord Chatham's retirement there was passed without opposition, and almost without public observation, the fatal act, as Lord Campbell truly terms it, "the fatal act imposing a duty on tea and other commodities, when imported into the North American colonies, which led to the

non-consumption combination,—to the riots at Boston,—to civil war,—to the dismemberment of the empire."

After Lord Chatham's resignation, Lord Camden remained for a short time in office under the Duke of Grafton, and he earnestly tried to persuade that nobleman to adopt conciliatory measures, while it yet was time, towards the angry but still loyal American colonists. He also strove hard to dissuade his colleagues from the line of conduct which they adopted towards Wilkes. A meeting of the cabinet was convened in January, 1769, to consider what was to be done respecting that demagogue, at which the Premier specially requested the Chancellor's presence and advice.

"He attended the meeting, but with no good effect. The Duke of Grafton treated him with great civility, and was inclined to be governed by his opinion; but what he laid down respecting the law and the constitution was scornfully received by all the others. From thenceforth he constantly absented himself from the cabinet when the two great subjects of internal and colonial policy were to be discussed—Wilkes and American coercion.

"The public were not then in possession of these secrets. For two years it was remarked that he preserved an impenetrable silence in Parliament, unless when, as Speaker, he put the question, and declared the majority; but no one suspected that he had, in reality, ceased to be a member of the government.

"At last, when Parliament reassembled in the beginning of January, 1770, the Lord Chancellor spoke out. Lord Chatham, after his resignation,—to the astonishment of all mankind, not only experienced a great relaxation of his bodily infirmities, but recovered the full energy of his gigantic intellect. On the first day of the session he was in his place, though supported on crutches and swathed in flannel, and having delivered a most violent speech against the measures of the government, affirming that the liberty of the subject had been invaded, not only in the colonies, but at home, he moved as an amendment to the address, that 'the House would with all convenient speed take into consideration the causes of the present discontents, and particularly the proceedings of the House of Commons touching the incapacity of John Wilkes, Esq., depriving the electors of Middlesex of their free choice of a representative.'

"Lord Mansfield having taken up the defence of the government, and insinuated that all their measures must be considered

as having the full approbation of the noble and learned Lord who held the Great Seal,—'ever considered the champion of popular rights,'—the Lord Chancellor left the woolsack, and in a burst of indignation tried to defend his conduct and his consistency. 'I accepted the Great Seal,' said he, 'without conditions: I meant not therefore to be trammelled by his Majesty (I beg pardon) by his ministers; but I have suffered myself to be so too long. For some time I have beheld, with silent indignation, the arbitrary measures of the minister; I have often drooped and hung down my head in council, and disapproved by my looks those steps which I knew my avowed opposition could not prevent. I will do so no longer; but openly and boldly speak my sentiments. I now proclaim to the world, that I entirely coincide in the opinion expressed by my noble friend, whose presence again reanimates us, respecting this unconstitutional and illegal vote of the House of Commons. If, in giving my opinion as a Judge, I were to pay any respect to that vote, I should look upon myself as a traitor to my trust, and an enemy to my country. By their violent and tyrannical conduct, ministers have alienated the minds of the people from his Majesty's government—I had almost said, from his Majesty's person. In consequence, a spirit of discontent has spread itself into every corner of the kingdom, and is every day increasing; insomuch, that if some methods are not devised to appease the clamours so universally prevalent, I know not, my lords, whether the people in despair may not become their own avengers, and take the redress of grievances into their own hands.'"[6]

Lord Camden's dismissal followed immediately after the delivery of this resolute speech. He now showed himself worthy of fighting abreast of Chatham against the tyrannical yet weak policy which the minister followed both at home and abroad.

The Marquis of Rockingham having made a motion in the House of Lords, the design of which was, "to procure a declaratory resolution, that the law of the land and the established customs of Parliament were the sole rule of determination in all cases of election;" long debates ensued upon this question, and the motion was at length overruled by a large majority. The opposers of the question having obtained this proof of their strength, resolved to exert it to advantage; and a motion was made at a late hour of the night, "that any resolution of the House, directly or indi-

[6] Lord Campbell's Chancellors, vol. v. p. 283.

rectly, impeaching a judgment of the House of Commons in a matter where their jurisdiction is competent, final, and conclusive, would be a violation of the constitutional rights of the Commons, tend to make a breach between the two Houses of Parliament, and lead to a general confusion." The hardiness of this motion, introduced at a late hour of night, roused all the powers of opposition, and in particular those of Lord Camden, who said, "that this motion included a surrender of their most undoubted, legal, necessary, and sacred rights,—a surrender as injurious to the collective body of the people, to their representatives, and to the Crown, as it was totally subversive of the authority and dignity of that House." The strength of his Lordship's arguments, as well as those of his noble colleagues, lay in the protest which was entered upon the journals on this occasion. We insert the concluding paragraph as a specimen of the spirit of it. After assigning seven different grounds of dissent, it concluded thus:—"We think ourselves, therefore, as Peers, and as Englishmen, and freemen,—names as dear to us as any titles whatsoever, indispensably obliged to protest against a resolution utterly subversive of the authority and dignity of this House, equally injurious to the collective body of the people, to their representatives, and to the Crown, to which we owe our advice upon every public emergency; a resolution in law, unconstitutional; in precedent, not only unauthorised, but contradicted; in tendency, ruinous; in the time and manner of obtaining it, unfair and surreptitious. And we do here solemnly declare and pledge ourselves to the public, that we will persevere in availing ourselves, as far as in us lies, of every right and every power with which the constitution has armed us for the good of the whole, in order to obtain full relief for the injured electors of Great Britain, and full security for the future against the most dangerous usurpation upon the rights of the people, which, by sapping the fundamental principles of this government, threatens its total dissolution."

Though almost despairing of putting any check to the waste of blood and treasure in the American war, and plainly foreseeing the continental war that was sure to arise out of it, he nobly co-operated with Lord Chatham in every effort made by that great man to reconcile England and America.

"On the Duke of Grafton's motion respecting the British forces in America, he said, 'I was against this unnatural war from the

beginning. I was against every measure that has reduced us to our present state of difficulty and distress. When it is insisted that we aim only to defend and enforce our own rights, I positively deny it. I contend that America has been driven by cruel necessity to defend her rights from the united attacks of violence, oppression, and injustice. I affirm that America has been aggrieved. Perhaps, as a domineering Englishman wishing to enjoy the ideal benefit of such a claim, I might urge it with earnestness and endeavour to carry my point; but if, on the other hand, I resided in America—that I were to feel the effect of such manifest wrong, I should resist the attempt with that degree of ardour so daring a violation of what should be held dearer than life itself ought to enkindle in the breast of every freeman.' Speaking a second time in this same debate, after he had been loudly reproached for the violence of his language, he said: 'Till I am fairly precluded from exercising my right as a Peer of this House, of declaring my sentiments openly, of discussing every subject submitted to my consideration with freedom, I shall never be prevented from performing my duty by any threats, however warmly and eagerly supported or *secretly suggested*. I do assure your lordships I am heartily tired of the ineffectual struggle I am engaged in. I would thank any of your lordships that would procure a vote of your lordships for silencing me; it would be a favour more grateful than any other it is in the power of your lordships to bestow; but until that vote has received your lordships' sanction, I must still think, and, as often as occasion may require, continue to assert that Great Britain was the aggressor, that our acts with respect to America were oppressive, and that if I were an American I should resist to the last such manifest exertions of tyranny, violence and injustice.' "

Even after the death of Chatham he still persevered in his opposition. On the formation of the second Rockingham administration he was made President of the Council. He might have had the Great Seal again; but his age and now infirm health made him decline to resume the exalted but laborious place of Lord Chancellor. He spoke in 1782 in favour of acknowledging the legislative independence of Ireland; and he had previously (in 1779) declared what was the true spirit in which the claims of the Irish should be met. "Let us meet them," said he, "with generous kindness. *Nothing should be done by halves—nothing niggardly or accompanied with apparent reluctance.*"

He retained office under Lord Shelburne. When that nobleman's ministry was overthrown by the coalition of Fox and Lord North, Lord Camden went into opposition; and particularly signalised himself by the zeal and ability with which he assailed Fox's celebrated India Bill. When the Coalition were driven from power by the younger Pitt, Lord Camden cheerfully and effectively supported the son of his old friend. It was thought that his name and experience would be of benefit to the youthful Premier, and he according consented to resume office, becoming again President of the Council. In 1786 the value of his services was recognised by his being raised in the peerage; and he was created Viscount Bayham of Bayham Abbey in the county of Kent, and Earl Camden.

In 1788, on the King's illness, Lord Camden, in concert with Mr. Pitt, conducted the proceedings for providing a Regent and determining his powers. The great battles of the Regency question were fought in the House of Commons: Lord Camden meeting with no formidable opposition in the House of Lords, though every step which he had to take, was resisted, and constant exertion was necessary. On the King's recovery, Lord Camden determined to retire from the fatigues of Parliamentary duty. He had now reached a very advanced period of life. The son of his earliest friend and ancient chief was secure in power; and the aged statesman felt that he might retire from the toils of politics, without deserting any duty that either patriotism or friendship seemed to impose on him. But there was one Parliamentary question on which he made a memorable exception to the rule of his latter days. This was the Bill to define the law of libel, which was introduced in 1791, and carried in the next session. Lord Brougham truly and eloquently says, in reference to Lord Camden's strenuous exertions in favour of this measure, that "Nothing can be more refreshing to the lovers of liberty, or more gratifying to those who venerate the judicial character, than to contemplate the glorious struggle for his long-cherished principles with which Lord Camden's illustrious life closed. The fire of his youth seemed to kindle in the bosom of one touching on fourscore, as he was impelled to destroy the servile and inconsistent doctrines of others, slaves to mere technical lore, but void of the sound and discriminating judgment which mainly constitute a legal, and above all a judicial, mind. On such passages as follow, the mind fondly and

reverently dwells, thankful that the pedantry of the profession had not been able to ruin so fine an understanding, or freeze so genial a current of feeling,—and hopeful that future lawyers and future judges may emulate the glory and virtue of this great man.

"'It should be imprinted,' he said, 'on every juror's mind that, if a jury find a verdict of publishing and leave the criminality to the judge, they would have to answer to God and their consciences for the punishment which by such judge may be inflicted,—be it fine, imprisonment, loss of ears, whipping, or any other disgrace.' 'I will affirm,' added Lord Camden, 'that they have the right of deciding, and that there is no power by the law of this country to prevent them from the exercise of the right if they think fit to maintain it. When they are pleased to acquit any defendant, their acquittal shall stand good until the law of England shall be changed. Give, my lords,' he exclaimed, 'give to the jury or the judge the right of trial. You must give it to one or the other, and I think you can have no difficulty which to prefer. Place the press under the power of the jury, where it ought to be.' On a future stage of the bill, 16th of May, 1792, he began a most able and energetic address to the House in terms which deeply moved all his hearers—because, he said, how unlikely it was he should ever address them any more. After laying down the law as he conceived it certainly to be, he added, 'So clear am I of this, that if it were not the law, it should be made so; for in all the catalogue of crimes there is not one so fit to be determined by a jury as libel. With them leave it, and I have not a doubt that they will always be ready to protect the character of individuals against the pen of slander, and the government against the licentiousness of sedition.'

"The opinions of the judges were overruled, and the Act was of purpose made declaratory after the opposition of the law-lords had thus been defeated. The Chancellor, as the last effort to retain the law in judicial hands, asked if Lord Camden would object to a clause being inserted granting a new trial in case the Court were dissatisfied with the verdict for the defendant?—'What,' exclaimed the veteran friend of freedom; 'after a verdict of acquittal?' 'Yes,' said Lord Thurlow. 'No, I thank you,' was the memorable reply,—and the last words spoken in public by this great man. The bill immediately was passed. Two years

after, he descended to the grave, full of years and honours, the most precious honours which a patriot can enjoy, the unabated gratitude of his countrymen, and the unbroken consciousness of having, through good report and evil, firmly maintained his principles and faithfully discharged his duty."—(*Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches.—Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*)

LORD LYTTELTON.

George Lyttelton, the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worcestershire, gave nobility to a family that claimed to be one of the most ancient in the kingdom. His ancestors had possessions in the vale of Evesham, Worcestershire, in the reign of Henry III., particularly at South Lyttelton, from which place some antiquarians have asserted they took their name. The great Judge Lyttelton, in the reign of Heury IV., was one of this family; and from him descended Sir Thomas Lyttelton, who was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in the year 1727. This gentleman married Christian, daughter of Sir Richard Temple, and maid of honour to Queen Anne, by whom he had six sons and six daughters, the eldest of whom, George, afterwards created Lord Lyttelton, was born at Hagley, in January, 1709.

He was educated at Eton together with Pitt, and others whose memoirs appear in this chapter. He is said to have been greatly distinguished for the beauty and elegance of his Latin exercises. And while he was at Eton, his taste for English poetry displayed itself in several pleasing compositions, which gave promise of higher poetical excellence than he can be said afterwards to have obtained. One of these, a supposed "Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country," shows a sustained elegance and happy terseness, such as are seldom met with in boyish rhymes:—

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

'Twas night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates o'er the forsaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
"Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
To move with negligence, to dress with care?

What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost!
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
Both most are valued, where they best are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
The brutes, insensible, our power defy;
To love, exceeds a squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
That is our Heaven, and we are angels there:
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
The Court of Britain is the Court of Love.
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky:
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
Unblest I wear my useless time away,
Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day;
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
(For dullness ever must be regular.)
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there.
From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
And am, alas! at leisure to improve!—
Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring nature never could design
To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
Let me revisit the dear town again;
Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own power would gain!'

From Eton, Lyttelton went to Christ-church, where he maintained the same reputation for scholarship and abilities which he had previously acquired.

In the year 1728 he set out on the tour of Europe. On his arrival in Paris he accidentally became acquainted with the Honourable Mr. Poyntz, then our minister at the Court of Versailles, who was so struck with the capacity displayed by young Lyttelton, that he invited him to his house, and employed him in many political negotiations, which he executed with great skill and discretion.

On his return from the Continent he sought and obtained a seat in the House of Commons, as representative of the borough of Okehampton in Devonshire. Like his friend Pitt he joined the Opposition, and he made his first speech in the House on the same evening and on the same subject on which Pitt first spoke. Both the young orators attracted general notice, and many prophesied as high Parliamentary exploits from Lyttelton as from Pitt.

It has been mentioned in the memoir of Chatham, that Sir Robert Walpole deprived him of his Cornetcy of Horse in revenge for his first speech. On this occasion Lyttelton addressed his friend in an epigram which acquired considerable credit for, at least, the writer.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQUIRE,

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION.

Long had thy virtues marked thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and grieved to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bid thee lead the patriot band.—1736

Lyttelton was taken, not only into the service, but into the close friendship of Frederick Prince of Wales, who, in 1737, appointed him his secretary, and continued to treat him as his most confidential friend until the time of that Prince's death. This connexion with Prince Frederick made, of course, Lyttelton's opposition to Sir Robert Walpole more systematic and acrimonious. For many years he took part regularly in every debate in which that statesman's measures were opposed, or any personal attack was directed against him.

In 1744, Lyttelton was made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. It must be recorded to his praise, that he availed himself of every opportunity given by his rank, his private fortune, and his influence with the Prince of Wales, to promote literature, and relieve the necessities of men of learning. He was

the generous patron of Fielding, Thomson, Mallet, Young, Hammond, and West, and he was the intimate friend of Pope. Henry Fox, in the House of Commons, taxed Lyttelton with this last-mentioned intimacy, and expressed his indignation that any statesman should associate with a lampooner so unfair and so licentious in his abuse as Pope. Lyttelton on this occasion defended his friend with spirit and success, stating publicly "that he esteemed it an honour to be admitted to the familiarity of so great a poet."

In 1741 he married Miss Lucy Fortescue, sister to Matthew Lord Fortescue of Devonshire. After six years of domestic happiness he had to bear the heavy affliction of her death. Johnson says sarcastically that "he solaced himself by writing a Monody to her memory, without, however, condemning himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow, for he soon after sought to find the same happiness again in a second marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich (1749); but the experiment was unsuccessful, and he was for some years before his death separated from this lady."

Chalmers, in his biographical notice of Lyttelton, has made some very fair remarks in Lyttelton's justification in answer to the sneers of Johnson. I quite concur with Chalmers, who, after quoting Johnson, says:—

"This notice of the Monody, which is given in Dr. Johnson's words, has been thought too scanty praise. In truth it is no praise at all, but an assertion and not a just one, that Lord Lyttelton 'solaced his grief' by writing the poem. The praise or blame was usually reserved by Johnson for the conclusion of his lives, but in this case the Monody is not mentioned at all. We have on record, however, an opinion of Gray, which the admirers of the poem will perhaps scarcely think more sympathetic than Johnson's silence. In a letter to Lord Orford, who had probably spoken with disrespect of the Monody, Gray says, 'I am not totally of your mind as to Mr. Lyttelton's elegy, though I love kids and fauns as little as you do. If it were all like the fourth stanza I should be excessively pleased. Nature and sorrow and tenderness are the true genius of such things; and something of these I find in several parts of it (not in the orange tree); poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpose, for they only show a man is not sorry —and devotion worse; for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing.'—*Orford's Works*, vol. v. p. 389. Dr. Johnson is undoubtedly ironical in saying

that the author 'solaced his grief' in writing the Monody. The poet's grief must have abated, and his mind recovered its tone before he could write at all; and when this became Mr. Lyttelton's case, he felt it his duty to pay an affectionate tribute to the memory of his lady, who certainly was one of the best of women. His talents led him to do this in poetry, and he no more deserves the suspicion of hypocrisy, than if he had, as an artist, painted an apotheosis, or executed a monument."

I will quote two of the stanzas of this Monody, which seem to me to possess much sweetness and grace, as well as to express natural and deep feeling:

"Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or interest, or ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorned unjust suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

* * * * *

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound.
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie."

Neither politics nor literature wholly absorbed Lyttelton's mind, and in his manhood he studied deeply and profitably subjects, which in his youth he had treated with levity and indifference. He had been led by the example of others while a young man to entertain, or at least to profess, sceptical opinions. Certainly he at that time had no sure and active faith. To employ the words of Johnson, who on this occasion does Lyttelton justice, "he thought the time now come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himself seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion was true, and what he had learned he endeavoured to teach, by 'Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul,' printed in 1757: a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted, and must have given to such a son a pleasure more easily conceived than described:—'I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the argument close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness, which I don't doubt He will bountifully bestow upon you! In the mean time I shall never cease to thank God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and given me so good a son. Your affectionate father, THOMAS LYTTELTON.'"

The writer of this letter died in 1751, and Sir George Lyttelton (as he then became) continued his exertions in Parliament, and gradually was raised to posts of higher distinction.

In 1754 he resigned his office of Lord of the Treasury, and was made Cofferer to his Majesty's household, and sworn of the Privy Council. After filling the offices of Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Court of Exchequer, he was, by letters patent, dated 19th November, 1757, created a Peer of Great Britain, by the style and title of Lord Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley, in the county of Worcester.

He was a frequent and successful speaker in Parliament. His speech on the Repeal of the Jews' Naturalisation Bill is considered the best ever made by him in the Commons. (26th November, 1753.) The peroration of this is remarkable both for the senti-

ments which it embodies, and for the grace with which they are expressed. Sir George Lyttelton said, "The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-Christian spirit of Popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates: indeed they are inseparably connected together; for where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains, but civil tyranny is called in to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain and many other countries: we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression: let us take care that they may never return."[6]

The speech in the House of Lords which added most to his reputation was delivered in the session of 1763, upon a debate concerning the privileges of Parliament, in which he supported the dignity of the Peerage with a depth of knowledge that is said to have surprised the oldest Peers present.

Lord Lyttelton's principal publications are his "Dialogues of the Dead," and his "History of England during the reign of Henry the Second." The idea of the first of these two works was probably suggested by the author's studies of Lucian while an Eton boy. Lord Lyttelton's "Dialogues" were very popular. The characters are well selected, and the conversations are conducted with spirit, and with due regard to the age and national habits of each imaginary interlocutor. The "History" is a very erudite and elaborate composition. Lord Lyttelton commences it by a preliminary view of the state of England from the death of Edward the Confessor down to Henry the Second's coronation; and the numerous subjects of constitutional interest connected with this monarch's reign, and also with the general state of Christendom at that period, are fully and philosophically investigated. Much new light has been thrown of late years on the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods of our history by the researches of Hallam, Palgrave, Kemble, Lappenfeldt, Guizot, Thierry, and others; so that

[6] Parliamentary History, vol. xv., p. 131. The speech is said to be printed from a copy corrected by Lord Lyttelton.

a book which only gives the opinions entertained before the time of these writers has now little chance of finding a reader. But Lyttelton's "History" deserves a better fate than that of becoming thus obsolete. The subject of it is well chosen, the arrangement is good, and the style clear. The great bulk of it is still useful; and an edition which should retrench some superfluities, correct some inaccuracies, and embody the pith of the best recent works on the same subjects, would be a standard book for every student of English or general mediæval history.

Lord Lyttelton died in July, 1773. The physician who attended him drew up a very interesting account of Lyttelton's last days, which, as Johnson truly observes, is the best commentary on his character. Part of it is as follows:—

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his Lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed as from a copious spring. 'Doctor,' said he, 'you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.'

"At another time he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness: I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about anything.'

"On the evening, when the symptoms of death came on, he said, 'I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his Lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my Lord; you must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all

around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when between seven and eight o'clock he expired, almost without a groan." (*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.—Chalmers's Biog. Dict.*)

HENRY FOX.

About the year 1720 there were four sons of commoners at Eton, each of whom became an eminent statesman, and the founder of a peerage. These four were William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham; Charles Pratt, afterwards Earl Camden; George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton; and Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.

I have placed them together in this chapter; and the last-named of the four now alone remains for consideration. Henry Fox was the second son of Mr. Stephen Fox, by his second wife, Christian Hope, daughter of the Rev. Charles Hope, of Naseby in Lincolnshire. He was born in September, 1705. He had the misfortune to lose both his parents while he was yet a youth; and was early allowed to rush into the gaieties and frivolities of fashionable life. He became a reckless gamester, and quickly dissipated the greater part of his patrimony. Family occurrences restored him to independence, but the habits of his youth clung to him throughout life.

He left Oxford in 1724, and spent some years on the continent. At Aubigny he became acquainted with the Duchess of Portsmouth, the mistress of Charles II., whose descendant he some years afterwards married; and it is said, that from her own lips he then heard what his son has stated in his historical work, that it was her firm persuasion that Charles died of poison.

He remained on the continent for several years; during which time he formed an intimate acquaintance with Lord Hervey, Pope's literary antagonist, and Sir Robert Walpole's staunch political supporter. On Fox's return to England he was introduced to Walpole, who was pleased with his ready ability, his frank, manly character, and his strong common sense, and who was not easily displeased with faults of the class to which those of Fox

belonged. Walpole ranked him among his friends, and Sir Robert, as has been mentioned in the memoir of him, was singularly warm and cordial in his friendships. By the interest of that minister Mr. Fox was appointed, shortly after his return to England, one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. His robust constitution enabled him to support without illness or inconvenience a close application to business, and a free participation in the convivial indulgences of his Parliamentary friends. In all the graces of elocution, in imagination, and in fluency he was decidedly inferior to his great competitor Pitt; but he was a strong and close reasoner, he was a ready though a careless speaker, had excellent natural abilities, and quickly acquired great skill in Parliamentary tactics. In 1743, on the fall of Sir Robert's opponents, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Treasury; and in 1746, soon after the abortive attempt of Lord Grenville to assume the Premiership, he was named Secretary at War. Two years before this latter elevation, Fox had married Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. The marriage was a clandestine one, and at first gave great offence to the lady's family; but with the rise of Fox in public life and political influence, his noble father-in-law's prejudices towards him softened, and ultimately he was fully recognised by his wife's relatives.

Fox was a warm adherent of the Duke of Cumberland, and drew upon himself no small share of the unpopularity which attached to that prince. He was accused of arbitrary principles, and branded as one of the most corrupt members of a corrupt political school. Still, his talents, his energy, his habits of business, gave him great influence in the House; nor was the King displeased at Fox's adherence to the Duke. In the discussions which took place after the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, as to the regency bill, Pitt and Fox, the two most rising men of the day, and upon one or other of whom it was generally expected the Premiership would ultimately devolve, began to manifest considerable discordance of opinion and political views. Two parties were at this time secretly struggling for pre-eminence in the cabinet. One of these consisted of the Pelhams and their adherents; the other was headed by the Duke of Cumberland and Bedford. The former party patronised Pitt; the latter, Fox; and then was begun the rivalry betwixt these two great men which was perpetuated in their sons. The Pelhamites were successful in

the struggle; but Fox was retained in office under them; and on the death of Mr. Pelham, in 1754, was designed to be Secretary of State by the new Premier, the Duke of Newcastle. It seems probable that Pitt would have been preferred in this instance to his rival, but for the inveterate antipathy which the King was known to entertain towards him. Fox, however, insisted on being leader in the House of Commons, and having a voice in the employment of the secret service money, and the nomination of the Treasury members; and on these terms being refused, he declined the higher Secretaryship.

A very dull personage, Sir Thomas Robinson, a follower of the Duke, was appointed Secretary of State and ministerial leader in the House of Commons; and Fox, although he retained his office of Secretary at War, became a leader of one of the opposition parties. In the next session the two rivals, Pitt and Fox, finding themselves equally slighted by the Premier, united in their opposition, after a formal reconcilement. The one singled out Lord Mansfield, the then Solicitor-General, as his victim in debate; the other amused the house at the expense of his colleague in office, Sir Thomas Robinson.

An opposition so formidably headed could not be long resisted; and the Premier made overtures first to Pitt, and latterly to Fox. With the former he failed; but Fox, through the mediation of Lord Waldegrave, was brought to terms, and in November, 1755, appointed Secretary of State. Sir Thomas Robinson was disposed of by being made Master of the Wardrobe. Fox's triumph, however, was but of short duration; the Duke of Newcastle secretly hated him. The King, vexed at the dismissal of Sir Thomas, and still more by the events of the war, and the loss of Minorca, conceived a dislike to the new Secretary. Fox saw the approaching storm, and foresaw also the instability of the Duke's ministry; he resolved to quit the sinking ship, and suddenly threw up his employments. On the 11th of November, the Duke gave in his own resignation, and the Duke of Devonshire became Premier with Pitt as Secretary at War. In the following year Fox was appointed Paymaster of the Forces. In 1762 his lady was created Baroness Holland; and on April 16th, 1763, he himself was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Holland, Baron Holland of Foxley, in the county of Wilts.

He died at Holland House, near Kensington, July 1, 1775. He

is said to have been equally a man of pleasure and of business, formed for social and convivial intercourse; of an unruffled temper and frank disposition. No statesman ever acquired more adherents, not merely from political motives, but by the influence of his agreeable manners. He attached them to him by personal friendship, which he fully merited by his zeal in forwarding their interests. He is, however, justly stigmatised by Lord Chesterfield (no severe censor in such matters) "as having no fixed principles of religion or morality, and as too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them." This is to be borne in mind, not only in order to form a proper opinion of Henry Fox, but also in order to do justice to his celebrated son, Charles James Fox, whose character and career we shall presently have to consider.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

This once celebrated statesman and popular writer was the third son of John Hanbury, Esq., a South Sea Director, who died in 1734. Charles Hanbury, who assumed the name of Williams, in compliance with the will of his godfather, Charles Williams, Esq. of Caerleon, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, and he there made himself a good classical scholar. After leaving Eton, he travelled through various parts of Europe, and on his return, in 1732, married Lady Frances Coningsby, youngest daughter of Thomas Earl of Coningsby.

In 1733, he was elected member of Parliament for the county of Monmouth, and immediately became a warm partisan of Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he lived on terms of intimate personal friendship. Walpole thoroughly liked, and greatly trusted him. In 1739 he was appointed to the office of Paymaster of the Marines. His name does not often appear as that of a speaker in the Parliamentary reports; but there are many ways besides speech-making in which a member may do a minister good service. Williams had an independent fortune; kept up liberal and elegant hospitality; and by the charm of his own manners, and the ready brilliancy of his wit, he was admirably calculated to be the centre of a gay and convivial circle, whose members were united in politics, as well as in pleasure.

But his principal importance as an ally to the minister consisted

in his power of writing, almost extempore, light pasquinades and tart lampoons on their political opponents, as each passing event prompted either the spirit of malice or the spirit of fun. The greater part of these have lost their interest; for squibs can only sparkle for a time. But some of Sir Charles's lighter compositions are still popular, and several which are unconnected with politics, are pleasing for their grace and smartness. His ballad, written in 1740, on Lady Ilchester asking Lord Ilchester how many kisses he would have, is a very successful song. The editor of Sir Charles Hanbury's songs (ed. 1822) calls this an imitation of Martial (lib. vi. ep. 34). So it perhaps is; but the original ideas came from a far superior poet, Catullus. The classical reader will at once remember (as no doubt the author remembered) the

"Quæris quot mihi basiationes," &c.,

and the conclusion to the

"Vivamus, mea Lesbia," &c.,

of the most poetical of all the Latin writers.

"Dear Betty, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of our blisses,
Do you ask me how many I 'd have?
I 'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then, prithee, dear Betty, be kind;
For as I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I 'll not be confined.

"Count the bees that on Hybla are straying,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are playing,
Or the grains that each Sicily yields;
Count how many stars are in heaven,[7]
Go, reckon the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you 've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

"To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine;
In my arms I 'll for ever enfold thee,
And curl round thy neck like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is!
My life on thy lips shall be spent;
But those who can number their kisses,
With few will be always content."

[7] Catullus here is inimitable,—

"Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores."

In 1746 he was made Knight of the Bath, and soon afterwards was appointed envoy to Dresden, where he displayed great and unexpected talents in negotiation.

This was the beginning of a regular diplomatic career, in which his old friend and schoolfellow, Henry Fox, procured him various important appointments, in which his success was by no means uniform. At length, a failure, in 1757, on a mission to St. Petersburgh, to detach the Empress from a coalition with Austria and France, completely broke his spirits. His health failed, and the powers of his mind were obviously affected. He determined to return to England. An accidental fall on shipboard aggravated the painful symptoms of cerebral disease under which he was suffering; and after a brief rally on his return, his powers, both bodily and mental, entirely failed, and he died on the 2nd of November, 1759, at the age of fifty years. (*Chalmers's Biog. Dict.* —*Life, prefixed to edition of his Works,* 1822.)

HENRY FIELDING.

Among the schoolfellows of the five Etonian statesmen whose lives we have just been contemplating, was one, whose career in life was far less brilliant, but whose fame is spread more widely than theirs, and is likely to endure as long. I mean our great novelist, Henry Fielding, whom Byron has truly termed "The prose Homer of human nature."

Henry Fielding was born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, April 22nd, 1707. His father, Edmund Fielding, had served in the wars of Marlborough, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. He was nearly related to several noble families. He was twice married, and had a large family by each marriage.

Henry Fielding received the earliest part of his education at home, under the Rev. Mr. Oliver, of whose capacity and character we may judge, from the fact that he was the original of Parson Trulliber, in *Joseph Andrews.* From his superintendence Henry was released, by being sent to Eton, where he remained till he was nearly eighteen.

Fielding's high abilities, and his natural love for the classics, obtained him great distinction at Eton; and from the circum-

stances of his subsequent life, it is evident that he must have acquired principally at Eton that solid and accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors, which is displayed (though never paraded) in all his varied compositions. To judge from the frequency of his allusions to the Odyssey, Homer must have been his favourite author, and the Odyssey his favourite poem. Indeed, there could be no study better calculated to train up such a novelist as Fielding afterwards became, than the constant perusal of this most entertaining, as well as most beautiful poem, in which characters of every class of life are drawn with such liveliness and skill,—in which the descriptions are so minute and picturesque, and in which the various threads of the narrative are so skilfully woven together.

Fielding's generous and manly character won for him, among his schoolfellows, many friendships that were retained through life, and of which he often felt the substantial advantage in his frequent difficulties and distresses. In the dedication of *Tom Jones* to Lord Lyttelton, he feelingly acknowledges that nobleman's friendly generosity, to which both the book and its author were indebted for existence.

On leaving Eton, Fielding went to the University of Leyden, where he remained for two years, engaged in studying the civil law. He is said to have been a diligent student at Leyden; and if the means had been afforded him of completing his education as a civilian, there can be little doubt but that he would have acquired wealth and distinction in those courts of this country, which do not follow the rules and principles of the ordinary common law. But, unfortunately, he had not a fair chance given him, of qualifying himself for a profession. General Fielding's increasing family and moderate fortune prevented him from being regular in his remittances to his son. Henry's allowance was nominally 200*l.* a year; but, as he used to remark, "anybody might pay it that would." Unwilling, therefore, to harass his father, or to run in debt abroad, he found it expedient to return to London before the termination of his twenty-first year.

It appears, from the preface to one of his plays, that he had very early formed a taste for dramatic composition. His "Don Quixote in England," a comedy which he finished and produced some time after his return to London, was projected and partly written by him while he was at Leyden. Writing for the stage seemed to

offer him, when he found himself thrown on the world, the readiest and the most pleasant means of getting a livelihood; and he accordingly composed play upon play, and farce upon farce, with a rapidity which did not allow him to do himself justice, or to take that high station among the dramatic writers of England which he undoubtedly would have acquired, if he could have paused to correct one drama before he projected half-a-dozen more.

Those who remember the late Theodore Hook, or who have read the saddening biographical memoir of him which has lately appeared, can appreciate the temptations and the difficulties of the position, in which Henry Fielding found himself on his return to England, without a profession, without the means of studying for one, without any certain income from his relatives; but with a fresh and creative imagination, a ready pen, high animal spirits, brilliant wit, with a keen relish for social enjoyments, and with powers of shining in conversation, which made his society courted by the high-born and the wealthy, and by men of literary talent in every rank. It cannot be wondered at that, in such circumstances, he ran an early career of dissipation and folly; but it is rather to be wondered at and admired in him that his heart never became hardened, nor was his disposition soured. He was never wanting in filial affection and respect, though it cannot be said that the father, to whom he was dutiful, had fully performed a father's duty to him. His friend and biographer, Murphy, says of him, "By difficulties his resolution was never subdued; on the contrary, they only roused him to struggle through them with a peculiar spirit and magnanimity. When he advanced a little more in life, and his commerce with mankind became enlarged, disappointments were observed by his acquaintances to provoke him into an occasional peevishness and severity of animadversion. This, however, had not a tendency to embitter his mind, or to give a tinge to his general temper, which was remarkably gay, and for the most part overflowing with wit, mirth, and good humour."

Fielding's plays were not very successful on the stage; and the nature of their subjects, and the frequent coarseness of their style, prevent them now from having many readers. Fielding's genius, however, sparkles frequently even through the worst of them; and I strongly suspect some modern writers of resorting to these plays for a little safe pilfering. Fielding's own qualities of carelessness and independence prevented his dramatic productions from

obtaining their fair share of applause from the audiences before whom they were represented. He would never trouble himself about stage effect. Murphy, his commentator, who was himself a successful dramatist, considered that these plays were defrauded of much of their due fame by the obstinacy of the author, who showed an undue self-reliance and contempt of public opinion in a branch of literature which, beyond all others, must be swayed by the temper of the multitude. He tells us that Garrick had once attempted in vain to remove a passage, which he saw the author himself was quite conscious was ill-adapted for the stage; the answer was, "If the scene is not a good one, let them find that out." In the midst of the disapprobation of the house, Garrick retreated to the green-room, where he found the author was indulging himself with champagne and tobacco. What's the matter now, Garrick?" he said; "what are they hissing now?" "Why, the scene I begged you to retrench," observed Garrick; "I knew it would not do; and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to recollect myself again the whole night." "Oh!" replied the author, "they have found it out, have they?" As another specimen of the same careless spirit, he chose to present the world with the farce of "Eurydice" "as it was damned at the theatre-royal Drury Lane."

There are two of Fielding's dramatic works which must not be passed over unnoticed. These are his two burlesques of "Pasquin" and "Tom Thumb." The first of these was avowedly written in imitation of the "Rehearsal," and in its turn served Sheridan with a model for his "Critic." "Pasquin," however, had not the success of its predecessor, nor did it receive the admiration which has been justly awarded to its successor. In "Pasquin," Fielding satirised every thing and every body. In particular, he made the three great peaceful professions (if it be not a bull to apply that epithet to law) the objects of his special satire. "The three black Graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity" (as another burlesque writer has called them), united in indignant complaint against this modern Aristophanes. The assumed licence, and the undeniable personality of "Pasquin," were put forward as two main reasons for the celebrated Bill, whereby all dramatic compositions were made subject to the *veto* of the Chamberlain before they may be represented on the stage.

Notwithstanding the ill fate which attended "Pasquin," I

venture to pronounce it a work of the highest talent, if genius be not the more appropriate word. The humour is excellent; nor do I think that the satire at all oversteps the fair bounds of comic writing.

Fielding's other burlesque, "Tom Thumb," had better fortune, and still keeps possession of the stage. It is, however, the barbaric version of Kane O'Hara which is represented; and they who wish to appreciate this genuine specimen of good-humoured ridicule, must look to Fielding's pages, and not to the theatre. Indeed, in any form, "Tom Thumb" is a play rather to be read than to be seen. Tom Thumb and Glumdalca ought to be left to our imagination, and not to the Property-man. If the popularity of this work of Fielding's pen is to be ascertained by a common test, the number of quotations from it, that are universally current, it will be rated very high indeed.

About the year 1733, Fielding married Charlotte, the daughter of Mr. Cradock of Salisbury, a lady of great personal beauty, and possessed of a small fortune of about 1500*l.* Very nearly at the same time his mother's death made him the proprietor of an estate of 200*l.* a year. His marriage was one entirely of affection; he loved his wife dearly, and he resolved to bid adieu to the pleasures of the town, and enjoy the comforts of his moderate income in retirement. But the unexpected possession of so large a sum in hard cash, was a temptation which Fielding was unable to resist. Whatever speculative views he might have indulged in on the subject of domestic retirement and limited income, he never seems to have once practically formed a plan for maintaining the integrity of his capital. He plunged instantaneously and deeply into every rustic extravagance; and it may afford a good instance to those who are fond of noting the variety of the courses adopted by the reason and the passions in the same man, to recollect that the describer of Squire Western was fired with the ambition of excelling among fox-hunting squires. He kept a retinue of servants, bought horses and hounds, and threw open his gates to convivial hospitality. When in three years his fortune had completely vanished, he stopped a little to consider his situation; and then his naturally strong mind, never overcome by difficulties, though it might yield to prosperity, boldly seized on the arduous profession of the law as a resource. He brought to his attendance at the Temple a settled determination to devote himself

to his profession; and he commenced a course of reading which was only at times chequered by ebullitions of his former recklessness and dissipation, after which, it has been remarked, he could at any hour of the night resume his application to the most abstruse professional works. After he was called, he commenced a sedulous attendance at Westminster Hall, and went the western circuit, where he gave promise of eminence; but he now was so frequently and severely attacked with gout, that it became impossible for him to give that regular attendance on circuit and at Westminster, without which it is impossible for a barrister to keep together any business which his talents and good fortune may have acquired. Yet, under these disadvantages, he did not at once succumb or despair, but worked hard at his profession at home, and compiled two volumes in folio on the criminal law. Murphy says:—

"This work remains still unpublished in the hands of his brother, Sir John Fielding; and by him I am informed, that it is deemed perfect in some parts. It will serve to give us an idea of the great force and vigour of his mind, if we consider him pursuing so arduous a study under the exigences of family distress; with a wife and children whom he tenderly loved, looking up to him for subsistence; with a body lacerated with the acutest pains; and with a mind distracted by a thousand avocations; and obliged, for immediate supply, to produce, almost extempore, a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a newspaper. A large number of fugitive political tracts, which had their value when the incidents were actually passing on the great scene of business, came from his pen: the periodical paper, called the 'Champion,' owing its chief support to his abilities; and though his essays, in that collection, cannot now be so ascertained, as to perpetuate them in this edition of his works, yet the reputation arising to him at the time of publication was not inconsiderable."

Like Scott, Fielding, though a juvenile author, did not become a novelist till comparatively late in life. His "Joseph Andrews" appeared in 1742.

The main object of Fielding in composing this celebrated novel must certainly have been to ridicule Richardson's "Pamela," which had recently made its appearance; but Fielding introduced into his story one of the finest creations of his pen, his *Parson Adams*, one of the most favourite characters in all our works of fiction.

I have before mentioned from what archetype Parson Trulliber was drawn; it is a more agreeable office to mention the original of Parson Adams.

"The reverend Mr. Young, a learned and much esteemed friend of Mr. Fielding's, sat for this picture. Mr. Young was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had as passionate a veneration for *Æschylus* as Parson Adams; the overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of *reverie* were as frequent, and occurred too upon the most interesting occasions. Of this last observation a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served during the last war, in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which Mr. Young was chaplain. On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk: and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent: the beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination; his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of that emanation of glory, which covered the face of things. It is very possible that a passage in his dearly beloved *Æschylus* occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Mr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of *Qui va là?* from the soldiers upon duty. The officer who commanded, finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplations home again. Such was the gentleman, from whom the idea of Parson Adams was derived; how it is interwoven into the History of Joseph Andrews, and how sustained with unabating pleasantry to the conclusion, need not be mentioned here, as it is sufficiently felt and acknowledged."[1]

About two years after the appearance of *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding published his *History of the Life of the late Jonathan Wild the Great*.

[1] Murphy's Memoir of Fielding, p. 60.

I draw particular attention to this work, not only on account of the graphic power which Fielding has displayed in it, but also because it establishes his right to be considered as a writer who earnestly desired to inculcate true principles of thought and action, and who loved to expose the hollowness of that greatness which has not truth for its foundation. I quote therefore Fielding's account of his objects and his motives which caused him to write *Jonathan Wild.*

"I solemnly protest," says he, "that I do by no means intend, in the character of my hero, to represent human nature in general, such insinuations must be attended with very dreadful conclusions: nor do I see any other tendency they can naturally have, but to encourage and soothe men in their villanies, and to make every well-disposed man disclaim his own species, and curse the hour of his birth into such a society. For my part, I understand those writers, who describe human nature in this depraved character, as speaking only of such persons as *Wild* and his *gang;* and, I think, it may be justly inferred, that they do not find in their own bosoms any deviation from the general rule. Indeed it would be an insufferable vanity in them, to conceive themselves as the only exception to it. But without considering Newgate as no other than human nature with its mask off, which some very shameless writers have done, I think we may be excused for suspecting, that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than Newgate with the mask on; nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher, than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginable misery and infamy, and, in the other, with the highest luxury and honour. Let any impartial man in his senses be asked, for which of these two places a composition of cruelty, vice, avarice, rapine, insolence, hypocrisy, fraud, and treachery, is best fitted? Surely his answer must be certain and immediate; and yet I am afraid all these ingredients, glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other. If there are, then, any men of such morals, who dare call themselves great, and are so reputed, or called, at least by the deceived multitude, surely a little private censure by the few, is a very moderate tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be demanded; but however the glare of riches and awe of title may dazzle and terrify

the vulgar; nay, however hypocrisy may deceive the more discerning, there is still a judge in every man's breast, which none can cheat or corrupt, though perhaps it is the only uncorrupt thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honest as this judge is (however polluted the bench be on which he sits) no man can, in my opinion, enjoy any applause, which is not adjudged to be his due. Nothing seems to be more preposterous, than that, while the way to true honour lies so open and plain, men should seek faults by such perverse and rugged paths; that, while it is so easy, and safe, and truly honourable to be good, men should wade through difficulty and danger, and real infamy, to be *great*, or, to use a synonimous word, *villains*. Nor hath goodness less advantage, in the article of pleasure, than of honour, over this kind of greatness. The same righteous judge always annexes a bitter anxiety to the purchases of guilt, whilst it adds double sweetness to the enjoyments of innocence and virtue; for fear, which, all the wise agree, is the most wretched of human evils, is, in some degree, always attending the former, and never can, in any manner, molest the happiness of the latter. This is the doctrine which I have endeavoured to inculcate in this history; confining myself, at the same time, within the rules of probability: for, except in one chapter, which is meant as a burlesque on the extravagant account of travellers, I believe, I have not exceeded it. And though, perhaps, it sometimes happens, contrary to the instances I have given, that the villain succeeds in his pursuit, and acquires some transitory, imperfect honour or pleasure to himself for his iniquity; yet, I believe, he oftener shares the fate of *Jonathan Wild*, and suffers the punishment, without obtaining the reward. As I believe it is not easy to teach a more useful lesson than this, if I have been able to add the pleasant to it, I might flatter myself with having carried every point. But, perhaps, some apology may be required of me, for having used the word *greatness*, to which the world has annexed such honourable ideas, in so disgraceful and contemptuous a light. Now if the fact be, that the greatness, which is commonly worshipped, is really of that kind, which I have here represented, the fault seems rather to lie in those, who have ascribed to it those honours, to which it hath not, in reality, the least claim. The truth, I apprehend, is, we often confound the ideas of goodness and greatness together, or rather include the former in our idea of the latter. If this be so, it is surely a great

error, and no less than a mistake of the capacity for the will. In reality, no qualities can be more distinct: for as it cannot be doubted, but that benevolence, honour, honesty, and charity, make a good man; and that parts and courage are the efficient qualities of a great man; so it must be confessed, that the ingredients which compose the former of these characters, bear no analogy to, nor dependence on, those which constitute the latter. A man may therefore be great, without being good, or good, without being great. However, though the one bear no necessary dependence on the other, neither is there any absolute repugnancy among them, which may totally prevent their union; so that they may, though not of necessity, assemble in the same mind, as they actually did, and all in the highest degree, in those of *Socrates* and *Brutus*; and, perhaps, in some among us. I at least know one, to whom Nature could have added no one great or good quality, more than she hath bestowed on him. Here then appear three distinct characters; the *great*, the *good*, and the *great and good*. The last of these is the true Sublime in human nature; that elevation, by which the soul of man, raising and extending itself above the order of this creation, and brightened with a certain ray of divinity, looks down on the condition of mortals. This is indeed a glorious object, on which we can never gaze with too much praise and admiration. A perfect work! the Iliad of Nature! ravishing and astonishing, and which at once fills us with love, with wonder, and delight. The second falls greatly short of this perfection, and yet hath its merit. Our wonder ceases; our delight is lessened; but our love remains: of which passion goodness hath always appeared to me the only true and proper object. On this head it may be proper to observe, that I do not conceive my good man to be absolutely a fool or a coward; but that he often partakes too little of parts or courage, to have any pretension to greatness. Now as to that greatness, which is totally devoid of goodness, it seems to me in nature to resemble the *false sublime* in poetry; where *bombast* is, by the ignorant and ill-judging vulgar, often mistaken for solid wit and eloquence, whilst it is in effect the very reverse. Thus pride, ostentation, insolence, cruelty, and every kind of villainy, are often construed into true greatness of mind, in which we always include an idea of goodness. This *bombast greatness*, then, is the character I intend to expose; and the more this prevails in, and deceives the world, taking to

itself not only riches and power, but often honour, or at least the shadow of it, the more necessary it is to strip the monster of these false colours, and show it in its native deformity; for, by suffering vice to possess the reward of virtue, we do a double injury to society, by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief incentive to the latter. Nay, though it is, I believe, impossible to give vice a true relish of honour and glory, or, though we give it riches and power, to give it the enjoyment of them; yet it contaminates the food it cannot taste; and sullies the robe, which neither fits nor becomes it, till virtue disdains them both."

This admirable satire is written throughout on the plan which the author thus indicates. Not only is roguery in low places shown to be the same thing in grain as villainy in higher classes; but all the forms and developments in which spurious greatness loves to exhibit itself, such as daring, resolution, skill, presence of mind, and the like, are shown to be qualities commonly displayed by the most execrable ruffians in the very dregs of society. The character which Fielding draws of his Ideal Great Man at the end of the narrative, is perfect. I quote it the more readily, because this work of Fielding's is by no means so universally read and appreciated, as is the case with his other novels.

"We will now endeavour to draw the character of this Great Man: and by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind, which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

"Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them: for as the most exquisite cunning, and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking; so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONOSTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an Ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered

a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His avarice was immense: but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was, which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for the use of *Prigs* only, and to secure their property; they were never therefore more perverted, than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *Priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices; but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues: wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims, as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

1. Never do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.

2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.

3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary, to the person who was to execute it.

4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.

5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.

6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.

7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.

8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.

9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.

10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.

11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.

12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.

13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery: as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.

14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.

15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of King Charles the First; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming every thing he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness, which few have equalled; none, we may say have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes, who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries

and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory; *i.e.* as the tragic poet calls it,

> "a privilege to kill,
> A strong temptation to do bravely ill;"

yet if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

> "Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum,"

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang, which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law, but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly, in defiance, not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty, which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which without any hazard they might have retained: here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction to equal his glory.

"Nor had he any of those flaws in his character, which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature had so grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose, or any other feature of a Venus, to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion, and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned. Now in Wild, every thing was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence: but surely his whole

behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof, that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind;—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS."

Many of the comic touches in this tale are inimitable. Such for instance is the scene between Jonathan Wild and the Count La Ruse, when "The two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned, but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for, though the Count knew, if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild, he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them."

The gloomiest period of Fielding's life came soon after the publication of these novels. Repeated and severe illness prevented him from attending not only to his business as a lawyer, but to the miscellaneous labours of his pen, while it brought with it the train of additional expenses and vexations attendant on sickness. At the same time, his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, was afflicted with a permanent and dangerous disorder, and he beheld the object of his fondest affections gradually sunk by his own follies, from comfort and even opulence, to meet a slowly but steadily approaching death in the midst of hopeless penury. On her decease, the vehemence of his sorrow and self-reproach made his friends apprehensive that the blow had deprived him of reason. Time, however, restored his wonted activity and energy. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, he gave a spirited support to government, in a periodical termed "The True Patriot;" and, with the same view, conducted a similar work in 1748, called "The Jacobite's Journal." It is to this period, when he probably lived with some of his nearest relatives, that we can best refer an anecdote, apparently authentic, which strikingly demonstrates how little selfishness there was in the dissipation or sensuality of Fielding, and how easily he could be imprudent at the dictation of his feelings. He had been, for a considerable period, in arrears with the payment of some parish taxes, for a house in Beaufort buildings, and the collector had repeatedly called. In his difficulty, Fielding applied to Tonson, who forwarded to him ten or

twelve guineas on the deposit of a few sheets of some work on hand. While returning in the evening with his money, he met an old college friend, from whom he had been long separated, and the opportunity for a social bottle in a coffee-room was not to be neglected. In the course of the friendly and confidential conversation which naturally followed, Fielding discovered that his friend was unfortunate, and forgetting all his own woes in the possession of a few guineas, which was probably the chief distinction between them at the time, he emptied the contents of his pocket into that of his friend. On returning he told his story and the fate of the money to his sister Emilia, who answered that the collector had called in his absence. "Friendship," he said, "has called for the money, and had it. Let the collector call again."

At the age of forty-three, Fielding gladly accepted the office of a paid metropolitan justice, which gave him the means of existence; though the situation was far inferior in emolument as well as in respectability to what such an appointment is at present. Fielding's marvellous powers of discerning the true workings of the human heart, and his keen perception of character must have been kept in constant exercise while he filled this office, which to many would have been repulsive, but which presented him with an infinite variety of all those scenes which he loved to watch and to depict; both those wherein occur the apparently strange truths and hard realities of common daily life, as well as scenes of startling crime and complicated villainy.

I have mentioned Fielding's two first novels; they would have been enough to ensure him fame, but it is his third work, "Tom Jones," which has given him the European celebrity which is attached to his name. I use the term "European celebrity," because translations of this work are even more popular abroad, than the original is here; and foreign critics far outvie Fielding's countrymen in their praises of it. La Harpe, for instance, goes the length of calling "Tom Jones," "le premier roman du monde, et le livre le mieux fait de l' Angleterre." Fielding says in this preface, that he was engaged on this work for many years; and the results of care and artistic skill are visible not only in the variety of characters which are introduced, the individuality which each of these possesses, and the consistent appropriateness of the language and actions ascribed to each, but also in the admirable

arrangement of the events of the story. Coleridge has pronounced a high eulogium on this, and he adds to it a beautiful and felicitous simile, which describes some of Fielding's peculiar merits more vividly than can be done by any formal definitions, or detached examples. The passage of Coleridge which I refer to is as follows:—

"What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' 'The Alchemist,' and 'Tom Jones,' the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome Fielding always is. To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May."—(*Table Talk, Vol.* i.)

Coleridge, La Harpe and Byron are sufficient witnesses of the admiration which Fielding inspires in the most gifted and highly cultured minds. But, like Shakspeare, he is the idol not merely of the most learned and refined, but of every class of readers. Probably "Tom Jones" is the most universally read work of fiction in the language. Criticism on such a book is superfluous. But there is a reproach commonly urged against Fielding, especially when "Tom Jones" is mentioned, which must not be left unnoticed, though to some extent it must remain unanswered. Fielding is accused of coarseness and immorality. Coarse he undoubtedly is when his subject leads him to describe coarse scenes and personages. But I do not think that he ever goes out of his way to find filth, as Swift does, or that he wallows in it when it lies in his path. As for the other branch of the charge, if it mean that the general object of any of Fielding's writings was immoral, or that he ever made vice attractive, or scoffed at virtue, the imputation is wholly false. Fielding's favourite characters, and which he holds up to our esteem most earnestly, are always pure and good. Such, for instance, are the Heartfrees, Allworthy, and Amelia Booth. He never narrates a vicious adventure without making it bring ridicule as well as suffering on those engaged in it. But if it be meant that Fielding narrates adventures of this description more frequently and more in detail than was necessary, the charge must, with regret and shame, be admitted to be too true. Still it only shows that he has laid himself open to the same objection which applies to nearly all the greatest comic and satiric writers. Until Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift,

Dryden, and many more are banished from our libraries I cannot see that Fielding ought to be ostracised. We must also discriminate how much of this censure applies to the individual and how much to the age in which he lived. I do not mean that change of place or time can change the standards of Right and Wrong, of Purity and Licentiousness; but where a writer is gross in a gross age, it only shows that he has not the singular virtue of rejecting the taint of evil communications; whereas, he who writes licentiously in defiance of custom and example, must draw his impurities from the foul depths of his own bad heart. I gladly on this disagreeable subject refer to Sir Walter Scott's defence of Swift, a far worse offender than Fielding. Scott says—

"The best apology for this unfortunate perversion of taste, indulgence of caprice, and abuse of talent is the habits of the times and situation of the author. In the former respect, we should do great injustice to the present day by comparing our manners with those of the reign of George I. The writings even of the most esteemed poets of that period contain passages which in modern times would be accounted to deserve the pillory. Nor was the tone of conversation more pure than that of composition; for the taint of Charles the Second's reign continued to infect society until the present reign, when, if not more moral, we have become at least more decent than our fathers."[1]

Scott quotes, in a note to this passage, several curious proofs of how gross (if judged of by modern rules) the conversation of even ladies of the highest rank used to be, fifty or sixty years before the time when he was writing. He might, in fact, have done more than claim for us a superiority in this respect over our *fathers*. We are entitled to vary the celebrated boast of Sthenelus, and say—

Ἡμεις τοι ΜΗΤΡΩΝ μέγ' ἀμείμονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

Fielding's last novel was his "Amelia," a work in which some have fancied that they could trace symptoms of declining genius. This book certainly wants the vigour and variety of "*Tom Jones*," but it is itself full of interest, power, and pathos. The character of Justice Thrasher is as severely and strongly drawn, as any in Fielding's other works; and neither he nor any other writer has surpassed the fearful truthfulness of the prison scenes. Above

[1] Life of Swift, p. 385.

all, Fielding has made his heroine, throughout the story, an object of our admiration, and also of our anxious sympathy and interest: unlike the good personages in many novels, who are made by their authors so painfully meek, and who bear their sufferings with such elaborate propriety, that they seem fit for nothing but to be victims, and the reader feels quite disappointed when any good fortune befalls them.

Fielding's last publication was "The Covent-garden Journal, by Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knight, Censor-general of Great Britain." This periodical, published twice a-week, he continued for a year, at the end of which the number and extent of his disorders induced him to make a last effort for recovery by a voyage to Portugal. In an account of his voyage, the last production of his active pen, he gives a mournful picture of the state of his health, while his remarks, although full of humour and his wonted vivacity, show occasional depression of spirits, and more than his usual sarcasm. He survived his arrival in Lisbon but two months, and died on the 8th of October, 1754, in the 48th year of his age. (*Scott's Lives of the Novelists.—Life, by Murphy.—Cunningham's Brit. Biog.*)

GRAY.

Of all the men of genius whom Eton has educated, there is no one who has blended his fame more closely with hers, than the poet Gray. Every reader of his poems is reminded or informed of Eton's beauties and glories; and very few of the hundreds who annually visit or revisit Eton, look upon the old College towers, and the fair fresh scenery around them, without feeling Gray's exquisite stanzas almost spontaneously revive in the memory.

Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, on the 16th of December, 1716. He was the fifth among twelve children, of Mr. Philip Gray, a citizen and scrivener of London, and was the only one of the twelve who outlived the period of infancy.

Probably much of Gray's peculiarly retiring and sensitive character was owing to the circumstance of his thus being brought up an only child; and, though his father lived for many years after Gray had arrived at early manhood, the future poet was emphatically "the only child of his mother;" for the father, a

harsh, selfish, violent, and unprincipled man, refused to put himself to any expense, or to take any trouble about his son's education; over which his mother watched with unremitting tenderness and care. Gray repaid his mother's love with the deepest reverence and affection to the end of her life. She lived long enough to witness her son's celebrity; and they frequently resided together. To quote the beautiful lines of Pope:—

> "*Him did* the tender office long engage
> To rock the pillow of reposing age,
> With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
> Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep a while one parent from the sky."

Gray's mother died in 1753, and, according to his friend, Mason, Gray, for many years afterwards, never mentioned her name without a sigh.

Gray was indebted to this parent, not only for the rudiments of education which he learned from her lips, while at home, but for being sent to Eton, where Mr. Antrobus, a brother of his mother, was then an assistant-master. Gray was placed under his care; and at Eton he passed many years of industry and happiness, until 1734, when he entered as a pensioner at Peterhouse, in Cambridge.

Gray formed, at Eton, a friendship with Horace Walpole: and one more cordial and permanent with Richard West; the affectionate intimacy of those two kindred spirits was only terminated by West's death; and it forms one of the most pleasing features in Gray's Biography.

The two friends were temporarily separated on leaving Eton: West going to Oxford, and Gray to Cambridge; but they were regular correspondents, and their published letters are some of the most interesting and agreeable specimens of our epistolatory literature.

Gray found very little gratification at Cambridge in the society and manners of the young university men who were his contemporaries. They ridiculed his sensitive temper and retired habits, and gave him the nickname of "Miss Gray," for his supposed effeminacy. Nor does Gray seem to have lived on much better terms with his academic superiors. He abhorred mathematics, with the same cordiality of hatred which Pope professed towards them,

and at that time concurred with Pope in thinking that the best recipe for dullness was to

> "Full in the midst of Euclid plunge at once,
> And petrify a genius to a dunce."

"You must know," says Gray, in a letter written by him in his second year at Cambridge, to West, at Oxford, "You must know that I do not take degrees, and after this term shall have nothing more of College impertinencies to undergo." It must not, however, be supposed, that Gray's time at Cambridge was spent in idleness. He was at all times a diligent and systematic reader. Besides improving his acquaintance with the classics, he paid great attention, at this period, to modern languages and literature; and some of his Latin poems, and translations into English from the classical writers, were written by him during the first year that he spent at Cambridge.

In the spring of 1739, Gray set out, in company with Horace Walpole, and at his request, on a tour through France and Italy. They passed the following winter at Florence with Mr. (afterwards Sir) Horace Mann, the envoy at that court; and after visiting Rome and Naples, and seeing the remains of Herculaneum, which had only been discovered the year before, they passed eleven months more at Florence. While here, Gray commenced his Latin poem "De Principiis Cogitandi," which shows how diligently and successfully he had studied the best features of Lucretius. There is, however, nothing in it to tempt a second reading; but there is another Latin poem of Gray's, written by him during his travels, which is equal to even his best English poems for the originality and grandeur of its thoughts, as well as for the grace of its diction. This is his Alcaic Ode, written in the Album of the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiny, in August, 1741.

If the reader will turn back to the memoir of Robert Boyle, he will see the effect produced on that celebrated man by the wild scenery of this renowned spot. There is an admirable description of it in one of Gray's letters to his mother; and it inspired in him the following majestic stanzas:—

> "*Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,*
> *Quocunque gaudes nomine* (non leve
> Nativa nam certe fluenta
> Numen habet veteresque sylvas;

" *Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum*
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem ;

" Quàm si repostus sub trabe citrea
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiaca manu)
Salve vocanti rite fesso, et
Da placidam juveni quietem.

" Quod si invidendis sedibus et frui
Fortuna sacra lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violente fluctus :

" Saltem remote da, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas ;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias hominumque curis."

Let those who sneer at modern Latin poetry, try to produce anything from Horace that is superior to this ode, especially to the lines which I have Italicised. If it be said that Gray might have written his ideas in English, let the person who says so, try to turn these Alcaics into English, and see what appearance they will wear. They are as incapable of being translated without their force and grace evaporating in the process, as Horace is. The genius of every language is peculiarly adapted for the expression of some particular trains of thought. The Latin is incomparably the finest vehicle for such ideas as Gray felt at the Grand Chartreuse. This is no disparagement to our own language. Ours has its peculiar powers and graces, more numerous than those of the Latin, though different in kind. Can Shakespeare be Latinised?

I will bring together here one or two more specimens of Gray's Latin poetry. The first is a stanza of which Byron deeply felt the beauty and pathos, and which is the theme of one of the best of his minor poems; I mean of the one that commences thus:—

" There's not a joy the world can give like what it takes away," &c.

The Latin lines of Gray which inspired Byron, are:—

" O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit. "

The next (and last) two Latin stanzas by Gray which I shall quote, are the two first of a set of Sapphics, addressed by him to

Mr. West, at a time when each of these poets believed himself to be intended for the Bar. They betray an amusing horror of Westminster Hall:—

"Barbaras sedes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat et togatum
Æstuat agmen.

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temere jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musa!"

I fear that, in order to feel fully these lines, they must be read, as I now read them, on a beautiful May morning, and with the consciousness of being obliged to hurry down to Westminster.

Horace Walpole and Gray did not complete their projected tour together. They quarrelled while in Italy, and Gray returned to England alone. I cannot understand why Johnson should have chosen to doubt Horace Walpole's account of this difference between them, the whole blame of which he throws upon himself. He says that Gray was "too serious a companion." "I had just broke loose," says Walpole, "from the restraint of the university, with as much money as I could spend; and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c., whilst I was for perpetual balls and plays: the fault was mine." (*Walpoliana*, i. cx.) Gray turned his steps homewards, and arrived in England in September, 1741, just in time to be present at his father's death.

Gray had intended, on leaving Cambridge, to devote himself to the study of the law. His travels had now, for two years and a half, diverted him from this object; and after his father's death he appears soon to have given it up. He went, indeed, to reside at Cambridge for the professed purpose of taking the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, but continued to reside there after taking the degree.

Gray probably felt conscious that the profession which he had originally designed to follow, was one for which he was naturally unfit, and he certainly had at no time shown any zeal to commence it. One of his reasons for avowedly giving up all projects of a forensic career is creditable to his filial piety

and kindness, though I do not suppose that the abandonment of professional prospects which he evidently disliked, was a very heavy sacrifice. Soon after his father's death, the family property was found to be so much less than what had been reckoned on, that Gray perceived, that the heavy expenses incidental on preparing for the bar and on the customary briefless first years of a barrister's attendance on circuit and at Westminster, would make serious inroads on the family fund, and trench upon the means of maintaining in comfort his mother and his aunt, to both of whom he was fondly attached. The expenses of living quietly at Cambridge were comparatively trifling, and Cambridge accordingly became Gray's principal abode: though throughout his mother's lifetime he paid her long visits. Fortunately for the lovers of Gray's poetry, his mother passed her latter years in the country, and generally lived not far from Eton.

The incalculable advantages which the university and college libraries offer to a literary man, must have aided greatly in causing Gray to reside so much at Cambridge, for he neither liked the place nor the general tone of its society. One of his biographers (with whom I can but seldom concur) truly points out the feature in Gray's character, which must have made books, and not men, his tests of the value of any particular dwelling-place. Gray's life was *"the life of a student giving himself up to learning, and moreover accounting it an end in itself, and its own exceeding great reward.* For it is not so much that he kept aloof from the active pursuits of life for the purpose of authorship, as that he comparatively sacrificed even this and the fame which belongs to it, by devoting his time almost entirely to reading. Writing was with him the exception, and that too a rare one. His life was spent in the acquisition of knowledge; and there is no doubt that he was a man of considerable learning. His acquaintance with the classics was profound and extensive. He had thought at one time of publishing an edition of Strabo; and he left behind him many notes and geographical disquisitions, which, together with notes on Plato and Aristophanes, were edited by Mr. Mathias. He was besides a very skilful zoologist and botanist. His knowledge of architecture has been already mentioned. He was well versed moreover in heraldry, and was a diligent antiquarian." *Knight's Cyclopædia.*

Gray's dislike at this period of his life to Cambridge, in all

respects save as a city of libraries, is manifest from the following fragment of a Hymn to Ignorance, written by him soon after he became a resident there :—

"Hail, horrors, hail ! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers !
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud :
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign :
Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high,
Augments the native darkness of the sky ;
Ah, Ignorance ! soft salutary power !
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh, say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes ?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line ?
And dews Lethean thro' the land dispense,
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense ?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.
Oh, say,—She hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddess ! awake, arise : alas ! my fears !
Can powers immortal feel the force of years ?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world :
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might ;
And all was ignorance, and all was night :
Oh sacred age ! Oh times for ever lost !
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast,)
For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view."

Many of his letters breathe the same sarcastic spirit in speaking of Cambridge studies and Cambridge men. He afterwards learned to think and speak more kindly and more wisely of his Alma Mater.

The first of his celebrated odes, that to Spring, was written by him in 1742. He designed it for the perusal of his friend West, before whom he was in the habit of laying all his compositions; but West died (June 1st, 1742) before the poem reached him. Gray felt this blow acutely; for his friendships, though few and not quickly formed, were exceedingly warm, and West had been

his chosen companion and correspondent from boyhood. Johnson says of West, that he "deserved his [Gray's] esteem by the powers which he shows in his Letters, and in the Ode 'to May,' which Mr. Mason has preserved, as well as by the sincerity with which, when Gray sent him part of 'Agrippina,' a tragedy that he had just begun, he gave an opinion which probably intercepted the progress of the work, and which the judgment of every reader will confirm. It was certainly no loss to the English stage that 'Agrippina' was never finished."

Johnson might have added that Gray's readiness in deferring to his friend's opinion, and giving up his tragedy, was also no slight proof of Gray's good sense and candour. Johnson throughout his "Life of Gray" insinuates, without expressly charging, that Gray was a vain, peevish man. Certainly this immolation of "Agrippina" by her own parent, like Iphigenia, shows strongly that Gray was free from that morbid conceit, which is too often a characteristic of the "Genus irritabile vatum."

In the autumn of this year, probably in the course of a visit to his mother, who lived at Stoke, near Windsor, Gray wrote his beautiful Etonian lay, the far-famed "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College." It is delightful to watch the fondness with which Gray ever regarded the place of his education, and his gratitude for the benefits which he had received there. A living Etonian poet, an editor of Gray, has truly and beautifully expressed the enduring effect which Eton and Eton scenery produced upon Gray's mind. I cannot pay Mr. Moultrie a higher compliment than by placing his stanza on Eton and Gray in juxta-position with The Ode. I ought perhaps to apologise to some of my readers for quoting lines so familiar to them as these of Gray; but I could not let a volume written in honour of Eton pass forth to the world without embodying in it the noble and melodious homage paid to her by one of the most gifted of her sons. I must trust to my Etonian readers agreeing with me that The Ode well rewards one perusal more.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
  Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
  The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
  Less pleasing, when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
  The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day.

Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baneful train,
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their Paradise,
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Johnson, who criticises Gray in more than even his usual spirit of sullen sarcasm, condemns this Ode wholesale, and says of it,

that "the 'Prospect of Eton College' suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel." It is strange that Johnson should not have perceived that in saying this he was in fact pronouncing the highest eulogium on the Ode: especially as in another part of his "Life of Gray" he has the good sense to adduce as a convincing proof of the excellence of some of the stanzas in "The Elegy," the fact that "he who reads them persuades himself that he has always felt them." Perhaps "every beholder" (or at least every Etonian beholder) may at the "Prospect of Eton College" "equally think and feel" what Gray did, *but who before Gray ever expressed those thoughts and feelings?* and who, since Gray, has not experienced them the more vividly and the more pleasingly, by reason of the beauty and truthfulness with which Gray has expressed them?

Before quoting Mr. Moultrie's lines on Gray and Eton, I will insert two anecdotes which are given in Mathias's edition of Gray's works, and which prove both how deeply Gray imbued his mind with the Classics at Eton, and also that his poetical genius was first awakened there.

"Mr. Nicholls being once in company with the illustrious author of the 'Analysis of Ancient Mythology,' asked his opinion of Mr. Gray's scholarship when at Eton School. Mr. Bryant said in answer, 'Gray was an excellent scholar: I was next boy to him in the school, and at this minute I happen to recollect a line of one of his school exercises which, if you please, I will repeat, for the expressions are happy; it is on the subject of the freezing and thawing of words in the 'Spectator':

"Pluviseque loquaces
Descendere jugis, et garrulus ingruit imber."

"Mr. Nicholls once asked Mr. Gray, if he recollected when he first felt in himself the strong predilection to poetry, and he replied, 'I believe it was when I began at Eton to read Virgil for my own amusement, and not in school-hours as a task.'"

I will now give part of Mr. Moultrie's stanzas on the poet and the place. He thus addresses Eton, and alludes to Gray:—

"There is no feature of thy fair domain
Which of decay or change displays a trace,
No charm of thine but doth undimm'd remain,
O Thou, my boyhood's blest abiding-place,

While five-and-twenty years with stealthy pace
Have cool'd thy son's rash blood, and thinn'd his hair ;
The old expression lingers on thy face,
The spirit of past days unquench'd is there,
While all things else are changed, and changing everywhere.

" And through thy spacious courts, and o'er thy green
Irriguous meadows, swarming as of old,
A youthful generation still is seen,
Of birth, of mind, of humour manifold :
The grave, the gay, the timid, and the bold,
The noble nursling of the palace hall,
The merchant's offspring, heir to wealth untold,
The pale-eyed youth, whom learning's spells enthral,
Within thy cloisters meet, and love thee, one and all.

" Young art thou still, and young shalt ever be
In spirit, as thou wast in years gone by ;
The present, past, and future blend in thee,
Rich as thou art in names which cannot die,
And youthful hearts already beating high
To emulate the glories won of yore ;
That days to come may still the past outvie,
And thy bright roll be lengthen'd more and more,
Of statesman, bard, and sage, well-versed in noblest lore.

* * * * *

" Such tribute paid thee once, in pensive strains,
One mighty in the realm of lyric song,—
A ceaseless wanderer through the wide domains
Of thought, which to the studious soul belong,—
One far withdrawn from this world's busy throng,
And seeking still in academic bowers,
A safe retreat from tumult, strife, and wrong ;
Where, solacing with verse his lonely hours,
He wove these fragrant wreaths of amaranthine flowers.

" To him, from boyhood to life's latest hour,
The passion, kindled first beside the shore
Of thine own Thames, retained its early power ;
'T was his with restless footsteps to explore
All depths of ancient, and of modern lore ;
With unabated love to feed the eye
Of silent thought on the exhaustless store
Of beauty, which the gifted may descry
In all the teeming land of fruitful phantasy.

" To him the Grecian muse, devoutly woo'd,
Unveil'd her beauty, and entranced his ear,
In many a wrapt imaginative mood,
With harmony which only poets hear
Even in that old enchanted atmosphere :
To him the painter's and the sculptor's art
Disclosed those hidden glories, which appear
To the clear vision of the initiate heart
In contemplation calm, from worldly care apart.

"Nor lack'd he the profounder, purer sense
Of beauty, in the face of Nature seen;
But loved the mountain's rude magnificence;
The valley's glittering brooks, and pastures green,
Moonlight, and morn, and sunset's golden sheen,
The stillness and the storm of lake and sea,
The hedgerow elms, with grass-grown lanes between,
The winding footpath, the broad, bowery tree,
The deep, clear river's course, majestically free.

"Such were his haunts in recreative hours,
To such he fondly turn'd, from time to time,
From Granta's cloister'd courts, and gloomy towers,
And stagnant Camus' circumambient shrine;
Well pleas'd o'er Cambria's mountain-peaks to climb.
Or, with a larger, more adventurous range,
Plant his bold steps on Alpine heights sublime,
And gaze on Nature's wonders vast and strange;
Then roam through the rich South with swift and ceaseless change.

"Yet with his settled and habitual mood
Accorded better the green English vale,
The pastoral mead, the cool sequester'd wood,
The spacious park fenc'd in with rustic pale,
The pleasant interchange of hill and dale,
The church-yard darken'd by the yew-tree's shade,
And rich with many a rudely-sculptured tale,
Of friends beneath its turf sepuchral laid,
Of human tears that flow, of earthly hopes that fade.

"Such were the daily scenes with which he fed
The pensive spirit first awoke by Thee;
And blest and blameless was the life he led,
Sooth'd by the gentle spells of poesy.
Nor yet averse to stricter thought was he,
Nor uninstructed in abstruser lore;
But now, with draughts of pure philosophy
Quench'd his soul's thirst,—now ventured to explore
The fields by science own'd, and taste the fruits they bore.

"With many a graceful fold of learned thought
He wrapp'd himself around, well pleased to shroud
His spirit, in the web itself had wrought,
From the rude pressure of the boisterous crowd;
Nor loftier purpose cherish'd or avow'd,
Nor claim'd the prophet's or the teacher's praise;
Content in studious ease to be allow'd
With nice artistic craft to weave his lays,
And lose himself at will in song's melodious maze.

"Slow to create, fastidious to refine,
He wrought and wrought with labour long and sore,
Adjusting word by word, and line by line,
Each thought, each phrase remoulding o'er and o'er,

Till art could polish and adorn no more,
And stifled fancy sank beneath the load
Of gorgeous words, and decorative lore,
In rich profusion on each verse bestow'd,
To grace the shrine wherein the poet's soul abode."

The last stanza refers not to the ode on Eton, but to Gray's other odes. I do not quite concur in the criticisms which are expressed in it, and in the stanza which precedes it; but I was unwilling to mar by dissevering Mr. Moultrie's beautiful poetry.

In the same year (1742) Gray wrote the "Hymn to Adversity." The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was also commenced at this period, but not finished until several years afterwards.

He had been reconciled to Horace Walpole after their return to England; and Walpole, who valued Gray's poetry very highly, being desirous of preserving what he had already written, as well as of perpetuating the merit of their deceased friend West, endeavoured to prevail with Gray to publish his own poems, together with those of West; but Gray declined it, conceiving their productions united, would not suffice to fill even a small volume.

In 1747, Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College, and afterwards Fellow of Pembroke Hall. Mr. Mason, who was a man of great learning and considerable taste for poetry, had written the year before, his "Monody on the death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoso," and "Il Pacifico;" and Gray revised these pieces at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of a friendship that terminated but with life: and Mr. Mason, after the death of Gray, collected his friend's works, and superintended their publication.

In 1747, Gray commenced a poem on "Government and Education:" but he only completed a small portion of his intended work. The lines which we possess are justly admired; and the following description has always been a standard quotation whenever the overthrow of the Roman empire has been referred to. It is now coming into favour as an effective passage respecting the invasions past, present, and future, which Western Europe has experienced, is experiencing, and is likely to experience, from Russia:—

"Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And where the deluge burst with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods, were rolled away,

As oft have issu'd, host impelling host,
The blue-ey'd myriads from the Baltic coast;
The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of Winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows."

In 1750 the "Elegy" was completed. Gray showed this to Horace Walpole; and as several friends obtained copies of the manuscript, the poem soon found its way into a magazine. Gray being annoyed at this, wrote to Walpole, and requested him to place the "Elegy" immediately in Dodsley's hands for publication. This was done; and the instantaneous popularity of the poem gained for Gray a reputation like that which "Childe Harold" afterwards conferred on Byron, and of which he said, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The "Elegy" ran immediately through eleven editions, and was translated into other languages. Even Johnson, on the subject of this poem, relaxes from his Rhadamanthine austerity. He says: "In the character of his 'Elegy' I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The 'Churchyard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning 'Yet e'en these bones,'[5] are to me original: I have never seen the

[5] "Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

Heartily concurring in this last sentence, I shall add neither quotation nor comment; save observing that even in this poem so eminently and so truthfully descriptive of simple English scenery, and of the homeliest yet holiest feelings of the heart, Gray's stores of reading both in ancient and modern literature are liberally employed to add dignity and beauty to his stanzas. It has frequently been pointed out that the idea of the first line—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

is taken from Dante—

"Era già l' ora che volge 'l disio
A 'naviganti, e' ntenerisce il cuore :
Lo di ch' han detto a' dolci amici addio,
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se ode *Squilla di lontano*
Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore."

Another passage in "The Elegy," (and that a favourite one with most readers,) is taken from Lucretius—

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

At the commencement of the most beautiful but most melancholy argument on the folly of considering Death an Evil, with which Lucretius ends the third book of his poem, are these lines which the imaginary adversary of the Poet is supposed to use in order to prove how bitter Death is :—

"Nam jam nec domus accipiet te læta, nec uxor
Optima, *non dulces occurrent oscula nati*
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent."

Gray has missed the image which is given in the first syllable of the word *Præripere*.

Some stanzas have been preserved to us, which Gray had intended for portions of "The Elegy," but which he ultimately omitted. One of these is of exquisite beauty, and I wonder with Byron (who quotes and admires it) how Gray could have had the heart to reject it :

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Another is—

"Hark, how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

Another of these rejected stanzas was an expansion of a couplet which Gray once extemporised. I quote the couplet as being most beautiful, and because the anecdote connected with it is worth recording:—

"One fine morning in the spring, Mr. Nicholls was walking in the neighbourhood of Cambridge with Mr. Gray, who feeling the influence of the season, and cheered with the melody of the birds on every bough, turned round to his friend and expressed himself extempore in these beautiful lines—

"There pipes the wood-lark, and the song-thrush there
Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air."

From 1753 to 1756 Gray, as Horace Walpole expresses it, "was in flower." The "Ode on the Progress of Poetry," and "The Bard," were then written. Johnson has poured forth his blackest vials of wrath on these celebrated productions of Gray's pen, and even more favourable critics have been displeased with their accumulation of gaudy and cumbrous ornaments. On this point, namely, how far Gray errs by adorning the diction of his lyrics, I will cite the authority of a modern critic, whose accuracy of taste will hardly be disputed: I mean Sir James Mackintosh. After describing Goldsmith, he says of Gray—

"Gray was a poet of a far higher order, and of an almost opposite kind of merit. Of all English poets he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable. If Virgil and his scholar Racine may be allowed to have united somewhat more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the balance of taste and of fancy necessary to produce it, and the art with which an offensive boldness of imagery is polished away, are not indeed always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to any mind the same species of gratification which is felt

from the perusal of those poems which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm; but to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the artist they afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the art employed, and somewhat similar to the grand emotions excited by the reflection on the skill and toil exerted in the construction of a magnificent palace. They can only be classed among the secondary pleasures of poetry, but they never can exist without a great degree of its higher excellencies. Almost all his poetry was lyrical —that species which, issuing from a mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling which for a long composition the genius of no poet could support. Those who complain of its brevity and rapidity only confess their own inability to follow the movements of poetical inspiration. Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence."

Certainly, Gray's Odes (with the exception of the Etonian Ode,) never obtained such popularity as was acquired by "The Elegy;" but many passages of them have passed into the universal currency of favourite quotations, and are cited and appreciated by all. Take, for instance, the allusion in "The Bard," to the early part of Richard the Second's reign.

"Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

And the following true and beautiful stanza from his unfinished poem, "On the Pleasures arising from Vicissitude."

"See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again.
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are op'ning Paradise."

In 1756 Gray having experienced some incivilities at Peter House, removed, or (in the technical phrase) migrated, to Pembroke Hall. On the death of Cibber, in 1757, he had the

honour of refusing the Laureateship which was offered him by the Duke of Devonshire. He applied himself now for some time to the study of architecture; and from him Mr. Bentham derived much valuable assistance in his well-known "History of Ely." He at this time left Cambridge for London, and took lodgings near the British Museum; where he passed the greater part of three years of intense study. At the end of that time he returned to Cambridge. In 1765 he visited Scotland, and was there received with many signs of honour. The University of Aberdeen proposed to confer on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; but he declined the honour, thinking that it might appear a slight and contempt of his own university, where he says "he passed so many easy and happy hours of his life, where he had once lived from choice, and continued to do so from obligation." In 1768 the professorship of modern history at Cambridge became vacant, and Gray, who on the occasion of the preceding vacancy had applied unsuccessfully, was now appointed by the Duke of Grafton. In the succeeding year the Duke of Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University, and Gray wrote the installation ode.

The extreme difficulty of the subject must be remembered in criticising this production. It is hardly possible to deal in panegyric to living statesmen without incurring at least the semblance of adulation: and it is very hard to recount the genealogical honours of existing personages and institutions without drawling into pedantic dulness. Gray has avoided both these faults in his justly celebrated stanzas. He has with admirable skill glanced at the brightest points in the character of each founder of Cambridge, and has made them pass before our eyes, as Hallam well expresses it, like "shadows over a magic glass:—[6]"

"But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,

[6] Hallam's Constitutional History, vol. i. p. 47.

The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb,)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise."

The concluding stanza also of this Ode is deservedly a general favourite —

"Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

In 1769 he visited the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. "The Lakes" had not then become a regular district for tourists; and very few Englishmen, even among those who could declaim about Switzerland, were aware of the beautiful scenery of this part of our island. Indeed, susceptibility to the beauties of nature was not the characteristic of the literary men of the time; most of whom, like Johnson, thought a walk down Fleet Street the most delightful and the most picturesque in its objects of all the tours that could be made. Gray has the merit of fully appreciating the romantic and inspiring views of the region which Wordsworth has since made classic ground. Gray's letters to Dr. Wharton, descriptive of his journey, are the most expressive and the most accurate accounts of those now celebrated scenes, which we possess.

In the spring of 1770, Gray was attacked by a violent illness which overtook him, as he was projecting a tour in Wales; but recovering, he was able to effect the tour in the autumn. His respite, however, was but a short one; and having suffered for some months previous from a violent cough and great depression of spirits, he was induced to leave Cambridge for London in order to obtain medical advice in May 1771. He was now sinking under the repeated and violent attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, notwithstanding he had observed the most rigid abstemiousness throughout the whole course of his life. By the advice of his physicians, he removed from London to Kensington; the air of which place proved so salutary, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, whence he designed to

make a visit to his friend Dr. Wharton, at Old Park, near Durham, in the hope that the excursion would tend to the re-establishment of his health; but on the 24th of July he was seized while at dinner in the College-hall, with a sudden nausea, which obliged him to retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his stomach in such a degree, as to resist all the powers of medicine. On the 29th he was attacked with a strong convulsion, which returned with increased violence the ensuing day; and on the evening of the 31st of May, 1771, he departed this life in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried by the side of his mother in Stoke churchyard.

There are several of Gray's poetical compositions to which I have not adverted in the preceding biographical sketch. His powers of humour are proved, not so much by "the Long Story" as by the two admirable political pasquinades, which are very puritanically excluded from the common collections of his poems. That on Lord Sandwich and the Cambridge University election which begins—

"When sly Jeremy Twitcher;"

is the very raciest and tartest piece of the kind in our language.

Gray's translations from the Norse and Welch are universally popular. The "Descent of Odin" is generally one of the first pieces of English poetry which a clever child voluntarily learns by heart, nor is it less a favourite with grown up critics. It is worth while to compare a portion of it with the original Norse. We see thus what Gray's taste led him to adopt, and what to modify. It also shows his skill and genius in adding, when desirable, to the archaic simplicity of the original. The poem begins in the original with a stanza about the Gods having unpleasant dreams about Balder. This was wisely left out by Gray, and he at once sets Odin on horseback on a somewhat proverbial journey.

I give a strictly literal translation parallel with the Norse, and subjoin Gray's paraphrase:—

Upp reis Odinn	Up rose Odin
Alda gantr,	Of men King.
Ok hann á Sleipni	Eke he on Sleipner
Sothul umm lagthi.	Saddle laid.
Reith hann nither pathan	Rode he netherward thence
Niftheljar til;	Nishel to;
Metti han hvelpi	He met the Whelp
Theim er or Helju kom.	That out of Hell came.

Sá var blodrigr	He was bloody
Um brjost framan:	On breast in forwards:
Ok galdrs föthur	And the spell's father
Gól um lengi.	Yelled at from long off.
Framm reith Odinn	Forward rode Odin,
Foldvegr dundi;	The field-way thundered,
Hann kom at háfnu	He came to the high
Heljar ranni.	Hell's house.

"Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd;
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning Earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of Hell arise."

I think that Gray has not in every instance preserved the force of the original. "The Dog of Darkness" is hardly equal to "The Whelp that came out of Hell," and the couplet

"Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning Earth beneath him shakes,)"

dilutes rather than represents

"Forward rode Odin,
The field-way thundered."

A little farther on in the poem, Gray has very much improved the old Norse Bard. I mean the highly poetical lines which he places in the mouth of *the Prophetess*:—

"Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again."

In the original she only says

"I was with snow snowed on,
And with rain stricken,
And with dew bedewed;
Dead was I long."

I have already quoted a passage from one of Gray's biographers

in which the variety and accuracy of his learning are justly commended. His intimate friend, Mason, in a letter written soon after Gray's death, thus described him :—

"Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the eloquent and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original histories of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements, and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining; but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection, and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which so much disgusted Voltaire in Mr. Congreve: though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, what signified so much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial but a few poems? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider everything as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

Mathias's edition of Gray should be consulted in order to see how far Gray was in advance of his age, and how many subjects which now are eagerly cultivated as vehicles of notoriety, Gray earnestly studied a century ago; because he, while the mass neglected them, was capable of discerning their intrinsic import-

ance; because to him the worship of Truth was not mere lip-worship; but he could act as well as talk in the spirit of the great maxim,

"Imprimis Hominis est veri investigatio;"

and because, to him (as already expressed), "Knowledge was its own exceeding great reward."

In Mathias's second volume are collected Gray's "Observations on English Metre, or the Pseudo-Rhythmus, or Rhyme, on the Poems of Lydgate;" his "Critical and Explanatory Notes on Aristophanes;" his valuable "Memoirs on the Geography of Ancient India, Parthia, and Bactriana;" his "Analysis of the Works of Plato;" and his "Notes on Linnæus's System of Nature." This volume alone might be referred to as sufficient fruit of a long and learned life.

Gray's prose compositions are so little known, that I shall, in conclusion, cite one of them, which shows his piety as well as his learning; and which was an important service rendered by him to the cause of the highest and holiest of truths. Lord Bolingbroke's anti-Christian writings were published in Gray's lifetime. In them Lord Bolingbroke has called in question the moral attributes of the Deity, and maintained this position, "That we have no adequate ideas of his goodness and his justice, as we have of his natural ones, his wisdom and his power." This is the main pillar of Bolingbroke's philosophical system, and this Gray overthrew in the following masterly argument:—

"I will allow Lord Bolingbroke, that the moral as well as the physical attributes of God must be known to us only *à posteriori*, and that this is the only real knowledge we can have either of the one or the other; I will allow, too, that perhaps it may be an idle distinction which we make between them, his moral attributes being as much in his nature and essence as those we call his physical; but the occasion of our making some distinction is plainly this; his eternity, infinity, omniscience, and almighty power are not what connect him, if I may so speak, with us his creatures. We adore him, not because he always did in every place, and always will, exist; but because he gave and still preserves to us our own existence by an exertion of his goodness. We adore him, not because he knows and can do all things, but because he made us capable of knowing and of doing what may conduct us to happiness; it is, therefore, his benevolence which we adore—not

his greatness or power; and if we are made only to bear our part in a system, without any regard to our own particular happiness, we can no longer worship him as our all-bounteous parent; there is no meaning in the term. The idea of his malevolence (an impiety I tremble to write) must succeed. We have nothing left but our fears, and those, too, vain; for whither can they lead but to despair, and the sad desire of annihilation? If, then, justice and goodness be not the same in God as in our ideas, we mean nothing when we say that God is necessarily just and good; and, for the same reason, it may as well be said that we know not what we mean, when, according to Dr. Clarke (Evid. 26th), we affirm that he is necessarily a wise and intelligent being. What then can Lord Bolingbroke mean, when he says that everything shows the wisdom of God; and yet adds, everything does not show in like manner the goodness of God conformably to our ideas of this attribute in either? By wisdom, he must only mean, that God knows and employs the fittest means to a certain end, no matter what that end may be: this, indeed, is a proof of knowledge and intelligence, but these alone do not constitute wisdom; the word implies the application of these fittest means to the best and kindest ends—or who will call it true wisdom? even amongst ourselves it is not held as such. All the attributes, then, that he seems to think apparent in the constitution of things, are his unity, infinity, eternity, and intelligence, from no one of which, I boldly affirm, can result any duty of gratitude or adoration incumbent on mankind, more than if he, and all things round him, were produced, as some have dared to think, by the necessary working of eternal matter in an infinite vacuum: for what does it avail to add intelligence to those other physical attributes, unless that intelligence be directed, not only to the good of the whole, but also to the good of every individual, of which the whole is composed.

"It is therefore no impiety, but the direct contrary, to say that human justice and the other virtues, which are indeed only various applications of human benevolence, bear some resemblance to the moral attributes of the Supreme Being: it is only by means of that resemblance we conceive them in him, or their effects in his works: it is by the same means only that we comprehend those physical attributes which his Lordship allows to be demonstrable. How can we form any notion of his unity, but from that unity of

which we ourselves are conscious? how of his existence, but from our own consciousness of existing? how of his power, but of that power which we experience in ourselves? Yet neither Lord Bolingbroke nor any other man, that thought on these subjects, ever believed that these our ideas were real and full representations of these attributes in Divinity. They say he knows; they do not mean that he compares ideas which he has acquired from sensation, and draws conclusions from them. They say he acts: they do not mean by impulse, nor as the soul acts on an organised body. They say he is omnipotent and eternal: yet on what are their ideas founded, but on our own narrow conceptions of space and duration, prolonged beyond the bounds of space and time? Either, therefore, there is a resemblance and analogy (however imperfect and distant) between the attributes of the Divinity and our conceptions of them, or we cannot have any conceptions of them at all: he allows we ought to reason from earth, that we do know, to heaven, which we do not know: how can we do so but by that affinity which appears between one and the other?

"In vain, then, does my Lord attempt to ridicule the warm but melancholy imagination of Mr. Wollaston in that fine soliloquy: 'Must I then bid my last farewell to these walks when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this scene darken upon me and go out? Must I then only furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these herds and plants, or with this dirt under my feet? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them in death?' No thinking head, no heart, that has the least sensibility, but must have made the same reflection; or at least must feel not the beauty alone, but the truth of it, when he hears it from the mouth of another. Now, what reply will Lord Bolingbroke make to these questions which are put to him, not only by Wollaston, but by all mankind? He will tell you that we, that is, the animals, vegetables, stones, and other clods of earth, are all connected in one immense design; that we are all dramatis personæ in different characters, and that we were not made for ourselves, but for the action; that it is foolish, presumptuous, impious, and profane to murmur against the Almighty author of this drama, when we feel ourselves unavoidably unhappy. On the contrary, we ought to rest our head on the soft pillow of resignation, on the immoveable rock of tranquillity; secure, that if our pains and afflictions grow violent indeed, an immediate end will be

put to our miserable being, and we shall be mingled with the dirt under our feet, a thing common to all the animal kind; and of which he who complains does not seem to have been set by his reason so far above them in life, as to deserve not to be mingled with them in death. Such is the consolation his philosophy gives us, and such is the hope on which his tranquillity was founded."[7] (*Memoir in Mathias's Edition.—Life by Mitford.—Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*)

BROOME AND WEST.

THERE are two Etonians of the first half of this century, whom Johnson has ranked among the English poets: and, in deference to so high an authority, I have abridged and inserted his memoirs of their Lives. But I have searched in vain for any favourable specimen of their poetry which I might transfer to these pages.

These two are BROOME and WEST: not Gray's friend, Richard West, but Gilbert West, a friend of Lord Lyttelton.

Johnson says of the first, "William Broome was born in Cheshire, as is said, of very mean parents. Of the place of his birth, or the first part of his life, I have not been able to gain any intelligence. He was educated upon the foundation at Eton, and was Captain of the school a whole year, without any vacancy by which he might obtain a scholarship at King's College. Being by this delay, such as is said to have happened very rarely, superannuated, he was sent to St. John's College by the contributions of his friends, where he obtained a small exhibition."

Johnson must be inaccurate as to Broome being Captain of a year in which no vacancy at King's occurred. No year wholly blank of resignations is recorded in the *Registrum Regale* from 1653 to 1756. Broome must have been at Eton soon after 1700. I suppose the fact to have been, that Broome's seniors in his year went off to King's soon after Election, and that Broome remained Captain till the next election, without another resignation coming.

Johnson proceeds to speak of Broome's career at Cambridge, and says, "He was introduced to Mr. Pope, who was then visiting Sir John Cotton at Madingley, near Cambridge, and gained so much by his esteem, that he was employed, I believe, to make

[7] Mathias's Works of Gray, vol. i. pp. 370-374.

extracts from Eustathius for the notes to the translation of the 'Iliad;' and in the volumes of poetry published by Lintot, commonly called 'Pope's Miscellanies,' many of his early pieces were inserted. Pope and Broome were to be more closely connected. When the success of the 'Iliad' gave encouragement to a version of the 'Odyssey,' Pope, weary of the toil, called Fenton and Broome to his assistance, and, taking only half the work upon himself, divided the other half between his partners, giving four books to Fenton and eight to Broome. Fenton's books I have enumerated in his life; to the lot of Broome fell the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, together with the burden of writing all the notes.

"As this translation is a very important event in poetical history, the reader has a right to know upon what grounds I establish my narration. That the version was not wholly Pope's was always known; he had mentioned the assistance of two friends in his proposals, and at the end of the work some account is given by Broome of their different parts, which, however, mentions only five books as written by the coadjutors; the fourth and twentieth by Fenton; the sixth, the eleventh, and eighteenth by himself; though Pope, in an advertisement prefixed afterwards to a new volume of his works, claimed only twelve. A natural curiosity, after the real conduct of so great an undertaking, incited me once to inquire of Dr. Warburton, who told me, in his warm language, that he thought the relation given in the note a 'lie;' but that he was not able to ascertain the several shares. The intelligence which Dr. Warburton could not afford me I obtained from Mr. Langton, to whom Mr. Spence had imparted it.

"Broome probably considered himself as injured, and there was for some time more than coldness between him and his employer. He always spoke of Pope as too much a lover of money, and Pope pursued him with avowed hostility; for he not only named him disrespectfully in the 'Dunciad,' but quoted him more than once in the 'Bathos,' as a proficient in the 'Art of Sinking;' and in his enumeration of the different kinds of poets distinguished for the profound, he reckons Broome among 'the parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd tone as makes them seem their own.' I have been told that they were afterwards reconciled; but I am afraid their peace was without friendship.

* * * * * * *

"He never rose to very high dignity in the Church. He was sometime rector of Sturton in Suffolk, where he married a rich widow, and afterwards, when the King visited Cambridge (1728), became Doctor of Laws. He was (1733) presented by the Crown to the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, which he held with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by the Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was chaplain, and who added the vicarage of Eye in Suffolk; he then resigned Pulham, and retained the two other.

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"Of Broome, though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His rhymes are sometimes unsuitable; in his 'Melancholy,' he makes *breath* rhyme to *birth* in one place, and to *earth* in another. Those faults occur but seldom; and he had such power of words and numbers as fitted him for translation; but, in his original works, recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recal the verses of some former poet. To detect his imitations were tedious and useless. What he takes he seldom makes worse; whom Pope chose for an associate, and whose co-operation was considered by Pope's enemies as so important, that he was attacked by Henly with this ludicrous distich:—

> 'Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
> Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.'"

I next subjoin an epitome of Johnson's account of Gilbert West. It is curious to see Johnson so complaisant to these rather dingy cygnets after his treatment of such a swan as Gray:—

"West was the son of the Reverend Dr. West, perhaps him who published 'Pindar' at Oxford, about the beginning of this century. His mother was sister to Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. His father, purposing to educate him for the Church, sent him first to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford; but he was seduced to a more airy mode of life, by a commission in a troop of horse procured him by his uncle. He continued sometime in the army, though it is reasonable to suppose he never sunk into a mere soldier, nor ever lost the love or much neglected the pursuit of learning; and afterwards, finding himself more inclined to civil employment, he laid down his commission, and

engaged in business under the Lord Townshend, then Secretary of State, with whom he attended the King to Hanover. Soon afterwards he married, and settled himself in a very pleasant house at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himself to learning and to piety. Of his piety the influence has, I hope, been extended far by his 'Observations on the Resurrection,' published in 1747, for which the University of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws by diploma (March 30, 1748), and would doubtless have reached yet further, had he lived to complete what he had for some time meditated, the Evidences of the Truth of the New Testament. Perhaps it may not be without effect to tell, that he read the prayers of the public liturgy every morning to his family, and that on Sunday evening he called his servants into the parlour, and read to them first a sermon, and then prayers. Crashaw is now not the only maker of verses to whom may be given the two venerable names of *Poet and Saint*. He was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his 'Dissertation on St. Paul.' These two illustrious friends had for a while listened to the blandishments of infidelity; and when West's book was published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of new objections against Christianity; and as infidels do not want malignity they revenged the disappointment by calling him a Methodist. * * * *

"Mr. West's income was not large; and his friends endeavoured, but without success, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported that the education of the young prince was offered to him, but he required a more extensive power of superintendence than it was thought proper to allow him. In time, however, his revenue was improved; he lived to have one of the lucrative clerkships of the Privy Council (1752), and Mr. Pitt at last had it in his power to make him Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

"He was now sufficiently rich, but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed; nor could it secure him from the calamities of life; he lost (1755) his only son; and the year after (March 26) a stroke of the palsy brought to the grave one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors."

DR. ARNE.

As Music is by common reputation the lawful wife of Poetry, I shall place next to these Etonian poets an Etonian musician, Dr. Arne. I must, however, own my utter inability to discuss the merits of the combiners of sweet sounds, and the following sketch is epitomised from the account of this eminent composer in the Biographical Dictionary of the Useful Knowledge Society:—

"Thomas Augustine Arne was the son of an upholsterer in King Street, Covent Garden, London. His father, designing him for the legal profession, sent him to school at Eton, where his musical propensities first disclosed themselves. The study of the law was afterwards reluctantly, and therefore unsuccessfully, pursued; every hour that could be stolen from the desk, and many from sleep, were devoted to musical study and practice. He secreted a spinnet in his bed-room, and there acquired his first knowledge of a keyed instrument, which fear of his father's displeasure obliged him to practise with muffled strings. He continued to take lessons of Festing on the violin; and his father, accidentally calling at the house of a friend, caught young Arne in the fact of leading a party of amateur performers. Anger and remonstrance were alike vain, and he was at length allowed to follow the path which inclination so clearly pointed out. His sister possessed a similar degree of musical enthusiasm, and, gifted with a remarkably sweet voice, she willingly derived from him sufficient instruction to qualify her for a public singer. The English lyric drama at this period had reached its lowest point of declination. It was under circumstances unpropitious, and with means slender, that young Arne attempted to revive the long-dormant taste of his countrymen for their national music. His first attempt was to reset Addison's 'Rosamond,' which was brought out in 1733 at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

"The first opera which raised Arne to general popularity was 'Comus.' The bold attempt to adapt Milton's exquisite Masque to the stage was made by Dr. Dalton, who produced it at Drury Lane in 1738. Arne had little to do with the text of Milton, for the songs on which he was employed are chiefly additions by the

adapter, and are, almost exclusively, sung by Comus and his 'crew.' For this task he was well fitted. To the shout of midnight revelry and to the invitation of pleasure he could give appropriate musical expression, but to sublimity he could make no approach. His mind had no sympathy with that of Milton: he was fitted and he was content to walk in a lower region; and if music had been required for the more elevated portions of 'Comus,' Arne was not the man to have supplied it.

"'Comus' continued to be played for several successive months; and Arne's pleasing melodies were sung and admired throughout the kingdom. They were of the genuine English school, of which Lawes may be said to have been the founder, and which was adopted and perpetuated by Eccles, Weldon, and occasionally by Purcell. 'The production of "Comus,"' Burney rightly observes, 'forms an era in English music: its songs were so easy, natural, and agreeable, that they had an effect upon our national taste; and, till a more Italianised style was introduced in succeeding pasticcio operas, were the standard of perfection at our theatres and public gardens.'

"Another field of exertion was presented to him. Mr. Jonathan Tyers, who had a few years before opened the Vauxhall Gardens as a place of summer amusement, engaged Arne as his composer, and Mrs. Arne, Lowe, and Reinhold as his principal singers. During this connexion Arne published a yearly collection of his songs, under the title of 'Lyric Harmony,' the first volume of which contains several airs whose popularity is not yet ended; among them Ariel's song in 'The Tempest.' In the year 1740 he also published the music to the songs in 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night.' In the same year he was employed as a dramatic composer, although not for the public stage. Thomson and Mallet had been commanded by Frederick, Prince of Wales, to produce an entertainment in celebration of the birth of his daughter Augusta; and the result was 'The Masque of Alfred,' which was performed for the first time on the 1st of August, 1740, in the Gardens of Cliefden. The music was throughout composed by Arne. It was afterwards, in an altered form, produced at Drury Lane. The opera in this form favourably exhibits its author's talents: it is full of beautiful melody, and contains a more diversified employment of music than the contemporary Italian operas were accustomed to furnish. In 1759 he took his degree of Doctor

of Music at Oxford. In 1761, on the death of Rich, Beard succeeded to the management of Covent Garden Theatre; and a musician of eminence had now, for the first time, a chance of judicious and effective support; for, as Dibdin justly remarks—'Music was never encouraged on the stage but when Beard was manager. Garrick and Lacey, if they had possessed the inclination, wanted the necessary knowledge, which Beard eminently possessed.' During this period Arne successively produced 'Thomas and Sally,' 'Artaxerxes,' 'Love in a Village,' and the 'Guardian Outwitted,' at Covent Garden.

"Comparing the songs in 'Artaxerxes,' which were avowedly written on the Italian model, they will in no respect be found inferior; while those in which the composer's own style was preserved have still the freshness and charm which must always attach to graceful melody.

"In 1772 Mason's 'Elfrida' was acted at Covent Garden, and in 1776 his 'Caractacus;' and to each drama Arne furnished the music. 'Caractacus' was Arne's last dramatic production: for nearly half a century he had, at uncertain and sometimes distant intervals, contributed to enrich the lyric drama of his country; and the same style is distinctly visible from first to last, except where he chose to appear as the avowed imitator of the contemporary Italian school. He died on the 5th of March, 1778, retaining his faculties to the last.

"It must not be forgotten that to Dr. Arne we owe the two most popular songs in our language, 'God save the King' and 'Rule, Britannia;' for although the former was written long before his time, it had no practical existence. In the year 1745 he wanted a loyal song for the theatre, and, happening to find or recollect this old forgotten melody, used it for the occasion, when it instantly gained the popularity which it still retains. The title of the 'National Anthem,' which newspaper phraseology has, of late years, given to it, is a misnomer. It is neither 'national' nor an 'anthem;' but, according to Arne's title, 'a loyal song.' The epithet 'national' might with more propriety be given to the second song and chorus, of which the subject is Britain. This noble and characteristic melody alone will serve to place Arne among the first of song-writers, and will never fail to 'arouse the generous flame' of patriotism in the hearts of his countrymen."

JACOB BRYANT.

In the memoir of Gray an anecdote respecting that poet's early scholarship is quoted on the authority of Jacob Bryant, who was next to Gray in the school. This very learned writer was born at Plymouth in 1795. His father was a Custom-house officer there at the time of Jacob Bryant's birth, but was removed into Kent before his son was seven years old. Jacob Bryant received the rudiments of his education at Ludsdun, in the last-mentioned county, and was then placed at Eton, where he remained until he obtained a scholarship at King's in 1733. Bryant's astonishing powers of memory, and his application to study, gained him great reputation at Eton, and long after he had left the school, traditions were current there of the intellectual feats which he had achieved. Though of a small and delicate frame he was conspicuous among his young companions as a bold and skilful swimmer, and on one occasion he saved young Barnard (afterwards Dr. Barnard, Head Master and Provost of the College,) from being drowned; an act for which Barnard was able in after years to prove his enduring gratitude.

Bryant's zeal for classical learning, and in particular for its more abstruse portions, continued to stimulate him to unremitting industry, and to win him fresh fame at Cambridge. The Duke of Marlborough made him tutor to his sons; a connexion which afterwards obtained for Bryant a lucrative sinecure in the Ordnance Office, and which also secured him, what he prized more, a kind and friendly home at Woodstock, with free access to the magnificent library of that mansion.

Rich in what he most valued—books and leisure for using them, and possessing pecuniary resources which were ample for his simple habits and moderate wants, Bryant passed a long and happy life of constant literary activity. His death, in 1804, was caused by mortification in the leg, which originated in an injury received by a fall in his library while taking down a book from one of the upper shelves: so that, as one of his French biographers expresses it, his long life closed by a death of honour like that of the soldier on the field of battle.

He marked his gratitade to King's College by bequeathing to it his large and valuable library.

The first work Mr. Bryant published was in 1767, entitled "Observations and Inquiries relating to various parts of Ancient History, containing Dissertations on the Wind Euroclydon, and on the Island Melite, together with an Account of Egypt in its most early State, and of the Shepherd Kings." His grand work, called "A New System, or an Analysis of Ancient Mythology," was the next. This was published in quarto; vols. i. and ii. in 1774, and vol. iii. in 1776. In 1775 he published "A Vindication of the Apamean Medal, and of the Inscription ΝΩΕ; together with an Illustration of another Coin struck at the same place in honour of the Emperor Severus." This appeared in the fourth volume of the Archæologia, and also as a quarto pamphlet. To these we must add "An Address to Dr. Priestley on the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity;" a 1780 pamphlet 8vo. "Vindiciæ Flavianæ; or a Vindication of the Testimony given by Josephus concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ;" a pamphlet 8vo, 1780. "Observations on the Poems of Thomas Rowley, in which the Authenticity of these Poems is ascertained." "Collections on the Zingara, or Gipsy Language." Archæologia, vol. vii. "Gemmarum antiquarum Delectus ex præstantioribus desumptus in Dactylotheca Ducis Marlburiensis;" two volumes, folio. "A Treatise on the Authenticity of the Scriptures, and the Truth of the Christian Religion;" octavo, 1792. "Observations on the Plagues inflicted on the Egyptians; in which is shown the Peculiarity of those Judgments and their Correspondence with the Rites and Idolatry of that People; with a Prefatory Discourse concerning the Grecian Colonies from Egypt;" octavo, 1794. "Observations upon a Treatise entitled, Description of the Plain of Troy, by Mons. le Chevalier;" quarto, 1795. "A Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; showing that no such Expedition was ever undertaken, and that no such City in Phrygia ever existed;" quarto, 1796. In addition to these works Mr. Bryant was the author of two other volumes, entitled "The Sentiments of Philo-Judæus, concerning the Logos, or Word of God; together with large Extracts from his Writings, compared with the Scriptures on many other essential Doctrines of the Christian Religion;" octavo, 1797. And "Dissertations on Balaam, Samson, and Jonah;"

also, "Observations on famous Controverted Passages in Josephus and Justin Martyr."

On many subjects Bryant was far in advance of his age. Thus, he maintained that all languages came from one primary language, and are traceable up to a common root. This, which is the received opinion of the best philologists of the present time, was a paradox to Bryant's contemporaries: and when we remember that comparative philology is, like geology, a science only developed during the present generation, we must do justice to Bryant's originality of theory, and also to his industry in seeking proofs for that theory, not only in ancient and the commonly known modern languages, but also in those to which little or no attention has been paid before his time, especially in the singular Zingara, or Gipsy dialect. His views on Greek mythology may be best ascertained by the following extract from his analysis, which will show how far he anticipated the Modern Myth School, as it may be seen exemplified in German writers in general, or in the two first volumes of Grote's History of Greece. Bryant says—

"I cannot acquiesce in the stale legends of Deucalion of Thessaly, of Inachus of Argos, and Ægialcus of Sicyon, nor in the long line of princes that are derived from them. The supposed heroes of the first ages in every country are equally fabulous. No such conquests were ever achieved as are ascribed to Osiris, Dionusus, and Sesostris. The histories of Hercules and Perseus are equally void of truth. I am convinced, and I hope I shall satisfactorily prove, that Cadmus never brought letters to Greece, and that no such person existed as the Grecians have described. What I have said about Sesostris and Osiris will be repeated about Ninus and Semiramis, two personages as ideal as the former. There never were such expeditions undertaken or conquests made, as are attributed to those princes: nor were any such empires constituted, as are supposed to have been established by them. I make as little account of the histories of Saturn, Venus, Pelops, Atlas, Dardanus, Minos of Crete, and Zoroaster of Bactria: yet something mysterious and of moment is concealed under those various characters, and the investigation of this latent truth will be the principal part of my inquiry. In respect to Greece, I can afford credence to very few events which were antecedent to the Olympiads. I cannot give the least assent to the story of Phryxus and the Golden Fleece. It seems to be plain beyond doubt, that there were no such persons

as the Grecian Argonauts, and that the expedition of Jason to Colchis was a fable."

The difference between Bryant and the modern Myth people is, that he believed that these old legends veiled traditions of primæval truths which he strove to discover, whereas the men of Myths fancy the legends to have been purely meaningless, and that the Greeks of the historical age were in the singular condition of being a nation that preserved no recollection or tradition of the events which brought their forefathers to the land which they lived in, or of anything that their forefathers did, or, in fact, of having had forefathers at all; and yet possessed a mass of legends apparently genealogical and traditionary, which however were nothing of the kind, but had originated nobody can see how, and took their peculiar forms nobody could say why.

In believing in the authenticity of the Rowley poems, Bryant erred in company of many of the most learned and able men of his time, who were imposed on by Chatterton's poetical forgeries.

Bryant's works are little read now, nor are they likely hereafter often to be disturbed from their shelves. He was before his time as to philological science in more senses of the word than one. His knowledge of the Oriental languages was imperfect, and, generally speaking, his Induction was insufficient. This must always be the case with the first solitary explorers of vast regions of science. His well-meant zeal for making all profane mythology and history furnish proof of the truth of the Scriptural narrative, sometimes outran his discretion. His views as to the Homeric poems, in my judgment, (and I profess a full belief in the one Homer, author of the whole Iliad and the whole Odyssey, notwithstanding all the dogmatic doubts of ancient Alexandria and modern Germany,) were marked with the usual combination of scepticism and credulity which may be found in nearly all the theorists on that subject. But there is a part of Bryant's works on this topic which really well deserves perusal, not on account of its reasoning as to the authorship of the poem, but on account of the truth and extreme beauty of its comment on the poetry of the poem itself. Bryant maintained that some ancient chief, whose family had come from Egypt and settled in Ithaca, wrote the Iliad and Odyssey, and that he in the latter poem recounted his own adventures. In asserting this he states, most truly, that the Homeric poems must have been written by a person

thoroughly conversant with the sea, and who described its storms, &c., from long personal observation and experience, and not from a cursory visit to shores, or picking up a few hearsay narratives of shipwrecks. Bryant's criticisms show how well Bryant himself must have observed the phenomena of the Great Deep. And I shall quote some of them, in the hope that they may cause some readers, not only to appreciate Bryant, but to appreciate, more fully than previously may have been the case, the marvellousness, truthfulness, and beauty of Homer's descriptions.

Bryant says, speaking of his imaginary author of the Iliad and Odyssey :—"He was well acquainted with the sea, and all the dangers of that element, to which he must have often been witness, as we may judge from his repeated and fearful descriptions. Such are the following, which cannot be read without a secret horror :—

Οἱ δ' ἴσαν ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἀτάλαντοι ἀέλλῃ,
Ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ βροντῆς πατρὸς Διὸς εἰσὶ πέδονδε,
Θεσπεσίῳ δ' ὁμάδῳ ἁλὶ μίσγεται, ἐν δέ τε πολλὰ
Κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
Κυρτὰ, φαληρεόωντα . . . .

Il. N. v. 795.

The Trojans join, and all terrific move,
Like some fell whirlwind sent by angry Jove.
O'er the vex'd land it sweeps, and seaward flies ;
Then tumult, noise, and anarchy arise.
Dire is the conflict, as the waves engage
High towering, white with foam, and swoll'n with rage.

"A similar instance, equally fearful, is given in another place, the same which was so admired by Plato :—

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προχοῇσι διαπρύσιος ποταμοῖο
Βέβροχθεν μέγα κῦμα κατὰ ῥόον, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκραι
Ἠϊόνες βόωσιν ἐρευγομένης ἁλὸς ἔξω.

As when the sea, in rough and angry mood,
Meets some vast river's wide descending flood,
Loud gusts and squalls are heard with wild uproar,
While the swoll'n surge comes tumbling on the shore.

"The picture given of Ulysses struggling in the ocean, and borne at the will of the winds and waves, must inspire us with similar terror :—

Ὡς ἄρα μὶν εἰπόντ' ἔλασεν μέγα κῦμα κατ' ἄκρης
Δεινὸν ἐπεσσύμενον, περὶ δὲ σχεδίην ἐλέλιξεν.
Τῆλε δ' ἀπὸ σχεδίης αὐτὸς πέσε, πηδάλιον δὲ
Ἐκ χειρῶν προέηκε, μέσον δὲ οἱ ἱστὸν ἔαξε
Δεινῇ μισγομένων ἀνέμων ἐλθοῦσα θύελλα.

* * * * *

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόβρυχα θῆκε πολὺν χρόνον, οὐδὲ δυνάσθη
Αἶψα μάλ' ἀνσχεθέειν μεγάλου ὑπὸ κύματος ὁρμῆς.
Εἵματα γάρ β' ἐβάρυνε, τά οἱ πόρε διὰ Καλυψώ.
Ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ β' ἀνέδυ, στόματος δ' ἐξέπτυσεν ἅλμην
Πικρὴν, ἣ οἱ πολλὴ ἀπὸ κράτος κελάρυζεν.

Just as he spake a mighty wave wide-spread
Rose high behind, and burst upon his head.
He felt his raft whirl'd round, of winds the play,
And from the helm he grasp'd was borne away.
Rent was the mast, and in the middle fail'd:
A whirlwind wild o'er all the sea prevail'd;
A fierce impetuous hurricane, combined
Of every stormy gust, and lawless wind.
The robe long held him plunged beneath the wave,
The cumbrous robe, which erst Calypso gave.
Nor could he yet resist nor upward move,
The huge unwieldy surge still press'd above.
At last he boldly strove, and at the close
All drench'd and dripping to the surface rose.
Forth from his mouth a bitter torrent sped,
And the sea-brine ran oozing down his head.

"At last, as he is borne up by a huge wave, he descries land, and exults with hopes of gaining the shore: but these hopes are ruined almost as soon as conceived:—

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τρίτον ἦμαρ εὐκλόκαμος τέλεσ' ἠὼς,
Καὶ τότ' ἔπειτ' ἄνεμος μὲν ἐπαύσατο, ἦδὲ γαλήνη
Ἔπλετο νηνεμίη, ὁ δ' ἄρα σχεδὸν εἰσιδε γαῖαν
Ὀξὺ μάλα προιδὼν, μεγάλου ὑπὸ κύματος ἀρθείς.
Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀσπάσιος βίοτος παίδεσσι φανείη
Πατρὸς, ὃς ἐν νούσῳ κεῖται κρατέρ' ἄλγεα πάσχων,
Δηρὸν τηκόμενος, στυγερὸς δέ οἱ ἔχραε δαίμων·
Ἀσπάσιον δ' ἄρα τοῦ γε θεοὶ κακότητος ἔλυσαν,
Ὡς Ὀδυσσῆι ἄσπαστον ἐείσατο γαῖα καὶ ὕλη,
Νῆχε δ' ἐπειγόμενος ποσὶν ἠπείρου ἐπιβῆναι,
Ἀλλ' ὅτε τόσσον ἀπῆν, ὅσσον τε γέγωνε βοήσας,
Καὶ δὴ δοῦπον ἄκουσε ποτὶ σπιλάδεσσι θαλάσσης.
Ῥοχθεῖ γὰρ μέγα κῦμα ποτὶ ξερὸν ἠπείροιο,
Δεινὸν ἐρευγόμενον, εἵλυτο δὲ πάνθ' ἁλὸς ἀχνῃ.
Οὐ γὰρ ἔσαν λιμένες νηῶν ὄχοι, οὐδ' ἐπίωγαί,
Ἀλλ' ἀκταὶ προβλῆτες ἔσαν, σπιλάδες τε, πάγοι τε.
Od. 5, v. 390.

On the third day, as soon as night was fled,
A lovely morn its gentle influence shed.
The winds were hush'd, with all the tempest rude;
And a still, breathless, pleasing calm ensued.
Eager the chief look'd out, and near at hand
From an high swelling billow saw the land.
As when some happy filial tribe, who late
Viewed a fond parent on the verge of fate,

See him at once with life and vigour blest;
So glowed the transport in Ulysses' breast,
Joyous he thought his labours now no more,
And plied each nerve to gain the wish'd-for shore,
But when as near as human voice can reach,
He heard the surge loud thundering on the beach.
Instead of bay and friendly port, he found
Vast pointed rocks, and breakers all around.
Deep ran the surf, and dangerous every way,
The cliffs were cover'd high with foam and spray.

"There is something particular in this description: for the Poet mentions *νηνεμία*, or the dying away of the wind; and afterwards says Ῥοχθεῖ γὰρ μέγα κῦμα, the sea still rages, and breaks. Nobody but a person who had been conversant with the sea, would have been apprised of this heavy swell which continues upon a sudden calm. The description is true, and founded upon experience.

"I must repeat, what I said above, that whoever wrote these lines, had often experienced the terrors of the deep, and knew well the fatal consequences of a lee-shore. In another part of his poems, he gives a fine description of a night scene, in which a ship is carried away by a storm; and the mariners in their distress see a fire upon a hill inland, lighted up by some shepherds, and look up with longing eyes to be in such a place of security:—

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἐκ πόντοιο σέλας ναύτῃσι φανείῃ
Καιομένοιο πυρὸς, τὸ δὲ καίεται ὕψοθ' ὄρεσφι
Σταθμῷ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ· τοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἔλλαι
Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπάνευθε φέρουσιν.
Il. T. v. 375.

As when by night a fire is seen afar,
By shepherds lighted near their fleecy care,
Driv'n at the will of winds across the main,
The mariners look up, but look in vain.
Loud, and more loud, the tempest howls, while they
Far from their best loved friends are borne away.

"I am led to think, when I read this affecting description, that Homer was one of those, who looked up in that disastrous season, and partook of those dangers which he so pathetically describes. All those feelings, which he so intimately imparts, he had experienced. He had often heard the deafening surge break upon the shore, and passed with extreme hazard, those rocks, and shoals, with which the sea-coast abounds. He mentions the Λάρος and Αἴθυια, together with other birds of the ocean; and describes their

flight, and manner of fishing, and the very motion of their wings. This may be seen in the description given of Mercury, when he flew downwards from the mountain Pieria:—

> ——————— Down he took his flight
> In semblance like a seamew, that frequents
> The dreary gulfs, which bound the troubled main.
> There with unwearied wing she roams the deep,
> Seeking her fishy prey; and stooping low
> Dips her light pinions in the briny wave.
> Odys. E. 51.

"When he alludes to a person who had been lost in the seas, he does not barely mention the circumstance of his being drowned, but brings the sad event before our eyes; and points to the bones, which lie whitening upon the strand—

> Ἀνέρος, οὗ δή που λεύκ' ὀστέα πύθεται ὄμβρῳ,
> Κείμεν' ἐπ' ἠπείρου.

These ideas could not be borrowed: they are too strong, and vivid, and too particular, to be copies; they proceeded from his own recollection; and were the result of sad experience."

HORACE WALPOLE.

Horace Walpole may perhaps be esteemed fortunate in having met with two such biographers as Sir Walter Scott and Lord Dover. But it would have been peculiarly hard, if an author, who has done so much to throw light on the memoirs of so many of his contemporaries, had himself failed in receiving the attention of the ablest writers of the following generation.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lives of the Novelists," deals with Horace Walpole principally as the author of the "Castle of Otranto." Lord Dover's elegant and accurate memoir traces his career throughout his long life, and brings before the reader's notice all the varied productions of Horace Walpole's keen and graceful pen.

Lord Dover's diligence, candour, and good taste, as the biographer and editor of Horace Walpole, have been generally and justly eulogised; and instead of endeavouring to compete with what I heartily admire, and thoroughly agree with, I shall, in the follow-

ing sketch, largely adopt his Lordship's performance, availing myself, at every opportunity, of Sir Walter Scott's collateral narrative; and also of an able though severe review of Horace Walpole's life and character, by a writer in one of our principal periodicals.[8]

Horace Walpole was the third and youngest son of "that eminent minister, Sir Robert Walpole; the glory of the Whigs, the preserver of the throne of these realms to the present royal family, and under whose fostering rule and guidance, the country flourished in peace for more than twenty years." (These are Lord Dover's words.)

Horace Walpole was born October 5th, 1717, and educated on the foundation at Eton. In 1734 he went to King's College, Cambridge, as a Fellow-Commoner. Walpole formed at Eton a warm friendship with Gray, West, and Ashton (afterwards Fellow of Eton), which they called the Quadruple Alliance. Walpole, like his friends, was not only a good classical scholar, but a sincere lover of the study. In one of his first letters, after leaving Eton for Cambridge, he proposes to his friend West, who had gone to the sister university, "to hold a classical correspondence." He says, "I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics which will never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns,[9] o'errun with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a punctum, *cujus nulla est pars;*

'Their time a moment, and a point their space.'

'Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
Te *coluisse novem Musas*, Romane, memento;
Hæ tibi erunt artes.' . . . . .

"We have not the least poetry here; for I can't call verses on the 5th of November and 30th of January by that name,—more than four lines on a chapter in the New Testament is an epigram. Tydeus rose and set at Eton: he is only known here to be a scholar at King's. Oromasdes and Almanzors are just the same; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and

[8] Quarterly Review, vol. xix. p. 9. [9] *i. e.* Oxford and Cambridge.

consequently the only person acquainted with their excellencies. Plato improves every day; so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time, though I believe you will guess there is no quadruple alliance: that was a happiness I only enjoyed when you was at Eton. A short account of the Eton people at Oxford would much oblige,

"My dear West,

"Your faithful friend,

"H. WALPOLE."

There are several other letters of Walpole's which prove him to have been a zealous Etonian. Some of his critics have said, that his affection for General Conway was the only instance in which he ever showed the least warmth of heart. I think that his grateful love for Eton might have been referred to as one instance more.

In 1736, he thus commences a letter to West:—

"TO RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

"KING'S COLLEGE, *Aug.* 17, 1736.

"DEAR WEST,

"Gray is at Burnham, and, what is surprising, has not been at Eton. Could you live so near it, without seeing it? That dear scene of our quadruple alliance would furnish me with the most agreeable recollections. 'Tis the head of our genealogical table, that is since sprouted out into the two branches of Oxford and Cambridge."

In the next year he realised the anticipations above expressed, of the pleasure of revisiting the "dear scene," and thus described to another friend, an old schoolfellow, George Montagu, what he felt at finding himself once more at "*The Christopher*," which then stood on the classic side of the Rubicon; that is to say, was *within bounds* close to the College, and not, as at present, far on the barbaric side of Barnes-pool.

"TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

"CHRISTOPHER INN, ETON.

"THE Christopher; Lord! how great I used to think anybody just arrived at the Christopher! But there are no boys for me to

send for——here I am, like Noah, just returned into his old world again, with all sorts of queer feels about me. By the way, the clock strikes the old cracked sound. I recollect so much, and remember so little—and want to play about—and am so afraid of my playfellows—and am ready to shirk Ashton—and can't help *making fun* of myself—and envy a dame over the way, that has just locked in her boarders, and is going to sit down in a little hot parlour to a very bad supper, so comfortably! and I could be so jolly a dog if I did not *fat*, which, by the way, is the first time the word was ever applicable to me. In short, I should be out of all *bounds* if I was to tell you half I feel,—how young again I am one minute, and how old the next. But do come and feel with me, when you will—to-morrow—Adieu! If I don't compose myself a little more before Sunday morning, when Ashton is to preach, I shall certainly *be in the bill for laughing in church*; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when, the last time I saw him here, he was standing up, funking over against a conduct to be catechised.

"Good night! yours."

Walpole had, while at Cambridge, kept up his old school friendship with Gray, and they determined to make the usual tour on the Continent together.

"They commenced their journey in March, 1739, and continued abroad above two years. Almost the whole of this time was spent in Italy, and nearly a year of it was devoted to Florence; where Walpole was detained by the society of his friends, Mr. Mann, Mr. Chute, and Mr. Whithed. It was in these classic scenes that his love of art and taste for elegant and antiquarian literature became more developed; and that it took such complete possession of him as to occupy the whole of his long life, diversified only by the occasional amusement of politics, or the distractions of society. Unfortunately, the friendship of Walpole and his travelling companion could not survive two years of constant intercourse: they quarrelled and parted at Reggio, in July, 1741, and afterwards pursued their way homewards by different routes.

"Walpole arrived in England in September, 1741, at which time his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann commences. He had been chosen member for Callington, in the Parliament which was elected in June of that year; and arrived in the House of Commons just in time to witness the angry discussions which preceded and

accompanied the downfal of his father's administration. He plunged at once into the excitement of political partisanship with all the ardour of youth, and all the zeal which his filial affection for his father inspired. Public business and attendance upon the House of Commons, apart from the interest attached to peculiar questions, he seems never to have liked. He consequently took very little part either in debates or committees. In March, 1742, on a motion being made for an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole for the preceding ten years, he delivered his maiden speech; on which he was complimented by no less a judge of oratory than Pitt. He moved the Address in 1751; and in 1756 made a speech on the question of employing Swiss regiments in the colonies. This speech he has also himself preserved in the second volume of his 'Memoires.' In 1757 he was active in his endeavours to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng. Of his conduct upon this occasion he has left a detailed account in his 'Memoires.' This concludes all that can be collected of his public life, and at the general election of 1768 he finally retired from Parliament.

"Upon this occasion he writes thus to George Montagu:—'As my senatorial dignity is gone, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover; and I hope the advertisement will not be taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous Parliament, that you see I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn, in the high fever of a contested election, which, at best, would end in my being carried about that large town like a figure of a pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings?'

"From this time Walpole devoted himself more than ever to his literary and antiquarian pursuits; though the interest he still, in society, at least, took in politics, is obvious, from the frequent reference to the subject in his letters. In the course of his life, his political opinions appear to have undergone a great change. In his youth, and indeed till his old age, he was not only a strenuous Whig, but at times almost a Republican. How strong his opinions

were in this sense, may be gathered both from the frequent confessions of his political faith, which occur in his letters, and from his reverence for the death-warrant of Charles the First, of which he hung up the engraving in his bed-room, and wrote upon it with his own hand the words 'Major Charta.' The horrors of the French Revolution drove him, in the latter period of his life, into other views of politics; and he seems to have become, in theory at least, a Tory, though he probably would have indignantly repudiated the appellation, had it been applied to him."

Horace Walpole derived some substantial benefits from being Sir Robert's son. In the year 1738, arrived at majority, he was appointed Inspector-General of the Exports and Imports, which office he afterwards exchanged for that of Usher of the Exchequer, a less troublesome duty, which required the appendage of very few signatures excepting those required to draw the salary. He also obtained several other valuable appointments, out of the large mass which the Premier in those days had it in his power to dispose of. That portion of them which fell to the lot of Horace, consisting of five several offices, produced, according to calculations from his own admissions, 3900*l.*, while the Commissioners of Inquiry reckoned them at 6300*l.*, and his biographers, probably with a nearer approach to truth, generally name his income as amounting to about 5000*l.* a-year. It is thus evident that Walpole was no inconsiderable tax-eater, though he seems himself often to have become oblivious of the fact, when he was pointing his sarcasm at others for living on public money, or pouring forth professions of ultra-reform, disinterestedness, and independence.

Even during the earlier part of his career his politics had varied a good deal, (as indeed, Lord Devon quietly asks, whose in a long life do not?) but in Walpole's the cause of variation was an amiable one. His attachment to his friend Marshal Conway was extremely strong. In 1744 he had offered to share his fortune with him, in order to enable Conway to marry a lady whom he was in love with. It is to be observed also, that Walpole's places were not then so lucrative as they afterwards became.

"Nothing," he writes to his friend in 1744, "could prevent my being unhappy at the smallness of your fortune, but its throwing it into my way to offer you to share mine. As mine is so precarious by depending on so precarious a constitution, I can only offer you the immediate use of it. I do that most sincerely. My places

still (though my Lord W. has cut off three hundred pounds a-year to save himself the trouble of signing his name ten times for once) bring me in near two thousand pounds a-year. I have no debts—no connexions; indeed no way to dispose of it particularly. By living with my father, I have little real use for a quarter of it. I always flung it away all in the most idle manner. But, my dear Harry, idle as I am, and thoughtless, I have sense enough to have real pleasure in denying myself baubles, and in saving a very good income to make a man happy, for whom I have a just esteem and most sincere friendship."

Afterwards, in 1764, when Conway was turned out of his regiment and his place at Court, Walpole again renewed this offer with much earnestness. This attachment to his friend "caused him also to look with a favourable eye upon the government of the day whenever Mr. Conway was employed, and to follow him implicitly in his votes in the House of Commons. Upon this subject he writes thus to Conway, who had not told him beforehand of a speech he made on the Qualification Bill, in consequence of which Walpole was absent from the House of Commons upon that occasion:—'I don't suspect you of any reserve to me; I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you, that I don't like to have anybody think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence; but, at least, it would give me some to act invariably with you, and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do.' Upon another occasion he writes again in a similar strain:—'My only reason for writing is to repeat to you, that whatever you do, I shall act with you. I resent anything done to you as to myself. My fortunes shall never be separated from yours, except that, some day or other, I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine.'

"Upon one political point Horace Walpole appears to have entertained from the first the most just views, and even at a time when such were not sanctioned by the general opinion of the nation. From its very commencement, he objected to that disastrous contest, the American war, which, commenced in ignorant and presumptuous folly, was prolonged to gratify the wicked obstinacy of individuals, and ended, as Walpole had foretold it would, in the discomfiture of its authors and the national disgrace and degradation, after a profuse and useless waste of blood and treasure. Nor must his sentiments upon the Slave Trade be forgotten

—sentiments which he held, too, in an age when, far different from the present one, the Assiento Treaty, and other horrors of the same kind, were deemed not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. 'We have been sitting,' he writes, on the 25th of February, 1750, 'this fortnight on the African Company. We, the British Senate, that temple of Liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been considering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us, that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! It chills one's blood—I would not have to say I voted for it for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering the poor creatures for the good of their souls.'

"One of the most favourite pursuits of Walpole was the building and decoration of his Gothic villa of Strawberry Hill. It is situated at the end of the village of Twickenham, towards Teddington, on a slope, which gives it a fine view of a reach of the Thames and the opposite wooded hill of Richmond Park. He bought it in 1747, of Mrs. Chenevix, the proprietress of a celebrated toy-shop. He thus describes it in a letter of that year to Mr. Conway:—'You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:—

> 'A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
> And little finches wave their wings of gold.'

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges, as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer, move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospects; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.'"

Here he amused himself for some time in planting wood, and in planning devices in Gothic architecture which might strike the attention without the addition of the massive profusion of the

original Gothic,—a task in which he succeeded to a considerable extent. The library and dining-parlour were built in 1753; the gallery, round tower, great cloister, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761. He filled this model with antiquities and works of art; and Strawberry Hill continued to be one of the show-places of England, and a Lilliputian model of a feudal museum, until its dismantlement, and the dispersion of its contents a few years ago.

Let us now turn from Walpole the politician and Walpole the collector, to Walpole the author.

"His first effort appears to have been a copy of verses, written at Cambridge. His poetry is generally not of a very high order; lively, and with happy turns and expressions, but injured frequently by a sort of quaintness, and a somewhat inharmonious rhythm. Its merits, however, exactly fitted it for the purpose which it was for the most part intended for; namely, as what are called *vers de société*. Among the best of his verses may be mentioned those 'On the neglected Column in the Place of St. Mark, at Florence,' which contains some fine lines; his 'Twickenham Register;' and 'The Three Vernons.'

"In 1752 he published his 'Ædes Walpolianæ,' or description of the family seat of Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, where his father had built a palace, and had made a fine collection of pictures, which were sold by his grandson George, third Earl of Orford, to the Empress Catherine of Russia. This work, which is, in fact, a mere catalogue of pictures, first showed the peculiar talent of Horace Walpole for enlivening, by anecdote and lightness of style, a dry subject. This was afterwards still more exemplified in his 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' of which the different volumes were published in 1761, 1763, and 1771; and in the 'Catalogue of Engravers,' published in 1763. These works were compiled from the papers of Vertue, the engraver; but Walpole, from the stores of his own historical knowledge, from his taste in the fine arts, and his happy manner of sketching characters, rendered them peculiarly his own. But his masterpiece in this line was his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' originally published in 1758. It is very true, as Walter Scott observes, that 'it would be difficult, by any process or principle of subdivision, to select a list of so many plebeian authors, containing so very few whose genius was worthy of commemoration.' But this very circumstance renders the merit of Walpole the greater, in having, out of such

materials, composed a work which must be read with amusement and interest, as long as liveliness of diction and felicity in anecdote are considered ingredients of amusement in literature.

"In 1757 Walpole established a private printing-press at Strawberry Hill, and the first work he printed at it was the Odes of Gray, with Bentley's prints and vignettes. Among the handsomest and most valuable volumes which subsequently issued from this press, in addition to Walpole's own 'Anecdotes of Painting,' and his description of Strawberry Hill, must be mentioned the quarto Lucan, with the notes of Grotius and Bentley; the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury by himself, Hentzner's Travels, and Lord Whitworth's account of Russia. Of all these he printed a very limited number. It does not, however, appear, as stated in the Biographical Dictionary, that he reserved all the copies as presents; on the contrary, it would seem that in most instances he sold a certain portion of the copies to the booksellers, probably with a view of defraying the expenses of his printing establishment. As, however, the supply in the book-market of the Strawberry Hill editions was very small, they generally sold for high prices, and a great interest was created respecting them."

In 1764 Walpole published one of the most remarkable of his works, "The Castle of Otranto;" and in 1768 his still more remarkable production, "The Mysterious Mother." This was printed at Strawberry Hill, but was not published till after Walpole's death. This tragedy, which is full of worse than Œdipean horrors, has received the high praise of Lord Byron. Lord Byron says—

"It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and, secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and of the 'Castle of Otranto,' he is the '*ultimus Romanorum*,' the author of the 'Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may."

On the other hand, Coleridge has spoken of Walpole's tragedy in the strongest terms of censure and disgust. The subject is too repulsive for discussion, but I certainly incline to Coleridge's opinion rather than to that of Byron.

With regard to the "Castle of Otranto," the best proof of its excellence is its enduring and wide-spread popularity. The story of the circumstances that led Walpole to compose it, is singular, and is thus narrated by the author in a letter dated 8th March, 1763:—

"Shall I confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it. Add, that I was very glad to think of anything rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drank my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hands and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph."

Sir Walter Scott, the highest of all critical authorities as to the merit of a romance, has highly eulogised this work of Walpole. He says—

"The style of the 'Castle of Otranto' is pure and correct English of the earlier and more classical standard. Mr. Walpole rejected, upon taste and principle, those heavy though powerful auxiliaries which Dr. Johnson imported from the Latin language, and which have since proved to many a luckless wight who has essayed to use them, as unmanageable as the gauntlets of Eryx,

——et pondus et ipsa
Huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat.

"Neither does the purity of Mr. Walpole's language, and the simplicity of his narrative, admit that luxuriant, florid, and high-varnished landscape-painting with which Mrs. Radcliffe often adorned, and not unfrequently encumbered, her kindred romances. Description, for its own sake, is scarcely once attempted in the 'Castle of Otranto;' and if authors would consider how very much this restriction tends to realise narrative, they might be tempted to abridge at least the showy and wordy exuberance of a style

fitter for poetry than prose. It is for the dialogue that Walpole reserves his strength; and it is remarkable how, while conducting his mortal agents with all the art of a modern dramatist, he adheres to the sustained tone of chivalry, which marks the period of the action. This is not attained by patching his narrative or dialogue with glossarial terms or antique phraseology, but by taking care to exclude all that can awaken modern associations.

"We have only to add," says Sir Walter, "in conclusion to these desultory remarks, that if Horace Walpole, who led the way in this new species of literary composition, has been surpassed by some of his followers in diffuse brilliancy of description, and perhaps in the art of detaining the mind of the reader in a state of feverish and anxious suspense, through a protracted and complicated narrative, more will yet remain with him than the single merit of originality and invention. The applause due to chastity and precision of style,—to a happy combination of supernatural agency with human interest,—to a tone of feudal manners and language, sustained by characters strongly drawn and well discriminated,—and to unity of action, producing scenes alternately of interest and of grandeur;—the applause, in fine, which cannot be denied to him who can excite the passions of fear and of pity, must be awarded to the author of the 'Castle of Otranto.'

"The next publication of Walpole was his 'Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third,' one of the most ingenious historical and antiquarian dissertations which has ever issued from the press. He has collected his facts with so much industry, and draws his arguments and inferences from them with so much ability, that if he has not convinced the public of the entire innocence of Richard, he has, at all events, diminished the number of his crimes, and has thrown a doubt over his whole history, as well as over the credibility of his accusers, which is generally favourable to his reputation.

"The remainder of the works of Walpole, published or printed in his lifetime, consist of minor, or, as he calls them, 'Fugitive Pieces.' Of these the most remarkable are his papers in 'The World' and other periodicals; 'A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher, in London,' on the politics of the day; the 'Essay on Modern Gardening;' the pamphlet called 'A Counter-Address,' on the dismissal of Marshal Conway from his command of a regiment; the fanciful, but lively, 'Hieroglyphic Tales;' and

'The Reminiscences,' or Recollections of Court and Political Anecdotes; which last he wrote for the amusement of the Miss Berrys."

In 1798, Miss Berry edited the "Works of the Earl of Orford," in 5 vols. 4to. This publication contained, in addition to the Miscellaneous Works of the noble author, his Letters to Richard West, Esq.; to the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway; to Richard Bentley, Esq.; to the poet Gray; to John Chute, Esq.; to the Earl of Strafford; to the Countess Dowager of Ailesbury; and to Miss Hannah More.

In 1818, Horace Walpole's Letters to George Montagu, Esq., and to the Rev. C. Cole, 4to, were published by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin. In 1825, Horace Walpole's Letters to the Earl of Hertford, in 4to, were published by Mr. Knight. In 1833, Mr. Bentley published the First Series of Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann, edited by the late Lord Dover, in 3 vols. 8vo.

In 1840, Mr. Bentley published the Collective Edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole. This well-annotated Edition comprised all the Letters which had been published to that date, namely, those published in 1798; those to George Montagu, and Rev. C. Cole; those to the Earl of Hertford, and the First Series of the Letters to Sir Horace Mann, to the death of George the Second, and a Series of Letters, then first published, to Miss Mary Berry.

The remaining Letters to Sir Horace Mann (permission to publish which had been previously withheld by the late Lord Holland) were published by Mr. Bentley in 1843; all the remaining Works in manuscript having been purchased by him of the present Duke of Grafton, as executor of the late Lord Waldegrave, for the sum of 800*l.*

There have also been published his memoirs of the last ten years of the reign of George the Second, and his memoirs of the reign of George the Third. The latter appeared in 1845. His correspondence with the Rev. Thomas Mann is now in course of publication.

"A friend of Mr. Walpole's has observed, that 'his epistolary talents have shown our language to be capable of all the grace and all the charms of the French of Madame de Sévigné;' and the remark is a true one, for he is undoubtedly the author who first

proved the aptitude of our language for that light and gay epistolary style, which was before supposed peculiarly to belong to our Gallic neighbours. There may be letters of a higher order in our literature than those of Walpole. Gray's letters, and perhaps Cowper's, may be taken as instances of this; but where shall we find such an union of taste, humour, and almost of dramatic power of description and narrative, as in the Correspondence of Walpole? where such happy touches upon the manners and characters of the times? Where can we find such graphic scenes, as the funeral of George the Second; as the party to Vauxhall with Lady Harrington; as the ball at Miss Chudleigh's, in the letters already published; or as some of the House of Commons' debates, and many of the anecdotes of society, in those now offered to the world? Walpole's style in letter-writing is occasionally quaint, and sometimes a little laboured; but for the most part he has contrived to throw into it a great appearance of ease, as if he wrote rapidly and without premeditation. This, however, was by no means the case, as he took great pains with his letters, and even collected and wrote down beforehand, anecdotes, with a view to their subsequent insertion. Some of these stories have been discovered among the papers at Strawberry Hill."

Nothing has brought more obloquy upon Horace Walpole than his ill-treatment of

> "Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perished in its pride."

But those who have investigated Walpole's conduct in this matter most carefully, Sir Walter Scott, Chalmers the compiler of the Biographical Dictionary, and Lord Dover, concur in acquitting him of all blame.

"It appears," says Lord Dover, "that in March, 1769, Walpole received a letter from Chatterton, enclosing a few specimens of the pretended poems of Rowley, and announcing his discovery of a series of ancient painters at Bristol. To this communication Walpole, naturally enough, returned a very civil answer. Shortly afterwards doubts arose in his mind as to the authenticity of the poems; these were confirmed by the opinions of some friends, to whom he showed them; and he then wrote an expression of these doubts to Chatterton. This appears to have excited the anger of Chatterton, who, after one or two short notes, wrote Walpole a

very impertinent one, in which he demanded his manuscripts. This last letter Walpole had intended to have answered with some sharpness, but did not do so: he only returned the specimens of the 4th of August, 1769; and thus concluded the intercourse between them, and, as Walpole observes, "I never saw him there before, or since." Subsequently to this transaction, Chatterton acquired other patrons more credulous than Walpole, and proceeded with his forgeries. In April, 1770, he came to London, and committed suicide in August of that year; a fate which befell him, it is to be feared, more in consequence of his own dissolute and profligate habits, than from any want of patronage. However this may be, Walpole clearly had nothing to say to it.

In addition to the accusation of crushing instead of fostering his genius, Walpole has also been charged with cruelty in not assisting him with money. Upon this he very truly says himself: "Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me. He was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master and coming to London, and of his other extravagances. He had depended on the impulse of the talents he felt for making impressions, and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said, that I should have been blameable to his mother and society, if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine Muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age."[1]

Towards the latter end of his days, Horace Walpole was afflicted with fits of an hereditary gout which a rigid temperance failed to remove. In 1791, by the death of his nephew, he succeeded to the title of Orford, at a period of his life when the pride of title, and the influence of increased fortune, had no charms for him, and the toils of additional greatness overbalanced the pleasures. He never took his seat in the House of Lords, and his unwillingness to adopt his title was shown in his endeavours to avoid making use of it in his signature. He not unfrequently signed himself "The Uncle of the late Earl of Orford." He died at Berkeley-square, on the 2nd of March, 1797, in the eightieth year of his age.

[1] Memoir by Lord Dover.

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

THIS gallant soldier was one of the most popular men of his time, both with the army and his countrymen in general. The humble but certain testimony of his head being still the sign of the greater part of the public-houses which were opened in England during the last half of the eighteenth century, is proof enough of this, even if we did not learn it from the writings of his contemporaries.

He was born in 1721, and was the heir-apparent of John Manners, third duke of Rutland, by Bridget, daughter and heir of Sutton, second and last Lord Lexington. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and entered Parliament, at an early age, for the town of Grantham. In 1745 he raised a regiment of infantry, and accompanied the Duke of Cumberland into Scotland. He and his men were greatly distinguished by their good conduct and steady bravery at the battle of Culloden, and Granby received the special thanks of the Duke of Cumberland for his services throughout the campaign in the Highlands. On the 4th of May, 1755, he received a Major-General's commission; and in February, 1759, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and sent out to Germany as second in command to Lord George Sackville.

After the battle of Minden, he was highly complimented by Prince Ferdinand at the expense of Lord George; and on the disgrace of the latter officer, the Marquis was appointed to succeed him in his military command. It is well known that these two noblemen were never cordial friends; but the evidence which the Marquis gave on Lord George's trial, was highly honourable to himself, and generous to his rival. "He showed," says Lord Orford, in his memoirs of the reign of George the Second, "an honourable and compassionate tenderness; so far from exaggerating the minutest circumstance, he palliated or suppressed whatever might load the prisoner, and seemed to study nothing but how to avoid appearing a party against him. So inseparable in his bosom were valour and good nature."

Granby had acquired the entire confidence of the men who served under him, and his own personal intrepidity in action made

them doubly ready to do their duty under him. To employ the expressive classification of officers used by a serjeant during the Peninsular war of this century, Granby was one of "The Come-on's" and not one of "The Go-on's." Indeed, his habit of leading charges in person must be looked on as blameable in a commander. But it is to be remembered, that, when Granby took the command, the reputation of our troops had sunk to a painfully low ebb; and more than common efforts and examples were needed to raise them again to the natural high standard of English military heroism.

In the battles of Warburg and Philliphausen the Marquis acquired great honour. "Towards the end of the war," says an anonymous writer who had served under him, "when the army was so situated that, if a rising ground on the left had been taken possession of by the French, it might have been attended by the worst consequences,—and when the generals destined to lead a corps to occupy it, declared the service impracticable,—Lord Granby arose from a sick bed in the middle of the night, assumed the command of the corps, marched with a fever upon him in an inclement season, took possession of the post, and secured the army." "My Lord Granby's generosity," adds the same writer, "knows no bounds. Often have I seen his generous hand stretched out to supply the wants of the needy soldier; nor did the meanest follower of the camp go hungry from his door. His house was open equally to British and foreigners; his table was hospitality itself; and his generous open countenance gave a hearty welcome to all his guests."

In 1760, during his absence with the army, he was appointed a member of the Privy Council. In 1763 he was constituted Master-General of the Ordnance; and in 1766, Commander-in-Chief of the army. He died suddenly of an attack of gout in the stomach, on the 20th of October, 1770. (*Cunningham's British Biography.*)

SIR WILLIAM DRAPER.

THE best proof of Sir William Draper's merit is the fact, that he was, like Wolfe, one of the young officers whom the discerning eye of Lord Chatham selected as worthy of high and responsible employment.

Sir William Draper was born at Bristol in 1721. He was educated on the foundation at Eton, and became a scholar of King's in 1740. Preferring a military to an academic career, Draper entered the army, and saw his first service in the East Indies. He there fought under Clive and Laurence, who honoured him with marked confidence; and he especially signalised himself at the taking of Fort St. George (now Madras) in 1758. In 1761 he was employed in the operations against Belleisle, as Brigadier.

Draper was then again sent to the East, with Pitt's especial recommendation for active employment, as being an officer "on whose intelligence and bravery government could depend." When the Spanish war broke out, it was resolved by the English authorities to attack and capture the Philippine Islands. For this purpose a force of 2300 men was collected at Madras, and the command given to Draper. "They were embarked on board a fleet, under Admiral Cornish, and appeared suddenly off Manilla, the capital of Luconia and of the surrounding isles,—a place almost as important in the East as was Havanna in the West. Draper threw his forces on shore, and took possession of the suburbs of Manilla, before the Spaniards were well aware that their King was at war with the English. The Archbishop was Governor and supreme head of the islands, and put himself in the most warlike attitude that circumstances would permit, called up the native Indians to harass the assailants in their rear, and with about eight hundred Spanish regulars opposed their approaches in front. But his poor Indians, armed for the most part with bows and spears, were cut to pieces; and the works of Manilla were carried by storm on the 6th of October, the twelfth day after the landing.

"Draper's forces, in which there were more Sepoys and Lascars than native British, began to plunder and destroy, and to subject the unfortunate place to all the horrors of war. But the inner

citadel, in which the Archbishop had thrown himself, still remained untaken; and, in treating for its surrender, his Eminence proposed that, in consideration of a fixed ransom, the lives, liberties, and properties of all private parties should be spared by the conquerors. Draper drew up the terms of capitulation in Latin, agreeing to accept as a ransom, for the inhabitants, two millions of dollars, in an assignment on the Spanish treasury at Madrid. This paper was signed by the Governor-Archbishop; but doubts seemed to have been entertained from the beginning, whether the two millions of dollars would ever be paid. Several ships, some artillery, and a considerable quantity of military stores, with all public property whatsoever, became the immediate prize of the captors, who, moreover, succeeded in taking a great Manilla and Acapulco galleon, the Santa Trinidad, valued at three millions of dollars. Without further resistance, the whole group of islands submitted to the English flag."[1]

The ransom-money for the Manilla was never paid by the Spanish government, and Colonel Draper on his return spoke in the House of Commons (of which he became a member) with great and just indignation at this breach of guilt. He was made a Knight of the Bath, and received some military appointments for his services.

On the appearance of the first of Junius's Letters, in which the Marquis of Granby was with many other leading men of the time scurrilously assailed by that malignant stabber in the dark, Sir William Draper, who had been close to Granby in the school at Eton, and who had in after-life received substantial proof of friendship from the Marquis, came chivalrously forward to defend his friend from this assault upon his character. Sir William wrote a reply to Junius, which appeared in the "Public Advertiser." This led Junius to attack Sir William Draper himself, and a controversy arose, which forms part of the first volume of Junius. Whatever may be the superiority of the latter in point of style over Sir William, I believe all candid readers will agree in thinking, that, as to matters of fact and feeling, the gentleman who signed his name to all he wrote, figured (as generally is the case) far more advantageously than his masked opponent.

He died at Bath, January 8th, 1787. (*Chalmers's Biog. Dict.*)

[1] Pictorial History of England, vol. v.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THIS celebrated statesman, whose name even now stirs the spirits of contending politicians like a trumpet's sound, was born on the 24th January, 1749. He was the third son of the Right Hon. Henry Fox, who, in 1763, was created Lord Holland, and of Lady Georgiana Carolina, the eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond.

In the memoir of the elder Fox I have drawn attention to the laxity of his principles as to religion and morals, and to his culpable carelessness in jesting on such subjects without heeding who might be among his hearers. It is an act of justice to the memory of Charles James Fox, to fix this in our minds at the very outset of our considerations of his career and character. No pen can describe, probably no heart can adequately feel the important blessing which it is to have in early childhood, not only the lessons, but the examples, of piety and virtue taught by a parent. No one can tell the fatal extent to which the young mind is almost necessarily corrupted, if the child sees him, whom it naturally loves and reveres the most, set at nought in conversation and conduct the devotion, the self-restraint, and the decorum, which others tell it in vain to admire and practise. If Charles James Fox had been blessed with such a father as watched over the childhood of his rival the younger Pitt, can we doubt that he would have escaped many of the grievous errors which deformed his life, and that his character would shine unsullied by the blots which even his warmest admirers are compelled to own and lament?

Henry Fox, though an erring and an unwise, was a fond and most indulgent father. He was proud of the abilities which his son early manifested, and took care that his intellect should have every advantage that tuition could bestow.

Having commenced his education in a preparatory school at Wandsworth, Fox was sent, at the age of nine, to Eton. Here his progress was very rapid; and, as is well remarked by the writer of the admirable epitome of his life in "Knight's Cyclopædia," while he thus early gave unequivocal indications of the powers of mind which afterwards yielded so rich and abundant a harvest, he was not less distinguished among his school-companions for that warmth

of feeling and amiability of character which, through life, served to make men his friends and keep them so. His education was interrupted, before he was fifteen, by a three months' trip to Paris and to Spa, in which he was accompanied by his father; and the interruption is of more consequence than otherwise it could have been, if it be true, as is represented, that to the misplaced indulgence of the father during this tour is to be traced the devotion to the gaming-table, which ever after was the principal alloy of Fox's happiness. "He had left school a boy," says Mr. Allen, in his biographical sketch in the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" "he returned to it with all the follies and fopperies of a young man."

The extent of Fox's unhappy passion for the gambling-table may perhaps be judged of, from the notorious saying of which he is the reputed originator. Being asked what was the greatest happiness in life, he replied, "To play, and win:"—being asked what was the next greatest, he replied, "To play, and lose."

It must have been during the years which Fox spent at Eton, that he laid the foundations of the sound classical scholarship which distinguished him through life. He not only read the classic authors extensively, and acquired from them "that exquisite taste which familiarity with the classics bestows,"[3] but he read with critical accuracy: he made himself not merely a scholar among statesmen, but a scholar among scholars. Any one who will turn to his published correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield about Homer, may easily be convinced of this. Moreover, the great writers of Greece and Rome became to Fox as it were cherished friends, whose intercourse he ever loved to recur to, even in the intervals of the fiercest political conflicts and the wildest dissipation. One anecdote told of Fox is, that once, after losing heavy sums at play, he suddenly left the gambling-house. Some of his friends who were there, and who correctly supposed that he had staked and lost his last shilling, finding that he did not return, grew alarmed lest he should have committed suicide, and went eagerly to his house. There they found him stretched on the ground, reading his favourite author, Herodotus, and in the charm of the old Halicarnassian's narrative totally forgetting his own follies and ruinous losses.

From Eton, young Fox went to Hertford College, Oxford, where he soon became renowned throughout the university for his talents

[3] Lord Brougham.

and his excesses. An extravagantly ample allowance was not equal to the claims on it that were caused by his early taste for every species of folly and excess. It is easy to conceive, that, when emancipated from the slight restrictions of Oxford life, his habits and propensities expanded with the expansion of his sphere of action and gratification in London. He still, however, retained his natural ardent desire of scientific acquisition, and many an instance in his public life showed how ready he was to avail himself of every opportunity to store his mind with elegant, accurate, and useful knowledge of every description. And, perhaps, it is to be lamented that the extreme brilliancy of his faculties, and the energy of his genius, enabled him to discriminate characters, to comprehend circumstances, and to appreciate facts almost instantaneously and intuitively; as this mental facility only afforded him more time for dissipation.

Soon after he left Oxford he made a tour on the continent, during which he is said to have contracted vast debts in every capital which he visited; at Naples alone his liabilities amounted to 16,000*l.* Alarmed at his boundless prodigality, Lord Holland at length summoned him home, and he returned one of the most egregious coxcombs in Europe. "It will be scarcely supposed," says a writer in the "Monthly Magazine" for October, 1806, "by those who have seen Mr. Fox, or examined his dress at any time during the last twenty years, that he had been once celebrated as a *beau garçon*; but the fact is, that at this period he was one of the most fashionable young men about town, and there are multitudes now living who still recollect his *chapeau bras*, his red-heeled shoes, and his blue hair-powder."

In his absence, and before he was yet of age, he had been elected member of Parliament for Midhurst. He took his seat in Parliament as a supporter of the Duke of Grafton's ministry. His father, who had entered public life under the auspices of Sir Robert Walpole, had in the progress of time become estranged from the Whig party; and it was from the opinions of the father at this period in favour of the Court and of an administration whose strength was in the Court, that the beginning of Fox's political career derived its character. Fox made his first speech on the 15th of April, 1769, on the subject of the famous Middlesex election, supporting the decision in favour of Colonel Luttrel and against Mr. Wilkes. In February, 1770, when the Duke of Grafton

was succeeded by Lord North as Premier, Fox was appointed a junior Lord of the Admiralty. He resigned this situation two years after, in consequence of some misunderstanding with Lord North; but in less than twelve months he was brought back into the ministry, being appointed, in January, 1773, one of the Lords of the Treasury.

He now supported Lord North for another year, at the end of which period he was somewhat unceremoniously turned again out of office. The truth is, that Fox, even while a ministerialist, was by no means a thorough-going partisan of Lord North. In 1772 he opposed the Royal Marriage Act, when brought in by the ministry. And again, in 1773, he both voted and spoke against his official colleagues on the subject of Sir William Meredith's motion respecting signature to the Thirty-nine Articles. There were also several occasions at the Council-Board when he freely expressed his own opinions in opposition to those of his political chief, and was equally free in censuring and ridiculing those upheld by Lord North. Fox also had now formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Burke, and the conversation of that statesman exercised great influence in modifying Fox's opinions on many points,—an influence which Fox afterwards frequently bore witness to, even after the unhappy differences which the French Revolution created between him and Burke. It is probable, therefore, that Fox and Lord North grew gradually more and more estranged from each other during 1773, and that Fox's abrupt dismissal in 1774 was not caused by an ebullition of anger in that singularly good-tempered statesman Lord North, but that it was the result of a determination which he had formed to get rid of Fox on the first opportunity.

It is also always to be remembered that Lord North's disastrous measures respecting America had not been commenced, nor even discussed, before Fox had ceased to be a member of his ministry.

The immediate cause and the manner of Fox's dismissal are humorously narrated in a sketch of Fox, which appeared among the "Descriptions of Public Characters," originally published in Woodfall's newspaper, and afterwards collected and reprinted in 1777. It has the advantage of being a fresh and contemporary sketch, though somewhat imperfect, and in many respects unfairly severe on Fox, especially as to his having been Lord North's

unscrupulous advocate on all subjects and on all occasions. At the time this was written, Fox was in furious opposition.

The author, after a slightly erroneous reference to the precise day of Fox's birth, says,—"We find that this young gentleman united in his own person talents and circumstances unparalleled in the annals of parliament, or the strange vicissitudes of state-intrigue: for he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty,—resigned in disgust,—was a second time appointed,—was afterwards removed to the Treasury Board,—whence he was dismissed some few weeks before he completed the twenty-fifth year of his age. Two other circumstances strongly mark his political career; before he was twenty-four years old, he was by much the most able support the Minister had in the course of a whole session, and, within a year after, one of his most powerful and dangerous antagonists.

"The political history of this extraordinary young orator furnishes very few things worthy of notice. His conduct, as long as he remained in office, was that of the most violent and unreserved courtier. He not only discharged his duty as a mere placeman, called upon by his situation to defend the measures of administration, to cover their blunders, to urge their propriety, to predict the salutary consequences that must flow from them, and the whole science of augmenting and diminishing at pleasure,—but he caught the decisive tone of a violent partisan, in a kind of state of war and open hostility against every man who dared to differ from him, or question the ministerial infallibility of his leader and financial creator.

"His parliamentary operations, in this line, were chiefly directed against Mr. Burke and a few other leaders in opposition. This part of his task he performed with remarkable punctuality and alacrity, and with no small degree of success. Some detached part of Mr. Burke's speech, not perhaps at all essential to the main subject of debate, was misquoted or misrepresented; the fallacy or absurdity of its pretended contents was pointed out and animadverted upon; and the whole thrown into a ridiculous light; a laugh was created in every ministerial corner of the House; the Treasury bench was set in a roar, and Charles smacked the clerk's table with his hand, and moulded his feathered hat into ten thousand different forms. Burke's fine speeches were thus cut up; Charles was applauded; and every tool of administration, from his Lordship down to Robinson, Eden, and Brummel 'at the door,' or in the

gallery, loudly proclaimed victory. This office is now occupied by his particular friend and worthy associate [Thurlow]. There were two other gentlemen on whom he bestowed a great deal of attention in the same way. They at length perceived their folly, and the justice of his ridicule so much, that one of them changed places with him, and the other accepted of a white wand, as a public testimony of his conversion.

"In the midst of victory, flushed with success, and running at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, with every sail set, and in the warmest expectation of at least procuring at a short day the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, his friend and patron having frequently assured him, in confidence, that he wished to divide the fame, profits, and labour of conducting public affairs with him,—our hero, like a certain well-known ambitious young man of Ovidian memory, was thrown from the box, as he says, by the baseness and treachery of the first coachman. To drop all allegory, terrene or marine, the following trifling matter was what produced the sad catastrophe! The Speaker, a few days before, having put the question on a petition against an inclosing bill, a letter, said to have been written by the celebrated Parson Horne, appeared three or four days after in a morning paper. The letter was conceived in very coarse terms, and betrayed an ignorance of both the usages of the House, of the truth of the transaction, and indeed of every rule of decency. A complaint was accordingly made by a member, of the unjustifiable liberties that had been taken with Sir Fletcher Norton, of the injustice of the charge, and the necessity there was for bringing the author or authors to the most exemplary punishment. The printer was ordered to attend: he complied with the order, and gave up his author, the parson. What happened on that occasion is recent in every body's memory; it is now enough to observe, that the charge not being brought home to Mr. Horne, the displeasure of the House fell on the printer. Mr. Fox either misunderstanding the previous instructions given him that morning by the minister, or the minister forgetting them, or choosing to forget them,—the former insisted that the printer should be committed to Newgate, while the latter moved that he should be committed to the Gatehouse. At length the question on Colonel Herbert's original motion being put, for 'committing the printer to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms,' it was carried by a great majority.

"This unexpected desertion of the minister and his faithful coadjutor bore, it is true, a very awkward appearance. Charles and his patron recriminated on each other: Charles said he would have carried his concerted motion, if the minister had not deserted and betrayed him; the latter as strenuously insisted that he must have prevailed, if the other had not distracted and divided the friends of administration. Be that as it may, it was necessary that the blame should be laid somewhere, in order to mitigate the displeasure of the junto; it was all therefore laid on our hero's shoulders, in the following concise but comprehensive manner. The next day but one, Charles and his noble patron were sitting on the Treasury bench; after chatting of indifferent matters, particularly of the business of the day coming on, and what passed the preceding day at the Treasury board, which intervened between the night when the difference of opinion arose and the transaction here related, Pearson,[4] or his substitute, threw a sign, which Charles understanding, went to the door, where he received a billet, couched in the following laconic terms:—'His majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name. 'NORTH.'

"From that very hour to the present he has been as violent in opposition as he was before for the Court. Luckily however for him, in point of consistency, during the busy scene he acted in, and the very conspicuous part he took, the affairs of America never came under formal or solemn discussion. In about a fortnight or three weeks after he commenced patriot, Colonel Jennings, as has been before observed, as it were compelled the minister to take the state of that country into consideration; the first decided part Charles took, therefore, in that business was against administration. The ground he has taken is pretty nearly the same as Lord Camden's in the other House; with this additional circumstance, that besides arraigning the injustice, cruelty, impolicy, and impracticability of succeeding in an attempt to subdue America, or compel its inhabitants to consent to the terms of unconditional submission, he has from time to time alternately foretold and demonstrated the inefficacy, folly, and madness of the several measures as they were proposed in parliament, and the ignorance, temerity, and dangerous designs of their authors, supporters, and defenders. Besides this general disapprobation of the conduct of those to whom the direc-

[4] The door-keeper of the House of Commons.

tion of public affairs has been intrusted, he has very frequently exercised his wit and his spleen on the minister; sometimes charging him with indolence and inability; at others with incapacity, duplicity, and the most ill-founded affectation of candour and independency; again with being the real author of the present civil war in America, by refusing to repeal the whole of the port-duties; or, lastly, supposing (which was what he said his Lordship sometimes affects to insinuate, and wishes his friends to insinuate for him,) that he disapproves of the measures he supports himself in parliament, his conduct is still the more reprehensible, because in one event he can be supposed to act wrong through prejudice or incapacity only, whereas in the other he must be guilty from a premeditated perversion of his understanding.

"Mr. Fox is certainly one of the first native orators in the House, but he is extremely negligent. His discourses are frequently finished pieces of argumentation, abounding in the best pointed observations and the justest conclusions; and supported by a weight of reasoning, a manly boldness and energy of expression, almost unequalled, and never, within the course of our knowledge or experience, surpassed. His extemporary speeches on facts, arguments, and details, not immediately arising nor connected with the proper subjects of debate, at least not foreseen, are truly admirable. They bear every appearance of the most studied and laboured harangues, in everything but the delivery, which, however rapid, is not able to keep pace with the crowded conceptions of the speaker. His ideas are inexhaustible, and are ever ready at his command; but even if this were all, we could account for it easily; but we must listen in silent astonishment, when we observe him rise upon some sudden unexpected incident, and discuss perhaps a deep intricate subject for an hour, with an ability, perspicuity, and precision, that would induce such as are unacquainted with his habits, or are ignorant of his talents, to be persuaded that he came to the House previously prepared and informed, in order to deliver his opinion. With these almost unrivalled gifts which Nature has bestowed, Mr. Fox is far from being a pleasing or persuasive orator. His utterance is rapid, disagreeable, and sometimes scarcely intelligible. He speaks always as if he was in a passion, and the arguments of passionate people do not come well-recommended. He sometimes descends to personal attacks, to anecdotes and puerilities, much beneath the

dignity of a British senator, particularly a man of his consummate talents."

In 1774, Lord North commenced his disastrous system of coercion and penal laws against America; and Fox at once stood forward as the leader of the Opposition against that policy. In that opposition he never flagged or wavered. He maintained the principle that the colonies ought not to be taxed without being represented; and he pointed out the inexpediency of trying to wring taxes from them, at the risk of driving them into rebellion. It is to be remembered, in justice both to Lord North and to his opponents, that our overbearing policy towards the colonies was fully sanctioned by the public feeling of this country; and that, when actual hostilities commenced, the war was at first highly popular in England. It was only when repeated defeats brought dishonour, and when war-taxes began to press severely, that any national outcry was raised against the course pursued towards America. When Fox, with Burke, and the rest of the small but gifted band who acknowledged Fox as their chief, began their struggle against Lord North, they cannot be said to have been influenced by any hope of currying favour with the people, any more than with the King. They deserve full credit for having acted solely out of a sense of justice, and a hatred of oppression. I cannot say that these pure motives remained unalloyed with any of a lower nature throughout the struggle. I cannot say that a desire to hunt the minister from power, and to secure it for themselves, did not, towards the close of the war, add venom to their invectives, and energy to their attacks. Still less would I approve of the extent to which, by their restless and indiscriminate opposition to the minister, they crippled and embarrassed the efforts made by this country in the war. As long as there was a possibility of averting the war,—as long as there was any chance of effecting a sincere and permanent reconciliation with America, they were justified and right in opposing to the very utmost Lord North's irritating and tyrannical policy. But when the question between us and America was irretrievably committed to the Appeal of Battle,—when the scabbard was thrown away,—Fox, and Burke, and their coadjutors, ought to have remembered that though they were Whigs, they were Englishmen; and they should have recoiled from every speech or scheme that had a tendency to disunite our councils, or palsy our military operations. It is to

me inexpressibly repulsive to read of "the glory of Mr. Burke's career being during the American War," and that "the brilliant period of Fox's life was towards the end of Lord North's administration," and other expressions of the kind, which the biographers of Fox and Burke delight in. A statesman ought to feel sorrow and shame at finding himself in such a position, that his country's disasters and dishonours must contribute to his personal advancement.

For several years Fox and his friends expended their eloquence in unsuccessful attacks upon the compact majorities, the

"——— Junctas umbone phalanges"

of the minister. But the power of the Opposition, both within and without the House of Commons, gradually increased. On the 6th of April, 1780, Fox and Burke carried their celebrated Resolutions against the influence of the Crown, and for an inquiry into the public expenditure. A dissolution of Parliament followed; and Fox was requested, by a large number of the inhabitants of Westminster to become a candidate for the representation of that important constituency, at the general election of that year. Fox stood, and succeeded, though opposed by all the influence of the Court and the Cabinet, and by the most unscrupulous exercise of intrigue and intimidation. The minister obtained a precarious majority, on the assembling of the new Parliament. But on the 22nd of February, 1782, a motion for an Address to the Crown against a continuance of the war was lost only by one vote; and when revived under a somewhat different form, five days after, was carried by a majority of nineteen. On the 19th of March, the ministers resigned their posts.

On the formation of the new ministry under Lord Rockingham, Fox was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He immediately commenced negotiations for peace. But disputes soon arose in the Cabinet between Fox and Lord Shelburne, who, as the partisans of Fox state, had been introduced by the King into the ministry against Lord Rockingham's and Fox's wish, for the sake of preserving for the King a constant engine for thwarting Fox's plans. Lord Rockingham died only four months after the formation of his ministry; and Fox instantly sent in his resignation,—a step in which he was followed by several of Lord Rockingham's friends.

Lord Shelburne now formed a ministry, in which William Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had not been long in Parliament; and he and Fox had hitherto acted in concert with each other on the two great questions of the American war and Parliamentary Reform. But for the time, the Shelburne ministry being formed, they became antagonists in the mightiest intellectual struggle which the world had ever witnessed, since the time when the great Athenian orator strove against Æschines and Fortune.

Lord North was excluded from the Shelburne ministry, and was as bitter against it as was Fox. Hence these late enemies acquired one of the two necessary elements for forming a friendship—the *idem nolle*. I fear we must add, that the strong desire of each of them for power gave the other element—the *idem velle*. It was no longer a question in Parliament or in the country whether there should be a peace or not; the only question was as to the terms of the peace. Lord Shelburne made peace on terms which Lord North and Mr. Fox concurred in censuring, and they also united all their power and influence to turn him out of office, and to place themselves in it.

This is the celebrated coalition which has been denounced and defended with more eloquence than probably ever before or since has been expended on any political measure. Fox's friends maintain "that when the great question of peace or war with America, which formerly had divided Fox and North, was settled, and each was assured that he could place reliance upon the good faith of the other, the similarity of their political positions brought about a coalition. That coalition may have been ill-judged; and the result indeed showed that the parties had not formed a correct estimate of the public opinion, which was an important element in the problem to be solved. But there was not a shade of dishonesty in the transaction. And inasmuch as it should be the object of every statesman to extract the greatest possible amount of good out of the political circumstances of the time, such a coalition would seem to be correct in principle, and to be approved, if only it be expedient and free from dishonour."[5]

It would be easy to quote, on the other side, the most unmeasured condemnation of Fox's conduct. But let us hear the candid and judicious remarks of Sheridan's eloquent biographer on the subject, and on the general principle of political coalitions: "To

[5] Knight's Cyclopædia.

the general principle of coalitions," says Mr. Moore, "and the expediency and even duty of forming them, in conjunctures that require and justify such a sacrifice of the distinctions of party, no objection, it appears to me, can rationally be made by those who are satisfied with the manner in which the constitution has worked, since the new modification of its machinery introduced at the Revolution. The Revolution itself was, indeed, brought about by a coalition, in which Tories, surrendering their doctrines of submission, arrayed themselves by the side of Whigs, in defence of their common liberties. Another coalition, less important in its object and effects, but still attended with results most glorious to the country, was that which took place in the year 1757, when by a union of parties from whose dissension much mischief had flowed, the interests of both King and people were reconciled, and the good genius of England triumphed at home and abroad. On occasions like these, when the public liberty or safety is in peril, it is the duty of every honest statesman to say, with the Roman, 'Non me impedient privatæ offensiones, quominus pro reipublicæ salute etiam cum inimicissimo consentiam.'" Such cases, however, but rarely occur; and they have been in this respect, among others, distinguished from the ordinary occasions, on which the ambition or selfishness of politicians resorts to such unions, that the voice of the people has called aloud for them in the name of the public weal; and that the cause round which they have rallied has been sufficiently general, to merge all party titles in the one undistinguishing name of Englishman. By neither of these tests can the junction between Lord North and Mr. Fox be justified. The people at large, so far from calling for this ill-omened alliance, would, on the contrary—to use the language of Mr. Pitt—have "forbid the banns;" and though it is unfair to suppose that the interests of the public did not enter into the calculations of the united leaders, yet, if the real watch-word of their union were to be demanded of them in "the Palace of Truth," there can be little doubt that the answer of each would be, distinctly and unhesitatingly, "Ambition."

The coalesced parties succeeded [Feb. 1783] in carrying a vote of censure against the Shelburne ministry, which instantly resigned; and, after some delay, caused by the King's personal reluctance to employ Lord North and Fox, a ministry was announced on the 2nd of April, of which the Duke of Portland was

Premier, and in which Lord North and Fox were Secretaries of State. This administration was but a short-lived one; the King's hatred to it being intense, the general feeling of the country being against it, and every engine of open assault or secret undermining being set in full activity against it, even in the very highest quarters.

The principal measure brought forward by the coalition ministry was their celebrated bill for reforming the administration of our possessions in the East Indies. By this bill the government of our Indian provinces was to be vested in a board consisting of seven members, who were to be appointed, the first time by Parliament, but always afterwards by the Crown, for a period either of three or five years.

This bill gave rise to long and vehement debates, in which the genius of Pitt, who now led the Opposition, clashed in equal conflict against the fervid eloquence of Fox and Burke. Pitt said, he would acknowledge "that India indeed wanted a reform, but not such a reform as this. The bill under consideration included a confiscation of the property, and a disfranchisement of the members, of the East India Company. The influence which would accrue from this bill—a new, enormous, and unexampled influence—was indeed in the highest degree alarming. Seven commissioners, chosen ostensibly by Parliament, but really by administration, were to involve in the vortex of their authority the patronage and treasures of India! The right honourable mover *had* acknowledged himself to be a man of ambition,—and it now appeared that he was prepared to sacrifice the King, the Parliament, and the people at the shrine of his ambition! He desired to elevate his present connexions to a situation in which no political convulsions, and no variations of power, might be able to destroy their importance, and terminate their ascendency." On the other hand, Fox with astonishing eloquence and ability vindicated the bill. "The arguments of his opponents," he said, "might have been adopted with additional propriety by James the Second. James might have claimed the property of dominion: but what had been the language of the people? No! you have no property in dominion; dominion was vested in you, as it is in every chief magistrate, for the benefit of the community to be governed. It was a sacred trust delegated by compact; you have abused it. You have exercised dominion for the purpose

of vexation and tyranny,—not of comfort, protection, and good order; we therefore resume the power which was originally ours. I am also," continued the orator, "charged with increasing the influence, and giving an immense accession of power to the Crown. But certainly this bill as little augments the influence of the Crown as any measure that could be devised for the government of India, with the slightest promise of success. The very genius of influence consists in hope or fear,—fear of losing what we have, or hope of gaining more. Make the commissioners removable at will, and you set all the little passions of human nature afloat. Invest them with power, upon the same tenure as the British judges hold their station,—removable upon delinquency, punishable upon guilt, but fearless of danger if they discharge their trust,—and they will be liable to no seducement, and will execute their functions with glory to themselves, and for the common good of the country and mankind. This bill presumes the possibility of bad administration; for every word in it breathes suspicion. It supposes that men are but men: it confides in no integrity; it trusts to no character. It annexes responsibility, not only to every action, but even to the inaction of the powers it has created. He would risk," he said, "his all upon the excellence of this bill. He would risk upon it whatever was most dear to him, whatever men most valued,—the character of integrity, of talents, of honour, of present reputation and future fame,—all these he would stake upon the constitutional safety, the enlarged policy, the equity and wisdom of the measure. Whatever might be the fate of its authors, he had no fear but it would produce to this country every blessing of commerce and revenue; and, by extending a generous and humane government over those millions whom the inscrutable dispensations of Providence had placed under us in the remotest regions of the earth, would consecrate the name of England among the noblest of nations."

The East India Company and the City of London petitioned earnestly against the bill; but it was carried through the House of Commons by large majorities, and taken up to the House of Lords on the 8th of December.

The King, who was himself the principal leader of the Opposition against Fox, exerted himself to the utmost to defeat the obnoxious measure in the Upper House. It was said by Lord Camden that the tendency of the bill was to set up a King of Bengal against the

King of England. George the Third certainly so regarded it, and he spared no means to secure himself from his threatened Indian rival. Earl Temple received from him authority to state that "whoever voted for the India Bill, was not only not his Majesty's friend, but would be considered by him as an enemy." Recruited thus by the "King's friends," the Opposition Peers fiercely and successfully assailed the King's ministers. Two law lords, Camden and Thurlow, were conspicuous in the attack. On the 17th of December it was moved that the bill be rejected; and, after a vehement debate, the motion was carried by eighty-five against seventy-six voices.

The King promptly followed up his victory. At midnight on the 18th of December, a royal message was sent to the Secretaries of State, demanding the seals of their several departments, and at the same time directing that they should be delivered to the Sovereign by the Under-Secretaries, as a personal interview would be disagreeable. Early next morning, letters of dismission, signed "Temple," were sent to the other members of the Cabinet. In a few days after, Pitt was declared First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The new ministers very soon found themselves in a minority in the House of Commons. Two resolutions—one for preventing the payment of any public money from the Treasury, Exchequer, or Bank of England, in case of a prorogation or dissolution, unless the supplies should be previously appropriated by Act of Parliament; and the other, postponing the Mutiny Bill—were moved by Fox and carried by a considerable majority. The object of these resolutions was to render an immediate dissolution impracticable. Resolutions against the ministers and against the mode of their appointment, together with addresses to the Crown for their dismissal, followed. But Pitt stood firm; the majority against him, which at first had been formidable, fast dwindled down; and, after the King had twice refused his assent to Pitt's dismissal, he dissolved the Parliament. The last effort of the Opposition had been the carrying of a representation to the Crown, written by Fox, which pointed out the evils of an administration that was at variance with a majority of the representatives of the people.

In the election that followed, Pitt obtained a decisive majority. Fox was again elected for Westminster; but Sir Cecil Wray, the unsuccessful candidate, having demanded a scrutiny, the high

bailiff took upon himself to make no return of representatives for that city. Fox was in consequence compelled to appear in Parliament as member for a Scotch borough; but the conduct of the high bailiff was one of the first matters brought before the House on its meeting. The Westminster scrutiny was one of the chief questions agitated for some time, and some consider that the speech made by Fox himself on it ought to be placed at the head of all his speeches.

Fox at last succeeded in establishing the validity of his Westminster election, but not till after a long and expensive struggle, in which, certainly, his great opponent, Pitt, showed more unfairness and personal animosity than can be traced in any other part of his career.

Fox took an active part in the discussions in Parliament respecting the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and in the management of the impeachment before the House of Lords. The principal credit or blame of the proceedings against Hastings must rest with Burke, who was, from first to last, the instigator and prime mover of them. Those who consider, as I do, that the conduct of Burke and his party towards Warren Hastings was an ungrateful persecution of a patriotic and successful statesman, will gladly pass over the passages of Fox's life in which he was content to act with Burke as one of Hastings' accusers.

In 1788 Fox retired from the storms of English politics to the Continent, and during the tour which he made there, he passed a few days at Lausanne with the historian Gibbon. In a letter written soon afterwards, Gibbon expressed warmly the delight which he had felt at the visit, and in Fox's society. He says—

"Our conversation never flagged a moment, and he seemed thoroughly pleased with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, such a character of Pitt as one great man should give of another, his rival; many of books, from my own, on which he flattered me very pleasantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights; much about the country, my garden, which he understands far better than I do; and, upon the whole, I think he envies me, and would do so were he minister."

Fox was summoned back to England by the news of the alarming illness, and temporary insanity, of George the Third. In the debates on the Regency question, which followed, Fox was induced by his personal intimacy with the Prince of Wales to maintain the

doctrine, that, on the reigning sovereign becoming incapable to exercise the functions of royalty, the regency belonged of right to the heir-apparent. Pitt upheld the far more Whiggish doctrine that it was for the two Houses of Parliament in such a case to appoint a regent.

In the short interval which came between the debates on the Regency question, and our being involved in the wars of the French Revolution, Fox supported motions for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and for Parliamentary Reform. He had a vehement dispute (on the Ockazow armament, 1791) with Pitt, as to the general policy to be pursued by this country towards Russia and France, in which the views of the younger of the two statesmen were certainly the most long-sighted and judicious. Fox also in this interval did a real service towards the improvement of our constitutional law, by the introduction of his celebrated Libel Bill, of which full mention has been made in the memoir of Lord Camden.

Before this country participated in the European war against the French Republic, and soon after the first outbreaks of the Revolution in France took place, the old friendship between Fox and Burke was severed, and the party of which they had hitherto been the united chiefs, was rent asunder by their dissension. Fox welcomed the French Revolution as the opening of an era of freedom throughout the world. Burke shuddered at it as the commencement of an epoch of anarchy and oppression. Fox thought exclusively of the immediate wrongs which it abolished, and of its immediate recognition of human rights. Burke thought of nothing but of the destructive process by which it wrought its changes, and of the destructive spirit which it had evoked. Burke's celebrated "Reflections" on the French Revolution were published in November, 1790, and Fox freely spoke his censure of its opinions, and his disagreement with its forebodings. Each of them had in Parliament expressed his views of the occurrences in France before the memorable scene in which Burke formally abjured Fox's friendship. That occurred on the 6th of May, 1791, when a motion as to the recommitment of the Quebec Bill, a question on which both orators had spoken of France, gave Burke an opportunity of which he instantly availed himself. The following is part of the current account of "this scene,—so singular in a public assembly, where the natural affections are but seldom called out, and where, though

bursts of temper like that of Burke are common, such tears as those shed by Mr. Fox are rare phenomena." "It certainly," said Mr. Burke, "was indiscretion at any period, but especially at his time of life, to provoke enemies, or to give his friends occasion to desert him; yet, if his firm and steady adherence to the British constitution placed him in such a dilemma, he would risk all, and, as public duty and public prudence taught him, with his last words exclaim, 'Fly from the French constitution.'" Mr. Fox here whispered, that "there was no loss of friendship." "Yes, there is," Mr. Burke exclaimed; "I know the price of my conduct; I have done my duty at the price of my friend; our friendship is at an end." At the conclusion of Mr. Burke's speech, Fox rose, but it was some minutes before his tears allowed him to proceed. So soon as he could speak, he pressed upon Mr. Burke the claims of a friendship of five-and-twenty years' duration; but to no purpose. Burke was implacable, and they never met as friends again.

Though Burke could thus cast off his friendship for Fox, he always did justice to the amiability of his character. Many years afterwards, when some one in Burke's presence was speaking of Fox, and the devotion of his adherents to him, Burke remarked, with a sigh, "Ah, he was indeed a man to be loved!"

On the opening of Parliament on the 13th of December, 1792, it was intimated in the speech from the throne that "His Majesty had judged it necessary to embody a part of the militia, and to call the Parliament together within the time limited for that purpose;" and the grounds of these strong measures were stated to be "the seditious practices which had been discovered, and the spirit of tumult and disorder shown in acts of riot and insurrection which required the interposition of a military force in support of the civil magistrate. The industry employed to excite discontent on various pretexts, and in different parts of the kingdom, appeared," it was added, "to proceed from a design to attempt the destruction of our happy constitution and the subversion of all order and government; and this design had evidently been pursued in connexion and concert with persons in foreign countries. I have," said his Majesty, "carefully observed a strict neutrality in the present war on the Continent, and have uniformly abstained from any interference with respect to the internal government of France; but it is impossible for me to see without the most serious uneasiness the strong and increasing indications, which have appeared there, of an

intention to excite disturbances in other countries,—to disregard the rights of neutral nations, and pursue views of conquest and aggrandizement,—as well as to adopt towards my allies, the states-general, measures which are neither conformable to the law of nations, nor to the positive stipulations of existing treaties." Under these circumstances his Majesty thought it right to have recourse to those means of prevention and internal defence with which he was entrusted by law, and to make some augmentation of his naval and military force. On moving the address, in answer to the speech, a memorable debate arose, in which Fox made one of his most vigorous and characteristic speeches.

He began by observing, that "his Majesty's speech contained a variety of assertions of the most extraordinary nature. It was the duty of that House to inquire into the truth of these assertions; and in discharging this part of his duty, he should consider the speech from the throne as the speech of the minister, which his Majesty's confidential servants had advised him to deliver; and as they were responsible for that advice, to them every observation of his should be addressed. I state it, therefore," said Fox, "to be my firm opinion and belief that there is not one fact asserted in his Majesty's speech which is not false; not one assertion or insinuation which is not unfounded. Nay, I cannot be so uncandid as to believe that ministers themselves think them true! The leading and prominent feature of the speech is a wanton and base calumny on the people of Great Britain,—an insinuation of so black a nature that it demands the most rigorous inquiry and the most severe punishment. The next assertion is, that there exists at this moment an insurrection in this kingdom. An insurrection! —Where is it? Where has it reared its head? Good God! an insurrection in Great Britain? The speech goes on in the same strain of falsehood and calumny, and says, 'The industry employed to excite discontent on various pretexts, and in different parts of the kingdom, has appeared to proceed from a design to attempt the destruction of our happy constitution, and the subversion of all order and government.' I desire gentlemen to consider these words, and I demand of their honour and truth, if they believe this assertion to be founded in fact. There have been, as I understand, and as every one must have heard, some slight riots in different parts: I have heard of a tumult at Shields; of another at Leith; of some riot at Yarmouth; and of something of the same

nature at Perth and Dundee. But I ask gentlemen if they believe that in each of these places the avowed object of the complaints of the people was not the real one—that the sailors at Shields, Yarmouth, and other places, did not really want some increase of their wages, but were actuated by a design of overthrowing the constitution? Is there a man in England who believes this insinuation to be true?"

Fox next adverting to what had fallen from Wallace, who, in seconding the motion of address, adduced as a proof that there existed in this country a dangerous spirit, "the drooping and dejected aspect of many persons, when the tidings of Dumourier's surrender arrived in England," said—"Admitting the fact in its utmost extent, could any man who loves the constitution of England, who feels its principles in his heart, wish success to the Duke of Brunswick, after reading a manifesto which violated every doctrine that Englishmen hold sacred,—which trampled under foot every principle of justice, humanity, and true government? It is rather extraordinary that we should think it right to abuse republics at the very moment we are called upon to protect the republic of Holland. To spread the doctrine that kings only have divine right may indispose our allies to receive our proposed succour. They may not choose to receive into their country our admirals and generals, who being appointed by this king, in divine right, must partake of the same anger, and be sworn enemies to all forms of government not so sanctified. Surely, independent of the falsehood and the danger at home of such doctrines, it is the height of impolicy at this time to hold them, in regard even to our neighbours.

"His Majesty, in the next passage of his speech," continued Fox, "brings us to the apprehension of a war. I shall refrain at this time from saying all that occurs to me on this subject, because I wish to keep precisely to the immediate subject: but never surely had this country so much reason to wish for peace; never was a period so little favourable to a rupture with France, or with any power. I am not ready to subscribe exactly to the propriety of a resolution never to go to war unless we are attacked; but I wish that a motion was proposed by some person to express our disapprobation of entering upon any war, if we can by any honourable means avoid it. Let no man be deterred by the dread of being in a minority. A minority saved this country from a war

against Russia. And surely it is our duty, as it is true policy, to exert every means to avert that greatest of national calamities. In 1789 we all must remember that Spain provoked this country by an insult, which is a real aggression; we were all agreed on the necessity of the case, but did we go headlong to war? No! we determined with becoming fortitude on an armed negotiation. We did negotiate, and we avoided a war. But now we disdain to negotiate. Why? Because we have no minister at Paris! Why have we no minister there? Because France is a republic! And so we are to pay in the blood and treasure of the people for a punctilio! If there are discontents in the kingdom, Sir, this is the way to inflame them. It is of no consequence to any people what is the form of government with which they may have to treat; it is with the governors, whatever may be the form, that in common sense and policy they can have to do, and if they should change their form and change their governors, their course would remain the same. Having no legitimate concern with the internal state of any independent people, the road of common sense is simple and direct. That of pride and punctilio is as tangled as it is serpentine. Is the pretext the opening of the Scheldt? I cannot believe that such an object can be the real cause. I doubt, even if a war on this pretext would be undertaken with the approbation of the Dutch. What was the conduct of the French themselves under their depraved old system, when the good of the people never entered into the contemplation of the Cabinet? The Emperor threatened to open the Scheldt in 1786. Did the French go to war with him instantly, to prevent it? No! they opened a negotiation, and prevented it by interfering with their good offices. Why have not we so interfered? Because, forsooth, France is an unanointed republic! Oh! miserable, infatuated Frenchmen! Oh! lame and inconsiderate politicians! Why, instead of breaking the holy phial of Rheims, why did you not pour some of the sacred oil on the heads of your executive council, that the pride of states might not be forced to plunge themselves and you into the horrors of war, rather than be contaminated by your acquaintance! The people will not be cheated. They will look round and demand where the danger is to be seen. Is it in England? They see it overflowing in expressions of loyalty, and yet they libel it with imputations of insurrection. In Ireland you know there is danger, and dare not own it; though you know

that there is a most respectable and formidable convention (I call it formidable, because I know nothing so formidable as reason, truth, and justice) will oblige you, by the most cogent reasons, to give way to demands which the magnanimity of the nation ought to have anticipated—in justice to subjects as attached to their King, as abundantly endowed with every manly virtue, as those of any part of the United Kingdom. And while the claims of generous and ill-treated millions are thus protracted, there is a miserable mockery held out of alarms in England which have no existence, but which are made the pretext of assembling the Parliament in an extraordinary way, in order in reality to engage you in a foreign contest. What must be the fatal consequence when a well-judging people shall decide—what I sincerely believe —that the whole of this business is a ministerial manœuvre? A noble Lord says, he will move for a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. I hope not! I have a high respect for the noble Lord; but no motive of personal respect shall make me inattentive to my duty. Come from whom it may, I shall, with my most determined powers, oppose so dreadful a measure. What, it may be asked, would I propose to do in hours of agitation like the present? I will answer openly. If there is a tendency in the dissenters to discontent, because they conceive themselves unjustly suspected and cruelly calumniated, what should I do? I would instantly repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, and take from them thereby all cause of complaint. If there were any persons tinctured with a republican spirit, because they thought that the representative government was more perfect in a republic, I would endeavour to amend the representation of the Commons, and to prove that the House of Commons, though not chosen by all, should have no other interest than to prove itself the representative of all. If there were men dissatisfied in Scotland, or Ireland, or elsewhere, on account of disabilities and exemptions, of unjust prejudices and of cruel restrictions, I would repeal the penal statutes, which are a disgrace to our law-book. If there were other complaints of grievances, I would redress them where they were really proved; but, above all, I would constantly, cheerfully, patiently listen—I would make it known, that if any man felt, or thought he felt, a grievance, he might come freely to the bar of this House and bring his proofs. And it should be made manifest to all the world, that where they did exist, they should be redressed;

where they did not, they should be made manifest. If I were to issue a proclamation, this should be my proclamation—'If any man has a grievance, let him bring it to the bar of the Commons' House of Parliament, with the firm conviction of having it honestly investigated.' These are the subsidies that I would grant to government. What instead of this is done? Suppress the complaint,—check the circulation of knowledge,—command no man shall read,—or, that as no man under one hundred pounds a year can kill a partridge, so no man under twenty or thirty pounds a-year shall dare to read or think!

"I love the constitution as it is established," he continued; "it has grown up with me as a prejudice and as a habit, as well as from conviction. I know it is calculated for the happiness of man, and that its constituent branches of King, Lords, and Commons could not be altered or impaired without entailing on this country the most dreadful miseries. It is the best adapted to England, because, as the noble Earl truly said, 'The people of England think it the best, and the safest course is to consult the judgment and gratify the predilections of a country.' Heartily convinced as I am, however, that to secure the peace, strength, and happiness of the country, we must maintain the constitution against all innovation, yet I do not think so highly and superstitiously of any human institution as to believe it is incapable of being perverted; on the contrary, I believe that it requires an increasing vigilance on the part of the people to prevent the decay and dilapidations to which every edifice is subject. I think too that we may be laid asleep to our real danger by these perpetual alarms to loyalty, which, in my opinion, are daily sapping the constitution. Under the pretext of guarding it from assaults of republicans and levellers, we run the hazard of leaving it open on the other and more feeble side. We are led insensibly to the opposite danger,—that of increasing the power of the Crown, and of degrading the influence of the House of Commons. Let us only look back to the whole course of the present administration, and we shall see that from their outset to the present day, it has been their invariable object to degrade the House of Commons in the eyes of the people, and to diminish its power and influence in every possible way. It was not merely in the outset of their career, when they stood up against the declared voice of the House of Commons, that this spirit was manifested,—but uniformly, progressively through their

whole ministry, the same disposition has been shown, until at last it came to its full undisguised demonstration on the question of the Russian war, when the House of Commons was degraded to the lowest state of insignificance and contempt, in being made to retract its own words, and to acknowledge that it was of no consequence or avail what were its sentiments on any one measure. The minister has regularly acted upon this sort of principle, to the vilification of the popular branch of the constitution. What is this but to make it appear that the House of Commons is in reality what Thomas Paine, and writers like him, say it is, namely, that it is not the true representative and organ of the people. Is it not wonderful that all the true constitutional watchfulness of England should be dead to the only true danger that the day exhibits; and that they should be roused only by the idiotic clamour of republican frenzy, and of popular insurrection, which do not exist?

"Sir," he concluded, "I have done my duty. I have—with the certainty of exposing myself to the furor of the day—delivered my opinion at more length than I intended; and perhaps I have intruded too long on the indulgence of the House. I have endeavoured to persuade you against the indecent haste of committing yourselves to these assertions of an existing insurrection, until you shall make a rigorous inquiry where it is to be found; to avoid involving the people in the calamity of a war, without at least ascertaining the internal state of the kingdom, and prevent us from falling into the disgrace of being, as heretofore, obliged perhaps in a week to retract every syllable that we are now called upon to say."

From 1792 to 1797 Fox's efforts, first to prevent a war with France, and afterwards, when it had commenced, to bring it to a close, were unceasing. But the number of those who voted with him in Parliament was so small, and the sympathy that his efforts met with from the English public was so slight, that he at last grew weary of prolonging a hopeless opposition to the war policy of Pitt, and determined to discontinue his attendance in the House of Commons. He announced this intention in the debate on Mr. Grey's motion for Parliamentary Reform, on the 26th May, 1797, and, after taking part in that debate, he withdrew from London, and passed the greater part of the five following years in retirement at his house at St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey. He there applied himself with ardour to literary pursuits. He pro-

jected and partly wrote his "History of the Reign of James the Second;" and it was at this period that his correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield took place, to which allusion has already been made. The correspondence was published some years after Fox's death, and there are some very judicious remarks on it in the "Museum Criticum," which do justice to the accuracy of Fox's scholarship, and the good sense and taste which he displayed. I will mention that one of the topics on which Fox requested Wakefield's opinion, was, as to the insertion or rejection of the final *ν* at the end of the third persons singular of aorists, &c., when followed by a word beginning with a consonant, in the Greek plays. Superficial readers of Greek do not busy themselves upon such points. It is also pleasing to observe that Fox refused to concur with Wakefield in denying the unity of the Iliad.

Mr. Trotter, who for many years acted as Mr. Fox's private secretary, has left a pleasing account of his mode of life at St. Anne's Hill:—

"I knew Mr. Fox," says Mr. Trotter, "at a period when his glories began to brighten,—when a philosophical and noble determination had, for a considerable time, induced him to renounce the captivating allurements and amusements of fashionable life,—and when, resigning himself to rural pleasures, domestic retirement, and literary pursuits, he became a new man, or, rather more justly may I say, he returned to the solid enjoyment of a tranquil, yet refined, rural life, from which he had been awhile withdrawn, but had never been alienated." "The domestic life of Mr. Fox," he says, "was equally regular and agreeable. In summer, he arose betwixt six and seven; in winter, before eight. The assiduous care and excellent management of Mrs. Fox rendered his rural mansion the abode of peace, elegance, and order, and had long procured her the gratitude and esteem of those private friends whose visits to Mr. Fox, in his retirement at St. Anne's Hill, made them the witnesses of this amiable woman's exemplary conduct. I confess I carried with me some of the vulgar prejudices respecting this great man. How completely was I undeceived! After breakfast, which took place betwixt eight and nine in the summer, and a little after nine in winter, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs. Fox, and then spent the time preceding dinner in his literary studies, in which the Greek poets bore a principal part. A frugal but plentiful dinner took place at three, or half-

past two, in summer, and at four in winter, and a few glasses of wine were followed by coffee. The evening was dedicated to walking and conversation till tea-time, when reading aloud in history commenced, and continued till near ten. A light supper of fruit, pastry, or something very trifling, finished the day; and at half-past ten the family were gone to rest."

Such was the simple life which Fox led during these years, which were probably the happiest of his existence; and well would it have been for him if the more active portion of his career had been equally regular and blameless.

On the peace of Amiens, Mr. and Mrs. Fox visited Paris, where Fox was treated with signal distinction by the First Consul. Scott relates an instance of Fox's plain common-sense mode of expressing himself, which occurred in conversation with Bonaparte. The First Consul was alluding to his own supposed personal danger in consequence of schemes for his assassination having been encouraged in England: "Clear your head of all that nonsense!" was Fox's short straightforward reply. He also, during this visit, nobly rebuked the stupid spirit of depreciation in which England is (like Ancient Greece) sometimes sneered at on account of the insignificance of its territorial dimensions. It is related in the recent historical work of Thiers, that when Fox was in Paris during the cessation of hostilities, as he was one day passing in company with the First Consul and his suite along an apartment of the Louvre, in which there was a terrestrial globe of extraordinary size and exactness, one of the followers of Bonaparte turned the globe round, and sarcastically remarked that England filled but a small space in the world. "Yes," replied Fox indignantly, "that island of the Englishmen *is* a small one. There they are born, and in that island their wish is to die. But," added he, advancing to the globe and stretching his arms round the two oceans and the two Indias, "but, while the Englishmen live, they fill the whole world, and clasp it in the circle of their power."

On the renewal of the war Fox returned to his post in Parliament, and joined in the opposition to the Addington ministry. He also continued to oppose the second war ministry of Pitt. On the death of Pitt, in January, 1806, Fox united with Lord Grenville in forming a ministry, and became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. But he was not destined long to outlive his illustrious rival, or to obtain the peace for England which he had

so long and so fervently wished for. He, however, did much during this short interval to effect the Abolition of the Slave Trade, an object ever near his heart. But his health was failing fast, even at the commencement of his ministry; and on the 13th of September, 1806, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, Charles James Fox expired.

His secretary and friend has thus described the closing scenes of his life:—

"I read this evening to him," says Mr. Trotter, "the chief part of the fourth book of the Æneid. He appeared relieved, and to forget his uneasiness and pains; but I felt this recurrence to Virgil as a mournful omen of a great attack upon his system, and that he was already looking to abstract himself from noise, and tumult, and politics. Henceforth his illness rapidly increased, and was pronounced a dropsy. I have reason to think that he turned his thoughts very soon to retirement at St. Anne's Hill, as he found the pressure of business insupportably harassing." Mr. Trotter then notices various symptoms of melancholy foreboding which the dying statesman exhibited in the earlier part of his illness. "One of these," he observes, "I thought was shown in his manner at Holland-house. Mrs. Fox, he, and I drove there several times before his illness confined him, and when exercise was strongly urged. He looked around him the last day he was there with a farewell tenderness that struck me very much. It was the place where he had spent his youthful days. Every lawn, garden, tree, or walk was viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out its beauties to me; and, in particular, showed me a green lane, or avenue, which his mother, the late Lady Holland, had made by shutting up a road. He was a very exquisite judge of the picturesque, and mentioned to me how beautiful this road had become, since converted into an alley. He raised his eyes in the house, looking round, and was earnest in pointing out every thing he liked and remembered. Soon, however, his illness alarmingly increased. He suffered dreadful pains, and often rose from dinner with intolerable suffering. His temper never changed, and was always serene and sweet; it was amazing to behold so much distressing anguish and so great equanimity."

His last moments are thus narrated:—"The scene which followed was worthy of the illustrious name of Fox. As his breathing became painfully difficult, he no longer spoke; but his looks,

his countenance, gradually assumed a sublime yet tender air. He seemed to regret leaving Mrs. Fox solitary and friendless; and, as he fixed his eyes repeatedly upon her, threw into them such an expression of consolation as looked supernatural: there was also in it a tender gratitude which breathed unutterable things, and, to the last, the disinterested and affectionate, the dying husband mourned for another's sufferings, and strove to make his own appear light. There was the pious resignation of the Christian, who fearlessly abandons his fleeting spirit to a merciful Deity visible throughout the day,—the unbeliever who 'came to scoff must have remained to pray.' It was now that Mr. Fox gathered the fruits of his glorious life: his departure was unruffled by remorse,—he had sacrificed every thing that was personal to his country's good,—and found his last moments blessed by the reflection, that his last effort had been conformable to the religion he professed, to give peace to an afflicted world. 'I die happy!' said he, fixing again and again his eyes upon Mrs. Fox. He expired betwixt five and six o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1806."

Fox was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey on the 10th of October, the anniversary of his first election for Westminster. His grave is within a few feet of that of Pitt. Sir Walter Scott's beautiful lines on this are well known:—

"The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle on his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry—
'Here let their discord with them die.'
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb.
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen!"

In Parr's celebrated Preface to Bellendenus the following defence is given against the censures which were so often, and with so much effect, urged against Fox's private life during his youth and early manhood:—

"Hi sunt eorum assidui et quotidiani sermones. 'Si qui voluptatibus ducuntur, et se vitiorum illecebris dediderunt, missos faciant honores: ne attingant rempublicam.'

"Quid igitur agam? quippe magna responsi invidia subeunda

est, neque mitigari possunt legentium aures. Veniam igitur petere non ausim—perfugiis non utar juventutis aut temporum. Fatebor sane Foxium, cum in lubricas adolescentiæ vias ingrederetur, stuperetque jam insolitis et insanis fulgoribus, tanto mentis robore non fuisse, ut ei æqualium studia, ludique, et convivia displicuerint. Erupisse in eo fatebor illum impetum animi ardoremque, qui, sive ad literas humaniores, sive ad prudentiam civilem, sive ad luxuriam amoresque inclinaret, id unum ageret, id toto pectore arriperet, id universum hauriret. Fatebor a vera illa et directa ratione non gradu eum aliquo, sed præcipiti cursu descivisse; ut patrimonium effuderit, ut fenore trucidatus sit, et naturale quoddam stirpis bonum degeneraverit vitio ætatis. At hæ deliciæ quæ vocantur, etsi ad illas hæserit, nunquam eum occupatum impeditumque tenuerunt diu. At facultate jam florens, et studiis eloquentiæ per intervalla flagrans, cum blandimentis hisce conjunxit plurimum dignitatis. At scelere semper caruit. At in luxum se præcipitavit eum, qui a Tacito dicitur eruditus, itemque a Cicerone habetur homine ingenuo et libero dignior. At revocavit se identidem ad curam reipublicæ. At Petronii instar, vigentem se ostendit, et negotiis parem; effecitque, perinde ac Mutianus, ut, in quo nimiæ essent, cum vacaret, voluptates, in eo, quoties expediret, magnæ elucerent virtutes. At vixit, hodieque idem vivit, amicis carus. At dulcissimus illis semper occurrit, eò quod æqualitas et pares honorum gradus, et studiorum quasi finitima vicinitas, tantum absunt ab invidiæ obtrectatione, ut non modo non exulcerare eorum gratiam, sed conciliare videantur. At dignus est quem numeres inter multos et quidem bonos, qui, cum adolescentiam fere totam voluptatibus dedidissent, emerserint aliquando, probique homines et illustres exstiterint."

I fear, however, that neither Parr nor any of the numerous able and attached friends whom Fox left behind him, ever could or ever can wholly wipe off this stain from his character; and an anonymous writer[6] on his career has truly and forcibly pointed out how much his power as a public man was marred by his want of private respectability. That writer truly points out that "by a law, as deep in human nature as any of its principles of distinction between good and evil, it is impossible to give respect or confidence to a man who habitually disregards some of the primary ordinances

[6] See a paper on Fox in the Eclectic Review for 1808. It is quoted at length in Mr. Cunningham's Biography of Fox. It well deserves perusal.

of morality. The nation never confided in our eloquent statesman's integrity: those who admired every thing in his talents, and much in his qualities, regretted that his name never ceased to excite in their minds the idea of gamesters and bacchanals, even after he was acknowledged to have withdrawn himself from such society. Those who held his opinions were almost sorry that he should have held them, while they saw with what malicious exultation they who rejected them could cite his moral reputation, in place of argument to invalidate them. In describing this unfortunate effect of the character, we are simply asserting known matter of fact. There is not one advocate of the principles or of the man, who has not to confess what irksome and silencing rebuffs he has experienced in the form of reference to moral character: we have observed it continually for many years, in every part of England which we have frequented; and we have seen practical and most palpable proof, that no man, even of the highest talents, can ever acquire, or at least retain, much influence on the public mind in the character of remonstrant and reformer, without the reality, or at any rate the invulnerable reputation, of virtue, in the comprehensive sense of the word, as comprising every kind of morality prescribed by the highest moral code acknowledged in a Christian nation. Public men and oppositionists may inveigh against abuses, and parade in patriotism, as long as they please; they will find that even one manifest vice will preclude all public confidence in their principles, and therefore render futile the strongest exertions of talent. It has been said, that a man may maintain nice principles of integrity in the prosecution of public affairs, though his conscience and practice are very defective in matters of private morality. But this would never be believed, even if it were true: the universal conviction of mankind rejects it, when it is attempted, in practical cases, to be made the foundation of confidence. So far is this from being believed, that even a conspicuous and complete reformation of private morals, if it be but recent, is still an unsatisfactory security for public virtue; and a very long probation of personal character is indispensable, as a kind of quarantine for a man once deeply contaminated to undergo, in order to engage any real confidence in the integrity of his public conduct; nor can he ever engage it in the same degree, as if an uniform and resolute virtue had marked his private conduct from the beginning."

I have already drawn attention to the best excuse that can be made for Fox in this respect,—namely, the evil example and the mischievous indulgence that he met with in his early years. "Nor let it," as Lord Brougham has justly observed on this subject in his sketch of Fox, "nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm-house; or rather as if he had not outlived his childish years."

His Lordship here evidently alludes to Gibbon's beautiful expression respecting Fox: "I admired the powers of a superior man as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child: no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."

The speeches of Fox, as we possess them, do not contain full evidence of the high oratorical powers which we know, from external evidence, that he possessed. We must judge his eloquence by the effect which it produced on those who heard it, and not by that which it produces upon us who read it.

Lord Brougham has well expressed the inaccuracy of Mackintosh, who termed Fox a *Demosthenean speaker*. His Lordship's critique on Fox's oratory, in his "Historical Sketches of Statesmen," is one of the ablest and most valuable portions of that very able and valuable work. I will only quote the passages in which, after having mentioned how negligent and uneven, and frequently slovenly and confused, Fox was in speaking, Lord Brougham tells us that "Mr. Fox's eloquence was of a kind which, to comprehend, you must have heard himself. When he got fairly into his subject, was heartily warmed with it, he poured forth words and periods of fire that smote you, and deprived you of all power to reflect and rescue yourself, while he went on to seize the faculties of the listener, and carry them captive along with him whithersoever he pleased to rush.

* * * * * * *

"Fox, as he went along and exposed absurdity, and made inconsistent arguments clash, and laid bare shuffling or hypocrisy, and showered down upon meanness, or upon cruelty, or upon oppres-

sion, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective, was ever forging also the long, and compacted, and massive chain of pure demonstration.

Ἐν δ' ἔθετ' ἀκμοθέτῳ μέγαν ἄκμονα, κόπτε δὲ δεσμοὺς
Ἀρρήκτους, ἀλυτοὺς,—ὄφρ' ἔμπεδον αὖθι μένοιεν.—(*Od.* Θ.)

"There was no weapon of argument which this great orator more happily or more frequently wielded than wit,—the wit which exposes to ridicule the absurdity or inconsistency of an adverse argument. It has been said of him, we believe by Mr. Frere, that he was the wittiest speaker of his times; and they were the times of Sheridan and of Windham. This was Mr. Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr. Pitt's. There was nothing more awful in Mr. Pitt's sarcasm, nothing so vexatious in Mr. Canning's light and galling raillery, as the battering and piercing wit with which Mr. Fox so often interrupted, but always supported, the heavy artillery of his argumentative declamation.

'Nonne fuit satius, tristes Amaryllidis iras,
Atque superba pati fastidia? Nonne, Menalcan?'

"In debate he had that ready discernment of an adversary's weakness, and the advantage to be taken of it, which is, in the war of words, what the *coup d'œil* of a practised general is in the field." (*Knight's Cyclopædia.— Cunningham's Biography.— Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches, &c.*)

LORD NORTH.

Fox found, first, a political chief,—next, a mark for the fiercest political opposition,—and thirdly, a political confederate, in Frederick North, eldest son of Francis Earl of Guilford.

This nobleman was born in 1729. He was educated at Eton and Oxford; and the proofs of the zeal and success with which he studied the classics are still extant. The first copy of verses in the "Musæ Etonenses" is by Lord North; and several others, written by him while at Eton, are included in that well-known collection.

He entered Parliament as member for Banbury. In 1759 he was appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury, and remained in office until 1765. In the following year he was made Joint-

Receiver and Paymaster of the Forces, and obtained a seat in the Privy Council. In 1767, on the death of Charles Townshend, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in 1770, First Lord of the Treasury.

When he took the last-mentioned office, the Duke of Grafton, who had previously been at the head of the ministry, had just resigned office, and withdrawn from public life to his favourite amusements, in alarm at the attacks which he experienced in Parliament, and the threatening aspect of public affairs. The King had some difficulty in finding any one, whom he himself approved of and could trust, to undertake the duty of the high position thus suddenly left vacant. Lord North consented to become Premier; and George the Third looked on this as a personal favour to himself, for which he felt deeply grateful.

Until the period of the coalition, Lord North was the King's favourite statesman; and, unfortunately, Lord North thought that the extraordinary degree of favour which the King showed him, bound him in return to the King in an extraordinary manner. He was thus induced to persevere in systems of policy against his own better judgment, because the King desired it; and he continued to hold office towards the end of the American war, for some time after he himself had become fully convinced of the necessity of giving way to the Opposition, through his unwillingness to betray the personal confidence which the King reposed in him.

The seeds of the disastrous differences with America had been sown by Charles Townshend and George Grenville, before Lord North was Premier; but it was during his administration that the attempts to put down discontent among the colonists by force were made, which immediately led to the outbreak of war, first, between this country and her colonists, and then between us on the one side, and the colonists and all our European enemies on the other. Lord North firmly believed that we had both the right and the power to tax America; and in this conviction he recommended, and long advocated, our attempts to coerce her into submission. As before mentioned, his good sense showed him the hopelessness of the attempt some time before the end of the war, but the personal entreaties of his Sovereign withheld him from altering his system or resigning his place.

The circumstances under which he at last yielded to the Oppo-

sition, his temporary retirement from office, his coalition with Fox for the purpose of destroying the Shelburne ministry, and his brief return to office in joint tenancy with Fox, have been alluded to in the memoir of that statesman. After the dismissal of the coalition ministry, Lord North retired from active life. He succeeded to the earldom of Guilford on the death of his father in 1790, and died in 1792.

Lord North's ability in long maintaining the struggle against the Opposition, during the American war, has often been remarked. His imperturbable good humour, his shrewd common sense, and his ready and pleasant wit were the great elements of his effectiveness as a parliamentary leader. A contemporary writer, who in 1776 drew a series of very clever and graphic sketches of the chief public men of the day, thus concludes a bitterly satirical description of Lord North's career up to that time:—

"It is difficult to speak of his Lordship's political abilities with any degree of confidence or precision. If he be the mere puppet of the interior cabinet—the mere child of favouritism,—it is impossible to try him fairly as a minister acting on his own judgment. We must in that case consider him merely as possessed of good talents, but basely sacrificing them to the meanest and most sordid motives. Perhaps it may be said, his principles lead him that way, and his inclination and interest unite in urging him to promote the views and wishes of the prince, in preference to those of the people. Be it so: the question in that light is at an end. He cannot be a proper minister in a mixed or popular government, who would endeavour to give the first magistrate more power than is allowed by the constitution; or unite the executive and legislative powers of the state in the same person. On the other hand, supposing Lord North to be really the minister, as much as Walpole, Pelham, or Pitt were severally when they bore the character —which we will as soon believe, till we receive some substantial proof of it, as that he is Mufti or Turkish high-priest—we can by no means allow him fitted either by nature, habit, or inclination, for so great and arduous an undertaking. It would be an invidious task to assign our reasons, nor would it be less tedious and disgusting. His Lordship is, however, a man of sound judgment, well-trained in business, of great parliamentary dexterity, and equalled by no man in Britain in plausibility, in a strong appearance of candour, in avoiding explanations in debate, and knowing

how to recede from engagements without incurring a breach of promise. His enemies allow him no merit. This is merely the voice of party. His lordship was called to the helm at a most critical season,—in a storm of faction or national resentment, call it which you please. He rode it out with great resolution and no small degree of military skill; and whether his conduct on that occasion may be imputed unto him as righteousness, there is little doubt that he encountered some perils and many disagreeable circumstances; and, like an able pilot, brought the political bark safe into port.

"Lord North is certainly a very able speaker. His judgment in conducting a debate is admirable. He is possessed of a vast fund of information relative to almost every subject that comes under discussion. He has a prodigious, sound, accurate memory, arranges his matter judiciously, and never fails to push the strongest part of his argument into the most conspicuous point of view. If he seldom produces anything new himself, he has a peculiar knack at transferring other people's sentiments, both in print and debate, into his speeches; and that with so much art as not to be easily observed; and never fails to press his antagonists where they are weakest and least capable of resistance. But if he has many equals, and some superiors in this line, there is one in which he peculiarly and clearly excels all his contemporaries in both houses, that is, in reply. He receives the attacks of opponents frequently like an electric shock; and after haranguing for an hour rather dully, he rises a second time, and levels his adversary in a few words, either in a flow of keen satire or the most sound and pointed argument. His Lordship's voice is extremely disagreeable, his elocution still worse, and his manner execrably awkward. He is frequently tedious and unintelligible, abounds in useless repetitions, and scarcely ever places his emphasis with propriety, much less with grace."

Others thought more favourably of Lord North's oratory. Let us hear the great Doctor Parr. The Doctor gives Lord North one very important commendation,—that of knowing not merely what to say, but what to leave unsaid. This is a rare merit, and perhaps even rarer at the bar than in the senate.

"Habet Northius a natura plurimum acuminis, quod etiam arte limavit. Habet cum gravitate mistos sales, tum facetos, qui in narrando aliquid venuste versantur, tum dicaces, quorum, in

jaciendo mittendoque ridiculo, vis omnis perspecta est. Memoriam etiam habet, quæ commemoratione antiquitatis et exemplorum prolatione valet maxime. Per id scitum est quoque in orationibus ejus, quod ineptias hominum et stultitias patientia perquam amabili devorandas esse statuit, ita tamen ut tristitiam quorundam, et acerbitatem mirifica urbanitate sæpe perstringat.

"Verbis utitur non illis quidem armatis, sed tamen non abjectis. Rem quamque videt acute, diligenterque et enodate explicat. *Inter cæteras ejus laudes hæc certe non minima est, eum non solum quod opus sit dicere, sed etiam quod non opus sit non dicere:* omnibus in rebus sentire quid sit satis: malle desinere ne tædium creet, quam nimium loquendo deficere. Civilis autem scientiæ ratio sic Northio suppetit, ut ei vix ullam deesse virtutem viri politici existimem. His ad dicendum instrumentis, quæ vel ab ingenio vel ab industria profecta sunt, summus accedit et prope singularis amor in patriam, cujus morem disciplinamque optime intelligit, et constantissime, quoties veniunt in disceptationem, defendit.

"Animus hominis et mores quales sint, si quæris, civis fuit jam tum, cum haberet famæ suæ parem, summa in dignitate modestissimus. Amicitiarum est apprime tenax: in offensis idem exorabilis: in reconcilianda gratia fidelissimus: potentia sua ad impotentiam usus nunquam: omnium denique vitiorum pene expers, nisi numeretur inter maxima, bellum Americanum spe lentius gessisse. Atqui bellum illud aliorum consiliis antea commotum et affectum, ægre ipsum et gravate suscepisse ferunt, cum ad arma uncta cruoribus nondum expiatis, ad arma eum cessantem, et Rex, et senatus, et populus certatim concitarent."

Lord Brougham, in his "Historical Sketches," has collected several amusing instances of Lord North's 'pleasant, affable, recommending sort of wit:' he has also given some interesting information respecting Lord North's domestic circle. Probably a more gentle, generous, and agreeable man in private life never existed. (*Gorton's Biog. Dict.—Cunningham's Biography.—Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches.*)

LORD SANDWICH.

JOHN GEORGE MONTAGUE, Earl of Sandwich, was a zealous colleague of Lord North throughout all the troubles which the American war brought upon the ministry and the nation. He was born in November, 1718, and was educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge.

In 1744 he was made one of the Junior Lords of the Admiralty. In the Duke of Bedford's ministry he held the office of Secretary of State, and in 1767 was appointed Postmaster-General. In 1771 he was made First Commissioner of the Admiralty.

Some peculiarities of gesture and appearance brought on Lord Sandwich the unmeasured sarcasm and jeers of the numerous opponents of the North ministry, and of other writers of the time. He is the "Sly Jemmy Twitcher" of Gray's pasquinades; and a contemporary writer thus describes his oratory:—

"As a parliamentary speaker, Lord Sandwich certainly stands very low on the list; and it is only on account of his political value in other respects, that we have brought him forward thus early. His discourses are awkward, loose, and detached. He generally stands with his hands in his pockets, or as if in the very act of driving a flock of geese, or forcing them into the end of a narrow lane. His speeches are stories, or short replies to what is offered on the other side, consisting chiefly of contradictions. In the midst of his gravest arguments he lets fall some expression which throws the House in a roar, and seems little solicitous whether it be at the expense of himself or his antagonists."

However, Lord Sandwich was admitted on all hands to possess considerable abilities, and to be a good man of business. It is evident that he had the skill to discern and the readiness to encourage merit, by his patronage of Captain Cook. His friendship for Sir Joseph Banks, also, was efficient in promoting the scientific expeditions and discoveries which honourably marked the commencement of George the Third's reign.

Lord Sandwich died in April, 1792.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

This celebrated naturalist was born in Argyle Buildings, in London, on the 2nd of February, 1743. His family was ancient and wealthy; and certainly riches never descended to the hands of one who used them more liberally for the advancement of science than did Sir Joseph Banks.

Sir Everard Home, who knew Banks intimately, states in the Hunterian oration which he delivered at the College of Surgeons in 1822, that "the first part of young Banks's education was under a private tutor; at nine years of age he was sent to Harrow School, and was removed when thirteen to Eton. He is described, in a letter from his tutor, as being well-disposed and good-tempered, but so immoderately fond of play, that his attention could not be fixed to study. When fourteen, his tutor had, for the first time, the satisfaction of finding him reading during his hours of leisure. This sudden turn he at a later time himself explained to Sir Everard Home. One fine summer evening he had bathed in the river as usual, with other boys, but having stayed a long time in the water, he found when he came to dress himself, that all his companions were gone: he was walking leisurely along a lane, the sides of which were richly enamelled with flowers; he stopped, and looking round, involuntarily exclaimed, 'How beautiful!' After some reflection, he said to himself, it is surely more natural that I should be taught to know all these productions of nature, in preference to Greek and Latin; but the latter is my father's command, and it is my duty to obey him: I will, however, make myself acquainted with all these different plants for my own pleasure and gratification. He began immediately to teach himself botany; and, for want of more able tutors, submitted to be instructed by the women employed in culling simples, as it is termed, to supply the druggists' and apothecaries' shops, paying sixpence for every material piece of information. While at home for the ensuing holidays, he found in his mother's dressing-room, to his inexpressible delight, a book in which all the plants he had met with were not only described, but represented by engravings. This, which proved to be 'Gerard's Herbal,' although one of the boards

was lost, and several of the leaves torn out, he carried with him to school."

We have the good fortune in possessing a memoir of Banks by Lord Brougham, whose father was Banks's intimate friend. This memoir, which is contained in "The Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George the Third,' is one of the most agreeable pieces of biographical writing that exists in our language; and it derives peculiar interest from the numerous anecdotes respecting Sir Joseph, which Lord Brougham gives from his own personal recollection, or on his father's authority. After mentioning the story told by Sir Everard Home, Lord Brougham tells us, that Banks, on carrying back with him to Eton the treasure which he had discovered in "Gerard's Herbal," "continued there his collection of plants, and he also made one of butterflies and other insects. I have often," says Lord Brougham, "heard my father say, that being of the same age, they used to associate much together. Both were fond of walking and of swimming, and both were expert in the latter exercise. Banks always distinguished him, and in his old age he never ceased to show me every kindness in his power, in consequence of this old connexion. My father described him as a remarkably fine-looking, strong, and active boy, whom no fatigue could subdue, and no peril daunt; and his whole time out of school was given up to hunting after plants and insects, making a *hortus siccus* of the one, and forming a cabinet of the other. As often as Banks could induce him to quit his task in reading or in verse-making, he would take him on his long rambles; and I suppose it was from this early taste that we had at Brougham so many butterflies, beetles, and other insects, as well as a cabinet of shells and fossils. The interesting anecdote related by Sir E. Home I never heard my father relate; but he always said that his friend Joe cared mighty little for his book, and could not well understand any one taking to Greek and Latin. The anecdote itself must be perfectly authentic, if Sir E. Home heard it from him; for he was scrupulously exact in relating facts, and anything like romance about natural scenery was the thing in the world the most alien from the cast of his mind."

Banks left Eton in his eighteenth year, and went to Christ Church, Oxford. His love of botany continued unabated at the University, and he procured a botanical lecturer from Cambridge to come to Oxford, and give instruction in his favourite science.

"In 1761 his father died; and in 1764, on coming of age, he was put in possession of his valuable estates in Lincolnshire, having quitted Oxford the year before. And now it was that the great merit of this distinguished person shone forth. With all the incitements which his age, his figure, and his station naturally presented to leading a life of idleness, varied only by the more vulgar gratification of sense or of ordinary ambition, and with a fortune which placed these gratifications in ample measure within his reach, he continued steadily devoted to scientific pursuits, and only lived for the studies of the naturalist. He remained out of Parliament; he went little into any society but that of learned men; his relaxation was confined to exercise, and to angling, of which he was so fond, that he would devote days and even nights to it; and as it happened that Lord Sandwich had the same taste, and that both possessed estates in Lincolnshire, they became intimately acquainted, and saw much of one another. So zealous were both these friends in the prosecution of this sport, that Sir Joseph used to tell of a project they had formed for suddenly draining the Serpentine by letting off the water; and he was wont to lament their scheme being discovered the night before it was to have been executed: their hope was to have thrown much light on the state and habits of the fish."[7]

In May 1766, Banks was elected into the Royal Society, and in the summer of that year he made a voyage to Newfoundland, where he passed some time engaged in botanical researches, and returned to England by way of Lisbon. On Banks's return he became acquainted with Dr. Solander, a Swedish gentleman, who had been a pupil of Linnæus, and who afterwards accompanied Banks on his great voyage of discovery.

This took place at the commencement of George the Third's reign. It had been determined to despatch an astronomical expedition to Otaheite, for observing the expected transit of the planet Venus over the disc of the Sun. Banks, by his friendship with Lord Sandwich, induced the government to turn this expedition into a general voyage of scientific discovery, and Banks in conjunction with Dr. Solander was appointed naturalist to the expedition. He took with him two draughtsmen and four servants, and employed all the resources which his own fortune and Lord Sandwich's interest placed at his command, in order to secure the greatest

[7] Lord Brougham.

possible permanent advantages to science from the opportunity which was thus given him.

Captain Cook was the commander of this justly celebrated expedition, which sailed in the ship Endeavour, from Plymouth, on the 26th of August, 1768.

Nearly three years passed before they returned to England,—three years of successful research and observation in many lands, and in many branches of science. Many perils were encountered, and many providential escapes from destruction experienced. I refer to Lord Brougham's delightful memoir of Banks, for a graphic narrative of the adventures of the explorers, and for a lucid account of the great scientific objects of the expedition, and how those objects were accomplished. I will only quote his account of one adventure, on Banks's own authority. It has been mentioned that the ship left England in August, 1768. "The jealousy of the Brazil government preventing them from landing at Rio de Janeiro, the first land at which they touched (except a few days at Madeira) was the Terra del Fuego, the southernmost point of the great American continent. Here Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander made extensive botanical collections; but, though it was the height of summer in that severe climate, their attempts to ascend the mountains were attended with extreme danger, from the severity of the snow-storms and the excessive cold. Three of their attendants perished; and Dr. Solander could only be saved from that deep sleep which proves the forerunner of death, by the greater activity and more powerful constitution of his younger companion, who succeeded himself in casting off the drowsiness by a strong and painful effort, and was enabled also to rescue his friend. I have more than once heard him discourse on the subject; he described the desire of sleep which then stole over his senses as altogether irresistible, and ascribed its force to the effect of the cold in making all other desires, with all the faculties, torpid. Motion seemed to produce little effect; for the irresistible tendency was at every step to sink down, as if the greatest suffering was to continue alive and awake, the most delightful state to fall asleep and expire; nor, so far as I recollect his account, *did* any of them, while yielding to this propensity, doubt that it was indulged at the cost of life itself. Dr. Solander's case was peculiarly remarkable. Accustomed to excessive cold in travelling among the Norwegian and Swedish Alps, he had warned his com-

panions of the fate that awaited them, should they yield to drowsiness. 'Whoever,' said he, 'sits down will sleep; whoever sleeps will wake no more.' Yet was he soonest overpowered. H insisted on being suffered to lie down. One of the men said, all he desired was to lay down and die. The Doctor did not quite say so, but he acted on this feeling. He fell asleep before he could reach the fire which Mr. Banks had kindled. When the latter roused him, his feet were found to be so shrunk that his shoes fell off.'"

Notwithstanding the hardships and dangers which he had gone through in this voyage, Banks soon offered to sail again on a similar expedition. This purpose was thwarted by some differences which arose between him and the Comptroller of the Navy; but Banks, having collected a staff of scientific men, made a voyage with them to Iceland. They carefully surveyed all the natural phenomena of that country and also of the Hebrides, which lay in the tract of their voyage. Banks also, while in Iceland, purchased a large collection of Icelandic books and manuscripts, which he presented to the British Museum.

In 1777 Banks was made President of the Royal Society. He entered zealously upon the duties of his situation, but became involved in a long series of

"Plus quam civilia bella"

with Dr. Hutton, Bishop Horsley, and other members.

In 1795 he was invested with the Order of the Bath, and in 1797 he was made a Privy Councillor. In 1802 he was chosen a member of the National Institute of France.

He was a liberal and generous friend to science and scientific men of every station and of every country. Lord Brougham says:—

"His house, his library, his whole valuable collections, were at all times open to men of science; while his credit, both with our own and foreign governments, and, if need were, the resource of his purse was ever ready to help the prosecution of their inquiries. I know of many persons, since eminent, who when only tyros in science, and wholly unknown to fame, have been patronised by him; and one of these tells me, with grateful recollection, of the kindness he experienced in his younger days from that useful and liberal patron, 'who would,' says my friend, 'send all over Europe,

and further, to get either the information or the thing that I wished to have.' Where private aid failed of the desired effects, he had access to the government; he could obtain countenance and assistance from the public departments, beside removing those many and so often insurmountable obstacles which the forms of office, and the prejudices of official men, plant in the way of literary research."

George the Third was much attached to Sir Joseph; and Lord Brougham remarks on this, that "a common story is to be found in the slight attempts that have been made to write his life, as if the minister were occasionally to employ his personal influence with the King, to obtain his consent to measures which he disliked. I will venture to give this statement very peremptory contradiction. I am pretty confident that he never would have undertaken any such mission; but I am perfectly certain that the King never would have suffered Sir Joseph to approach him on any subject of the kind. This opinion I can state the more emphatically, since my worthy friend Sir E. Knatchbull, who did me the favour of examining this life, gives me the most positive assurance of his uncle never having at all interfered, as the story asserts he did. An interference of a very different description he did exert, and with the happiest results. During the long war, which desolated the world by land and by sea, after the year 1792, he constantly exerted himself to mitigate its evils, and alleviate its pressure upon men of science and upon the interests of philosophy. It was owing to him that our government issued orders in favour of La Pérouse, wheresoever our fleets should come in contact with that unfortunate navigator. When D'Entrecasteaux was sent in search of him, and Billardière's collections were captured and brought to England, Sir Joseph Banks had them restored to him, and without even opening to examine them, as if he feared that any one should profit by any discoveries save their rightful owner, the author. On ten several occasions did he procure the restoration to the Jardin des Plantes of collections addressed to that noble establishment, and which had fallen a prey to our naval superiority. He sent to the Cape of Good Hope to recover some charts belonging to Humboldt, which our cruisers had seized, and in no instance would he suffer the expenses he had undergone to be repaid. He even interfered to remedy injuries which foreign nations had inflicted on scientific men. Broussonet had fled from France to save his life from the

anarchists of Paris. Sir Joseph Banks directed his correspondents in Spain and in Portugal to supply his wants; and he found a friendly purse open to him both at Madrid and at Lisbon. Dolomieu, cast into a dungeon in Sicily by the tyranny of the profligate and cruel Queen, experienced the humanity of Sir Joseph during a long captivity, although his unwearied efforts to obtain his liberation failed of success. His own countrymen, when detained by the arbitrary and perfidious policy of Napoleon, were in repeated instances indebted to Sir Joseph Banks for their permission to return home; and a learned friend of mine, one of the first oriental scholars of the age, the late Professor Hamilton, must have perished at Verdun but for his generous interference. By his interposition the Institute exerted itself in various other cases; and whenever it could be made to appear that a man of science or of letters was among the detained, no very strict scrutiny being exercised either by Sir Joseph Banks or his Paris colleagues, the order for his liberation was applied for and obtained."

Sir Joseph was a man of tall and powerful figure, of remarkable physical courage, and of athletic habits. He retained his bodily activity until the latter years of his long life, during which he suffered grievously with gout. He bore the pains and the confinement occasioned by this malady with remarkable fortitude and cheerfulness. He died at his house in Spring Grove, on the 19th of June, 1820. His *eloge* was pronounced before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris by the great Cuvier. (*Lord Brougham, ut supra.—Biographie Universelle, &c. &c.*)

MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

Charles, the sixth baron, second earl, and first Marquis Cornwallis, was born December 31, 1738. After receiving the necessary degree of instruction to enable him to be sent to a public school, he went to Eton, and, after passing some years there, to the university of Cambridge, and was entered of St. John's College, by the name and title of Lord Brome. He obtained a stand of colours when seventeen or eighteen years of age, and was soon after raised to the rank of Lieutenant, and became a Captain in Craufurd's light infantry by the time he had attained his twentieth year.

He served abroad during the last part of the seven years' war, as aid-de-camp to the Marquis of Granby. In consequence of his good conduct, he was soon after promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th regiment of foot, and on his return was appointed aid-de-camp to the King, which gave him the rank of Colonel in the line. Before this he had obtained a seat in the House of Commons for his patrimonial borough of Eye. On the death of his father, in 1762, he became an Earl of Great Britain. Three years after, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber. In 1766 he received a regiment,—the 33rd foot; on the 14th of July, 1768, he married Jemima, daughter of James Jones, Esq., by whom he had two children.

It is recorded to his honour, that though a general supporter of the administration, he exercised an independent judgment, and voted against ministers on several important questions. More especially, he was opposed to the steps which led to the American war; but when his regiment was ordered abroad, in 1776, he declined to profit by the special leave of absence obtained from the King, and sailed with it, leaving a devotedly attached wife, who is said to have lost her life in consequence of her grief and anxiety at the separation.

He served actively and with distinction, with the rank of major-general, under Generals Howe and Clinton, in the campaigns of 1776-77-78-79 in New York and the southern states, and in 1780 was left in the command of South Carolina, with one thousand men.

The American General Gates, who had just compelled a large British force under Burgoyne to surrender at Saratoga, marched against Cornwallis, in the hope of surprising him, and obtaining a second triumph. But Lord Cornwallis, instead of waiting for Gates, advanced against him at Camden with an inferior force: after a sharp but ineffectual discharge of musketry, the English advanced with fixed bayonets, and broke and routed the enemy. The capture of seven pieces of cannon, a multitude of baggage-waggons, and a thousand prisoners, served in some degree to compensate for the convention of Saratoga. The enemy having been thus driven out of the province, the victorious General was occupied during a considerable period in arranging its administration, and regulating the different departments, so as to render South Carolina once more a British colony. It was upon this occasion that he first developed

those powers for the management of civil affairs which afterwards constituted so conspicuous a feature in his character.

Congress having recalled General Gates, General Greene was despatched with a view of restoring the province to the dominion of the United States. He advanced with a formidable body of troops; but Cornwallis met and beat him in a decisive engagement at Guildford Court-house. The British commander, flattered by this new success, now determined to act on the offensive. He accordingly took the necessary measures on purpose to form a junction with Arnold, who had declared for the English, and had become one of the most formidable partisans with whom America had now to contend. But the French auxiliaries of the Americans, against whom Cornwallis moved, retreated and escaped his attack. He received a series of embarrassing and inconsistent orders from Sir H. Clinton; and as the enemy's forces were closing round him, he finally moved to York Town, on York River, where he entrenched himself in the strongest way he could. He was there besieged by the French and American forces, assisted by the French fleet under De Grasse, and reduced to surrender himself and his troops prisoners of war, after an obstinate defence, October 19th, 1781.

Full justice was done to Cornwallis's good conduct and bravery by the English Court and public; and on his return to England he was appointed Constable of the Tower.

In 1786 he was made Commander-in-Chief, and Governor-General of Bengal. The possessions of the East India Company were at that time menaced by a formidable confederacy of the native powers, and were also believed to be suffering greatly through the misconduct and incapacity of the Company's servants. In this emergency it was determined by the government, if possible, to select a chief, who, to military talents, added a knowledge of business, an unimpeachable integrity, and an imperturbable firmness of conduct. It was on this occasion that the eyes of all men were turned on Lord Cornwallis; and his Lordship's appointment was hailed with general satisfaction, both in India and at home.

On his arrival in India he applied himself to measures of reform, with an earnestness and integrity that were admitted, even by those who doubted the policy of many of his measures. While he was thus engaged, Tippoo Saib, the Sultan of Mysore, son of our old formidable enemy Hyder Ali, commenced hostilities, by

attacking one of our allies. In the war that ensued, our arms were at first unsuccessful, till Lord Cornwallis took the field himself. He determined on relieving our dominions, and those of our allies, from the attacks of Tippoo, by carrying the war into the heart of the enemy's country. For this purpose he made a bold and unexpected movement; he penetrated through one of the mountain-passes into Mysore, and took by storm Bungalow, one of Tippoo's most important fortresses, in March, 1791. In the following February he laid siege to Tippoo's capital city, Seringapatam; and the Sultan, in order to avert its capture, was obliged to submit to make peace on the terms of ceding half his dominions to the English and their allies, paying a large treasure, and delivering up two of his sons as hostages for the observance of the treaty.

On his return to England, in 1793, he was created a Marquis, and made Master-General of the Ordnance, which gave him a seat in the Cabinet. In 1798, when the Irish rebellion was raging, he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His humanity and his skill in civil government did more than even his military talents to restore order. He immediately sent a message to the Irish House of Commons, by which he informed them that he had "his Majesty's orders to acquaint them, that he had signified his gracious intention of granting a general pardon for all offences committed previously to a certain time, upon such conditions, and with such exceptions, as might be compatible with the public safety:" and it was properly added, "that these offers of mercy were not to preclude measures of vigour against the obstinate."

Many of the insurgents surrendered and made their peace with the government; those who remained in arms were defeated and quelled; and Lord Cornwallis compelled a small body of French auxiliaries, under General Humbert, who had landed near Castlebar and beaten some of our forces in that town, to surrender to the army which he himself led against them. He put down the rebellion; and he also checked the disgraceful outrages practised by the supporters of government, restored tranquillity, and acquired the good-will of the Irish. In 1801 he was succeeded by Lord Hardwicke; and in the same year, being appointed plenipotentiary to France, he negotiated the peace of Amiens.

In 1805 he was a second time appointed Governor-General of India: but he was now old, and infirm in health. He was ill

when he landed at Calcutta; but after having remained there for a short time, during which he busied himself in introducing several economical reforms into the civil department, he endeavoured to put himself at the head of the army which was engaged in active operations in the upper provinces. But the old warrior's frame failed him: he in vain attempted to perform the journey by slow and short stages, and died on the 5th of October, 1805, at Ghazepore, in Benares, before he was able to reach the head-quarters.

Napoleon, in his conversations with Barry O'Meara, at St. Helena, bore remarkable testimony to the probity and dignity of this brave man's character, and stated that Lord Cornwallis, by his integrity, fidelity, frankness, and the nobleness of his sentiments, was the first who had impressed upon him a favourable opinion of Englishmen. "I do not believe," said the ex-Emperor, "that he was a man of first-rate abilities; but he had talent, great probity, sincerity, and never broke his word." Something having prevented him from attending at the Hôtel de Dieu to sign the treaty of Amiens, pursuant to appointment, he sent word to the French ministers that they might consider it completed, and that he would certainly execute it next morning. During the night he received instructions to object to some of the articles; disregarding which, he signed the treaty as it stood, observing that his government, if dissatisfied, might refuse to ratify it; but that having once pledged his word, he felt bound to abide by it.—"There was a man of honour!" added Napoleon; "a true Englishman!"—(*Cunningham's Biography.—Thornton's India, &c.*)

MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.

Among the numerous sons of Eton, there are very few who have done her more honour, and there is no one that has borne towards her deeper love, than Richard Marquis Wellesley, successively Governor-General and Captain-General of India, British Ambassador in Spain, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

His earliest distinctions were obtained at Eton, and his principal biographer truly says, that "Lord Wellesley was deeply attached throughout his long life to Eton. Some of the latest productions

of his Lordship's pen were dedicated to his beloved Eton; and, in testimony of the strong affection which he entertained towards the place where he received his first impressions of literary taste, and in accordance with his desire expressed before his death, his body was deposited in a vault of Eton Chapel."[1]

The Wellesley family, which two Etonians, its great Marquis and its greater Duke, have made one of unrivalled splendour, is of great, ancient dignity.

"In a manuscript pedigree among the papers of the late Marquis Wellesley, which appears to be an authenticated copy from Irish genealogies in MS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the Wellesley family is traced as high as the year A. D. 1239, to Michael De Wellesleigh, the father of Wallerand De Wellesleigh, who was killed, together with Sir Robert De Percival, (one of the Egmont family,) on the 22nd of October, 1303. It is stated by Playfair that the family is of Saxon origin, deriving its name from the manor of Wellesley, anciently Welles-leigh, in the county of Somerset, which was held under the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and to which the family removed from Sussex soon after the Norman invasion. In the reign of Henry the First a grant of the grand serjeantry of all the country east of the river Perret, as far as Bristol Bridge, including the manor of Wellesleigh in the hundred of Wells, was made to one Avenant De Wellesleghe, whose descendant, according to some authorities, upon the embarkation of King Henry the Second for Ireland, accompanied that monarch in the capacity of standard-bearer."[2]

In England the line was continued for seven generations from Avenant De Wellesleghe, and then became extinct. In the Irish branch, the De Wellesleighs (or De Wellesleys) continue to figure as knights and barons bold. In 1485 the "De" was dropped from the name, which thenceforth was written simply "Wellesley," as at present. By various intermarriages the three families of Cowley, Cusack, and Wellesley were united; and as the Cusacks trace their lineage by heirs female up to Dermot Macmorough, King of Leinster, and also to Roderick O'Connor, the 103rd and last monarch of all Ireland, our Celtic fellow-subjects are unjust to themselves, when they revile the great Duke and his brethren as unmitigated Saxons.

[1] Pearce's Memoirs of Marquis Wellesley, vol. i. p. 17.

[2] Pearce, p. 2.

Richard Colley Wellesley was born on the 20th of June, 1760, at Dengan Castle, in the county of Meath. His father (who was and is highly celebrated as a musical composer) had been raised to the Irish peerage by the title of Lord Mornington. Lord Wellesley was placed at Eton at an early age, and was there distinguished as a scholar beyond all his contemporaries. Lord Brougham, in his memoir of him, states, "When Dr. Goodall, his contemporary, and afterwards head-master, was examined in 1818 before the Education Committee of the House of Commons respecting the alleged passing over of Porson in giving promotions to King's College, he at once declared that the celebrated Grecian was not by any means at the head of the Etonians of his day; and on being asked by me (as chairman) to name his superior, he at once said, Lord Wellesley. Some of the committee would have had this struck out of the evidence, as not bearing upon the subject of the inquiry, the Abuse of Charities; but the general voice was immediately pronounced in favour of retaining it, as a small tribute of respect to Lord Wellesley, and I know that he highly valued this tribute."

Some of the most beautiful sets of verses in the "Musæ Etonenses" are Lord Wellesley's; and there is, in particular, one copy which need fear competition with few poems in the Latin language.

AD GENIUM LOCI.

O levis Fauni et Dryadum sodalis,
Finium tutela vigil meorum!
Qui meos colles et aprica lætus
Prata nemusque

Mobili lustras pede, nunc susurros
Arborum captans, modo murmurantis
Fluminis servans vitreos reductâ in
Valle meatus!

Dic ubi attollat melius superbum
Verticem pinus? rigidosque quercus
Implicans ramos nimis æstuosam
Leniat horam?

Namque Tu saltu tibi destinato
Excubas custos operosus, almæ
Fertilem silvæ sterilemque doctus
Noscere terram:

Dum malum noctis picese tenello
Leniter verris folio vaporem, et
Sedulus virgulta foves, futuræ
Providus umbræ.

Lauream sed campus Apollinarem
Parturit myrtosque vigentiores;
Omnis et te luxuriat renascens
Auspice tellus:

Te, rosâ pulchrum caput impedita,
Candidi conjux facilis Favoni
Ambit, ut vernos tuearis æquo
Numine flores.

Lætus O! faustusque adeas, precamur,
Nil mei prosunt sine te labores,
Nil valet, cultum nisi tu secundes,
Rustica cura.

Dr. Davies was tutor to Lord Wellesley at Eton, and in a note written in 1840, the Marquis thus describes him:—"Dr. Jonathan Davies, Head Master, and afterwards Provost of Eton, who had been tutor to Lord Wellesley when first he entered Eton School, at the age of eleven years, *and who always bestowed the solicitude and affection of a kind parent on the education of Lord Wellesley.*"

After leaving Eton, Lord Wellesley went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he attracted great notice and praise; but in 1781, before the time came for his taking his degree, he was called away to Ireland in consequence of the death of his father. He voluntarily took upon himself the payment of his father's debts, and directed great attention to the education of his younger brothers, over whom he watched most carefully during the early part of their lives. When his father died, Lord Wellesley was within a month of the age of twenty-one; William Wellesley Pole, afterwards Lord Maryborough, was eighteen; Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, was twelve; Gerald Varelian, afterwards Dr. Wellesley, was ten; and Henry, afterwards Lord Cowley, was eight years old.

Lord Brougham says of the commencement of Lord Wellesley's public life:—

"In the Lords' House of the Irish Parliament Lord Wellesley (then Lord Mornington) first showed those great powers, which a more assiduous devotion to the rhetorical art would certainly have ripened into an oratory of the highest order; for he was thoroughly imbued with the eloquence of ancient Greece and Rome, his pure taste greatly preferring, of course, the former. The object of his study, however, had been principally the four great orations (on the Crown and the Embassy); and I wondered to

find him in his latter years so completely master of all the passages in these perfect models, and this before the year 1839, when he began again to read over more than once the Homeric poems and the orations of Demosthenes. I spent much time with him in examining and comparing the various parts of those divine works, in extricating their relative excellence, and in discussing the connexion of the great passages and of the argument with the plan of each oration. But I recollect also being surprised to find that he had so much neglected the lesser orations; and that, dazzled as it were with the work, which is, no doubt, incomparably superior to all others as a whole, he not only for some time would not allow his full share of praise to Æschines, whose oration against Ctesiphon is truly magnificent, all but the end of the peroration, and whose oration on the Embassy excels that of his illustrious rival, but that he really never opened his eyes to the extraordinary beauties of the Philippics, without fully studying which I conceive no one can have an adequate idea of the perfection of Demosthenean eloquence, there being some passages of fierce and indignant invective more terrible in those speeches than any that are to be found in Ctesiphon itself. Of this opinion was Lord Wellesley himself ultimately; and I believe he derived fully more pleasure of late years, than he had ever done before, from his readings of those grand productions."

Lord Wellesley in the Irish Parliament generally supported the measures then advocated by Mr. Grattan, but he was by no means an indiscriminating opponent of the government. In 1784 he sought and obtained a seat in the English House of Commons; and he now displayed his abilities on an ampler and more conspicuous field. He was soon connected with Mr. Pitt, both by private friendship and similarity in political opinion; and in 1786 he received the appointment of one of the Lords of the Treasury. While he thus became a member of the government, and, as such, took frequent part in the debates in the English House of Commons, he occasionally returned to Ireland when any important discussion in the Irish House of Peers was anticipated. In particular he spoke there earnestly, though unsuccessfully, against the address which both the Irish Houses voted to the Prince of Wales on the Regency question, calling on him to assume the Regency of Ireland as a matter of right with unlimited powers; the English Parliament having granted him the Regency over England as a

matter of discretion, not of right, and having imposed many limitations on his power.

On the breaking out of the French Revolution, Lord Wellesley was among those who were most inimical to its authors and its principles. He supported the war which we entered into with the French Republic; and one of his most celebrated speeches was made in January 1794, in which, in opposition to Sheridan, he maintained the justice, the policy, and the necessity of persevering in hostilities. In this speech Lord Wellesley reviewed the whole French Revolution; he exhibited its progress; he traced the Revolutionary government step by step, holding up to reprobation all the atrocities, blasphemies, violence, perfidy, and cruelty that were enacted in France; pointing out the spirit of aggression and wanton violation of the laws of nations that animated the French, and urging upon the Parliament, by every consideration that could be supposed to influence Englishmen, to support the Crown in carrying on with becoming energy this just and necessary war. His peroration, which has been greatly praised by high authorities, was as follows:—

"Thus, Sir, I have endeavoured to prove that the original justice and necessity of this war have been strongly confirmed by subsequent events; that the general result of the last campaign, both upon our own situation and upon that of the enemy, affords a reasonable expectation of ultimate success; and that not only the characters, the interests, and the dispositions of those who now exercise the powers of government in France, but the very nature of that system which they have established, render a treaty of peace upon safe or honourable terms impracticable in the present moment, and consequently require a vigorous and unremitting prosecution of the war. Hitherto I have addressed my arguments to the whole House; in what I shall now urge, I must declare that I do not mean to address myself to those few among us who did not share the common sentiment of the House and of the public in that period of general alarm which immediately preceded this war. But I appeal to those who, previous to the commencement of the war, felt, in common with the great body of the people, a well-grounded apprehension for the safety of our happy constitution and the general interests of civil society. Do they now feel the same degree of anxiety? Even in the midst of hostilities, in the very heat of the contest, and after a campaign

which, although greatly successful in its general results, has neither been exempt from difficulty, nor from the ordinary vicissitudes of a state of war, do they not now feel in their own breasts, and perceive in the public mind, such a degree of confidence in the security of all that can be dear and valuable to British subjects, as they would have gladly purchased before the war, even by surrendering a part of those interests, the whole of which was menaced in that gloomy period of general consternation? What change of circumstances, what happy combination has calmed the anxiety and revived the depressed spirits of the nation? Is it the decree of counter-fraternity, declaring that France will no longer interfere in the internal affairs of independent states, but reserving to her the sovereignty of all those countries which were overrun by her arms in the first career of her inordinate ambition? Is it the reply of Robespierre to the manifestoes of all the Princes of Europe, in which he pronounces kings to be the master-piece of human corruption, in which he libels every monarch in Europe, but protests that France has no intention to disturb monarchy, if the subjects of kings are still weak enough to submit to such an institution? Is it the murder of Brissot and his associates? Is it the disgrace and imprisonment of Anacharsis Clootz, the author of the Revolutionary Diplomatics, or of Thomas Paine, the author of the Rights of Man? Is it any profession, assurance, or act of the Revolutionary government of France?—You all know it is not.—The confidence of a wise people could never be rested on such weak and unsubstantial foundations. *The real cause of our present sense of security is to be found in our own exertions combined with those of our allies.* By those exertions we were enabled to withstand and repel the first assault of the arms and the principles of France; and the continuance of the same effort now forms our only barrier against the return of the same danger. Who then shall venture to persuade you to cast away the defence which has afforded you protection against all the objects of your former apprehension, to subvert the foundations of your present confidence, and to resort, for your future safety, to the inconsistent decrees, to the contradictory declarations, and to the vague assurances of a guilty, desperate, and distracted faction, which offers no possible ground of security either in the principles of its policy or in the stability of its power?—All the circumstances of your situation are now before you.—You are

now to make your option,—You are now to decide whether it best becomes the dignity, the wisdom, and the spirit of a great nation, to rely for existence on the arbitrary will of a restless and implacable enemy, or on her own sword: you are now to decide, whether you will entrust to the valour and skill of British fleets and British armies, to the approved faith and united strength of your numerous and powerful allies, the defence of the limited monarchy of these realms, of the constitution of Parliament, of all the established ranks and orders of society among us, of the sacred rights of property, and of the whole frame of our laws, our liberty, and our religion; or whether you will deliver over the guardianship of all these blessings to the justice of Cambon, the plunderer of the Netherlands, who, to sustain the baseless fabric of his depreciated assignats, defrauds whole nations of their rights of property, and mortgages the aggregate wealth of Europe;—to the moderation of Danton, who first promulgated that unknown law of nature, which ordains that the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Ocean, and the Rhine should be the only boundaries of the French dominion;—to the religion of Robespierre, whose practice of piety is to murder his own Sovereign; who exhorts all mankind to embrace the same faith, and to assassinate their kings for the honour of God; to the friendship of Barrère, who avows in the face of all Europe, that the fundamental article of the Revolutionary government of France is the ruin and annihilation of the British empire:—or, finally, to whatever may be the accidental caprice of any new band of malefactors, who, in the last convulsions of their exhausted country, may be destined to drag the present tyrants to their own scaffolds, to seize their lawless power, to emulate the depravity of their example, and to rival the enormity of their crimes!"

Some Latin hexameters, written by Lord Wellesley, at Mr. Pitt's request, in 1797, at a time when the arms of the French Republic were threatening the continental monarchies with destruction, most forcibly and most elegantly express the sentiments with which Lord Wellesley and most of the upper classes in England then regarded France. These verses, which were composed early in 1797, were published in the "Anti-Jacobin," after Lord Wellesley's departure for India, with a very beautiful translation by the then Lord Morpeth:—

Ipsa mali Hortatrix scelerumque uberrima Mater
In se prima suos vertit lymphata furores,

Luctaturque diù secum, et conatibus ægris
Fessa cadit, proprioque jacet labefacta veneno.
Mox tamen ipsius rursùm violentia morbi
Erigit ardentem furiis, ultròque minantem
Spargere bella procul, vastæque incendia cladis,
Civilesque agitare faces, totumque per orbem
Sceptra super regum et populorum subdita colla
Ferre pedem, et sanctas regnorum evertere sedes.
Aspicis! Ipsa sui bacchatur sanguine Regis,
Barbaraque ostentans feralis signa triumphi,
Mole giganteâ campis prorumpit apertis,
Successu scelerum, atque insanis viribus audax.
At quà Pestis atrox rapido se turbine vertit,
Cernis ibi, priscâ morum compage solutâ,
Procubuisse solo civilis fœdera vitæ,
Et quodcunque Fides, quodcunque habet alma verendi
Religio, Pietasque et Legum frœna sacrarum.
Nec spes Pacis adhùc—necdum exsaturata rapinis
Effera Bellatrix, fusove expleta cruore.
Crescit inextinctus Furor; atque exæstuat ingens
Ambitio, immanisque irâ Vindicta renatâ
Relliquias Soliorum et adhuc restantia regna
Flagitat excidio, prædæque incumbit opimæ.
Una etenim in mediis Gens intemerata ruinis
Libertate probâ, et justo libramine rerum,
Securum faustis degit sub legibus ævum;
Antiquosque colit mores, et jura parentum
Ordine firma suo, sanoque intacta vigore,
Servat adhuc hominumque fidem, curamque deorum.
Eheu! quanta odiis avidoque alimenta furori!
Quanta profanatas inter spoliabitur aras
Victima! si quando versis Victoria fatis
Annuerit scelus extremum, terrâque subactâ
Impius Oceani sceptrum fœdaverit Hostis!

Lord Wellesley was appointed Governor-General of India on the 4th of October, 1797; and having been raised to the dignity of a peer of Great Britain, with the title of Baron Wellesley, Earl of Mornington in the peerage of Ireland, sailed from England on the 7th of November following. Mr. Pearce remarks, that "it has been asserted by Mr. Mill, that his Lordship 'had possessed but little time for acquainting himself with the complicated affairs of India, when all his attention was attracted to a particular point.' But little time for acquainting himself!—No assertion could possibly have been more groundless. Lord Wellesley had been an active and indefatigable member of the Board of Control from 1794 to the time of his being sworn as Governor-General; he had acquired a thorough knowledge of all the details of the Indian government, under the able direction of Mr. Dundas (afterwards

Lord Melville). Every document connected with our Indian empire during that eventful period must have come under his observation; he was on terms of intimacy with Marquis Cornwallis; and, as a member of the government in 1793, had necessarily acquainted himself with the whole case of India, so frequently discussed on the renewal of the Company's charter in that year. It is quite obvious that Lord Wellesley possessed unusual facilities for gaining an intimate knowledge of the empire that it was his destiny to rule over; and it was owing to the rare combination of talents of the first order with thorough information as to the condition of India, that Mr. Pitt and his colleagues reposed such entire confidence in his Lordship."

The position of affairs in India required at that time the decisive authority of a first-rate mind to rectify them; and to preserve and consolidate our Indian empire, already of vast magnitude, though far less than what it has now grown to. The Marquis of Wellesley's despatches which have been published, are a storehouse of valuable information respecting his eventful administration in the East: and Lord Brougham's memoir of his friend contains a masterly account of the state of India at the time when Lord Wellesley was appointed to the governorship, and a clear statement of the policy which he pursued. Lord Brougham also informs us that he had the advantage of drawing up and correcting his narrative of Lord Wellesley's Indian career from the most authentic of all sources—from the information given him by the Marquis himself, who frequently "examined the views which Lord Brougham had taken on the subject, and declared that they correctly represented his proceedings and his policy." I can here only epitomise Lord Brougham's account, but the original well deserves to be carefully studied.

The war in which Lord Cornwallis had been engaged against Tippoo Saib, had humbled that adventurous prince for a time, and had shorn away much of his power. But he still was formidably strong; and a burning desire to wipe off the ignominy which he had sustained, excited to the fiercest intensity the hatred which this Hannibal of Hindostan had inherited from his father, the great Hyder, against England, and which led him to seek allies in every quarter for a renewal of the struggle against us. His territory which he retained was situate between two of our settlements, and gave him admirable opportunities for striking a blow against either.

It abounded in strong places; its interior was difficult of access to an enemy, and his capital, naturally strong, had been fortified with the utmost care, and with the skill of the best European engineers. His treasures were immense. His army was large and well appointed. He had been experienced in warfare against Europeans from his boyhood, and, though latterly unsuccessful, had more than once defeated English generals. He had a right to trust, and he did trust, to his own high military talents, and the influence which he possessed over the Mahommedan population of India. He had opened a communication with the French government at the Mauritius, and French officers and engineers had flocked eagerly to his service. Other native princes employed troops officered by Frenchmen, especially one—our principal ally the Nizam of Hyderabad. Tippoo reckoned with justice on finding confederates and recruits among all these whenever he renewed the war with England.

Lord Wellesley's first purpose was to break up this hostile force of our ally the Nizam, which was 14,000 strong, and commanded by M. Raymond; and he resolved, "in his own words," "never to use any high language towards Tippoo, nor ever to attempt to deny him any of his just rights; but also, on having distinct proof of his machinations against us, to let him know that his treachery does not escape observation, and to make him feel that he is within the reach of our vigilance."

By judicious negotiation with the Nizam his consent to the reduction of M. Raymond's force was obtained, and by some well-timed decisive measures, the force itself was disarmed and dissolved without bloodshed, and its commander and the other French officers sent back to Europe. By selecting for high and confidential employment the best among the many able men in the Company's service, Lord Wellesley formed a diplomatic staff, when he despatched agents to the various native courts, who with admirable skill and sagacity kept our wavering allies safe in their fidelity towards the English, and prevented several neutral princes from sending to Tippoo the assistance which he had expected. Lord Wellesley played them off one against another, and secured our own frontiers from attack, while he concentrated the greater part of our military force so as to be able to act with celerity and effect against Tippoo, as soon as the war broke out, which was evidently fast gathering.

Tippoo's negotiation with the French governor of the Mauritius, which Lord Wellesley intercepted, and many other similar discoveries, made the hostile intentions of the Sultan of Mysore not a matter of expectation, but of certainty. And on the landing of the French in Egypt, it was clear to Lord Wellesley that Tippoo and Bonaparte would communicate together, and that the attempt would be made to aid Tippoo by a French force sent from the Red Sea, even if the French general did not attempt the bold project of following Alexander's line of march from the Nile to the Euphrates, and from the Euphrates to the Indus. Lord Wellesley judged rightly that such negotiation between our two great enemies was going forward; for on the capture of Seringapatam a letter to Tippoo from Bonaparte was discovered, with other documents, which left no doubt of the co-operation which was designed against us.

Tippoo professed to our Indian government complete innocence and utter ignorance of any schemes against us, and endeavoured to blind Lord Wellesley and gain time for the arrival of his French friends. But Lord Wellesley saw the necessity of striking at once, and of having to strike but once. He firmly, though temperately, put down the insubordinate spirit of the sub-government at Madras, which trembled at a war with Tippoo. Lord Wellesley now formally apprised Tippoo that he was aware of his machinations against the English, as carried on in the Mauritius and elsewhere, and desired him to receive an ambassador for the purpose of arranging such measures as should secure the English and their allies from his hostility. Tippoo endeavoured to put off Lord Wellesley by protestations and promises, in hopes to delay the march of our troops till the setting-in of the rainy season, when military operations would become almost impracticable. Meanwhile he employed every minute in increasing his own army, and placing it on a footing for active war. But Lord Wellesley, on the 9th of January, 1799, named a day certain for his admission of our ambassador, and required an immediate reply to that demand. Tippoo delayed his answer, but Lord Wellesley delayed no longer. On the 3rd of February the order was given for our troops to march upon Seringapatam, and take Tippoo's capital forthwith. General Harris, advancing from Madras, entered Mysore at the head of the best-appointed army that had yet been equipped in India, and the Bombay army penetrated the enemy's territory on the opposite side.

Each army fought and won a battle on its way. They effected their juncture before Seringapatam: within a month that strong city was stormed and taken; Tippoo had fallen fighting desperately in its defence; and the state of Mysore, long our formidable enemy, became a British dependency.

Lord Wellesley's Indian government was also signalised by the victories which our troops gained in the Mahratta war; and it is ever to be remembered that in these Indian campaigns the military genius of the "Great Duke" was first developed. Colonel Arthur Wellesley in saving India trained himself to save Europe.

Lord Wellesley had the discernment to appreciate his brother's remarkable abilities, and he had the firmness to employ them, without heeding the cry about partiality that was certain to be raised. In a letter to General Harris, dated July 7th, 1800, he says:—

"With respect to the language which you say people have held of my brother's appointment to Seringapatam, you know that I never recommended my brother to you, and of course never suggested how or where he should be employed; and I believe you know also that you would not have pleased me by placing him in any situation in which his appointment could be injurious to the public service. My opinion, or rather knowledge and experience, of his discretion, judgment, temper, and integrity are such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I *would* have done so of my own authority, *because I think him, in every respect, the most proper for the service.*"

Mr. Pearce remarks, that "the principle on which Lord Wellesley acted all through his administration towards his illustrious brother, is expressed in the following paragraph:—

'Great jealousy will arise among the officers in consequence of my employing you; but I employ you because I rely on your good sense, discretion, activity, and spirit; and I cannot find all those qualities united in any other officer in India who could take such a command.'" (*Lord Wellesley to Colonel A. Wellesley, 1st of December,* 1800, *respecting the Isle of France Expedition.*)

Lord Wellesley was frequently left in India for long periods of time (for seven months together in the year 1800) without receiving any authentic intelligence from England. Nothing shows his genius more strongly than the intuitive sagacity with which, as he heard of each great event in Europe, he altered and modified his

own arrangements, and was ready by anticipation to execute any orders that might come to him from the home government. He early perceived the probability of our making an attempt to dislodge the French from Egypt, and foresaw his opportunity for co-operating with an expedition for that purpose by sending troops from India up the Red Sea.

In the very first letter in which Lord Wellesley announced to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas the fact of the capture of Seringapatam, (dated Fort George, 16th May, 1799,) he suggested this:—"If the French should be established in Egypt, it might be advisable," observes Lord Wellesley, "to consider whether an expedition might not be fitted out from India, to co-operate by way of the Red Sea, with any attempt which might be undertaken from the Mediterranean. *I cannot venture to prepare any such expedition without orders from England; but if I should receive them, you may be assured that they will be executed with alacrity and diligence, not only by me, but by the whole army of India.*" "For the space of nearly two years," says his biographer, "Lord Wellesley anxiously waited for those orders, and was left in a state of doubt and uncertainty as to the intentions of the home government. His Lordship was not, however, an idle spectator of the operations of the French in Egypt. In the month of February, 1801, Mr. Duncan, the Governor of Bombay, who upon every occasion afforded Lord Wellesley the most valuable and cordial co-operation in carrying out his Lordship's plans, despatched a military force from his presidency to co-operate with Rear-Admiral Blankett, in rendering the position of the French on the Egyptian coast uneasy."

When at length the long-wished-for despatch from Europe arrived, announcing that General Abercrombie was to lead an army from England to dislodge Menou from Egypt, the auxiliary force from India was promptly equipped and embarked. This army consisting of seven thousand men, of whom two thousand were Sepoys, was landed at Cosseir, and marched across the Desert to Thebes. Thence their commander, General Baird, led them to Grand Cairo, and finally to Rosetta, on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Menou, who had already been repeatedly defeated by the English army in Europe, and was now shut up in Alexandria, on hearing of this reinforcement to the British, determined to abandon Egypt; and a convention was concluded between him and

the English commanders, in consequence of which Egypt was completely delivered from the French.

When the intelligence of the Peace of Amiens was brought out to India, Lord Wellesley's sagacity and moral courage were put to a severe test, such as the nerve of few other men would have encountered successfully. By the terms of that treaty the French were to be re-instated in all their possessions in India, which they had held and used as the means for striving to overthrow our empire in the East: the Mauritius was to continue a French colony, and the Cape of Good Hope was to be given up to the Batavian Republic. First, Lord Wellesley was informed that preliminaries of peace embodying these terms had been agreed on, and that he was to hold himself in readiness to see those terms carried into effect; then, by a *most secret* communication, he was warned that the negotiations at Amiens were likely to be interrupted, and that he was to use the utmost precautions, so as to be ready for the resumption of hostilities; next came both a public and a confidential despatch, directing him to give up the conquered places to the French; then another private letter, warning him that a French squadron had sailed for India, and that a delay in the restitution of the French possessions was necessary; and lastly came an order, dated 18th November, 1802, stating that, notwithstanding what had been contained in the preceding communications, his Majesty commanded the immediate execution of the instructions forwarded for the restitution of the French possessions, and urging upon the Governor-General the necessity of conciliation.

Lord Wellesley saw the ruinous consequences that would follow if he obeyed these final orders, and he took on himself the formidable responsibility of disobeying them; and when the French squadron arrived at Pondicherry and claimed that place, Lord Wellesley ordered the English commander not to give it up, and declared his intention of holding the possession of the conquered French settlements until he was enabled to communicate with the home government.

His anticipations of the renewal of the war in Europe proved correct, and in a few months he received a series of anxious despatches from Europe, (dated in May, 1803,) informing him of the war being resumed in Europe, imploring him to provide for the safety of India, and urging upon his Lordship the duty of

re-capturing from the enemy "any forts or possessions which the French may have in India."

Thanks to the Governor-General, however, there were no French forts in India to re-capture![3]

Notwithstanding the brilliancy and success of Lord Wellesley's Indian administration, he encountered heavy displeasure and sore discouragement from the Board of Directors at home. They accused him of having, in many cases, daringly overstepped the bounds of his authority, and took especial offence at his undertaking, without their sanction, to found a university at Calcutta. Whether Lord Wellesley observed the limit of his power in this matter or not, it is certain that the spirit in which he designed Fort William College in Calcutta, was most honourable to him, and the plan was in all respects worthy of his genius and of the grandeur of the mighty vice-royalty over which he presided.

He drew up an elaborate paper in which he showed the pressing want of such an institution, and the necessity of training up an able and high-principled body of men for the civil administration of India, unless our dominion was to be a mere reign of terror, maintained as acquired—by the sword,—and a curse instead of a blessing to the subject myriads of the native population.

In an able and elaborate paper, which he called "Notes by the Governor-General in Council," the Marquis Wellesley unanswerably demonstrated the necessity of a strict systematic course of training and study for the formation of an efficient class of public servants.

"The civil servants of the English East India Company," he remarked, "can no longer be considered as the agents of a commercial concern. They are, in fact, the ministers and officers of a powerful sovereign; they must now be viewed in that capacity, with reference, not to their nominal, but to their real occupations. They are required to discharge the functions of magistrates, judges, ambassadors, and governors of provinces, in all the complicated and extensive relations of those sacred trusts and exalted stations, and under peculiar circumstances, which greatly enhance the solemnity of every public obligation, and aggravate the difficulty of every public charge. Their duties are those of statesmen in every other part of the world, with no other characteristic difference than the obstacles opposed by an unfavourable climate,

[3] Pearce, vol. ii. p. 270.

by a foreign language, by the peculiar usages and laws of India, and by the manners of its inhabitants. Their studies, the discipline of their education, their habits of life, their manners and morals should therefore be so ordered and regulated as to establish a just conformity between their personal consideration, and the dignity and importance of their public stations, and to maintain a sufficient correspondence between their qualifications and their duties. Their education should be founded on a general knowledge of those branches of literature and science which form the basis of the education of persons destined to similar occupations in Europe. To this foundation should be added an intimate acquaintance with the history, language, customs, and manners of the people of India, with the Mahommedan and Hindoo codes of law and religion, and with the political and commercial interests and relations of Great Britain in Asia. They should be regularly instructed in the principles and system which constitute the foundation of that wise code of regulations and laws enacted by the Governor-General in Council, for the purpose of securing to the people of this empire the benefit of the ancient and accustomed laws of the country, administered in the spirit of the British constitution. They should be well informed of the true and sound principles of the British constitution, and sufficiently grounded in the general principles of ethics, civil jurisprudence, the law of nations, and general history, in order that they may be enabled to discriminate the characteristic differences of the several codes of law administered within the British empire in India, and practically to combine the spirit of each in the dispensation of justice, and in the maintenance of order and good government. Finally, their early habits should be so formed, as to establish in their minds such solid foundations of industry, prudence, integrity, and religion, as should effectually guard them against those temptations and corruptions with which the nature of this climate and the peculiar depravity of the people of India will surround and assail them in every station, especially upon their first arrival in India. The only discipline of the service should be calculated to counteract the defects of the climate, and the vices of the people, and to form a natural barrier against habitual indolence, dissipation, and licentious indulgence; the spirit of emulation, in honourable and useful pursuits, should be kindled and kept alive by the continual prospect of distinction and reward of profit and honour; nor should

any precaution be relaxed in India which is deemed necessary in England, to furnish a sufficient supply of men qualified to fill the high offices of the state with credit to themselves, and with advantage to the public. Without such a constant succession of men in the several branches and departments of this government, the wisdom and benevolence of the law must prove vain and inefficient."

Lord Wellesley also hoped that the college thus founded would soon be thronged by native students,—by Hindoo, by Persian, and by Arab,—who might there seek after knowledge in community with their European rulers, and feel that the bond of a joint education united them as members of one great empire.

Lord Wellesley was sanguine of the success of his foundation, which he hoped would perpetuate his name in the East far more than any of the conquests which had been achieved under his sway. But his masters in Leadenhall-street received his announcement of the foundation of his college with an order for its instant dissolution; and among the many annoyances which irritated the Governor-General against the East India Directors, this deep disappointment of his favourite scheme proved the most galling and the most enduring.

Lord Wellesley's biographer, Mr. Pearce, after detailing these events, properly remarks, that "it is but justice to the Honourable East India Company to say, that after the heat of these discussions had passed away, in a magnanimous spirit, they took up the plan of Lord Wellesley, and put it into execution with so much success, that many have doubted, and still doubt, whether the maintenance of Fort William College, as originally designed, would have been more useful to the servants of the Company, than the College at Haileybury. This question is yet open; but the experience of several years has shown that the education imparted at Haileybury has had a most important influence in elevating the general character of the servants of the East India Company, and has added an immense impetus to the cause of native education in India. Colleges and schools under the patronage of the Government are springing up in every part of India; and the day, we trust, will yet arrive, when a university of Calcutta will realise the renown, and accomplish the mighty ends, which the founder of Fort William College hoped to have seen achieved in his own day."

Lord Wellesley was thrice induced, by the pressing intercession of the ministers, to withdraw the resignation of his Governor-Generalship, which he had sent in. But in 1805 he finally resigned, and returned to England early in the following year. He arrived just in time to have a farewell interview with his friend Pitt, who died before the end of January 1806.

Soon after Lord Wellesley's return, an absurd attack was made on him in the House of Commons by a person of the name of Paul. The failure of this man's scheme to impeach him was signal; and votes of approbation of Lord Wellesley's administration were carried by triumphant majorities. But, while any proceeding of the kind seemed to be pending, Lord Wellesley declined to enter office, which was the cause of his not joining the cabinet of the Duke of Portland in 1807, though requested to do so by the King. But, though out of office, Lord Wellesley gave the ministry his earnest and effective support on the subject of the memorable expedition to Copenhagen, and seizure of the Danish fleet in the October of that year. Lord Wellesley was convinced that this measure was just and wise; and the boldness of the stroke accorded well with his own energetic spirit. On the 8th of February, 1808, Lord Wellesley defended the expedition, against the strong censures of Lords Grey, Grenville, Moira, Holland, Erskine, and Sidmouth, who denounced it as a manifest departure from that system of moral policy and justice on which we had hitherto professed to act; contending that, even if it had been certain that the French would seize the fleet of Denmark against her consent, the iniquity of that act ought, in sound policy, independently of all considerations of justice, to have been left to the French government to perpetrate, because the carcases of the ships would have been the only fruits of an action of the deepest atrocity. But in taking this part upon herself, Great Britain had lost her moral station in the world.

Lord Wellesley argued that Napoleon had the power and the purpose to seize the Danish fleet; that she had the means of forcing Denmark to co-operate with her in the employment of that fleet; and then he pressed on the House to consider what would have been the result of our arch-enemy acquiring this powerful marine, as an instrument of attack against us. He showed, also, how the possession of the Swedish fleet would speedily have followed, and these would have been added to the

navy of Russia (already at war with us); and thus the whole floating strength of the North would have been under the control of our enemy. It would have been no trifling accession; forty sail of the line would have been placed in a commanding situation for the attack of the vulnerable parts of Ireland, and for a descent upon the coasts of England or Scotland; and in opposition to this formidable navy, the Admiralty could not have assigned any competent force without weakening our stations in the Mediterranean, in the Atlantic, and the Indian Seas, at a time when it was necessary to maintain our superiority in all these stations. Such being the character and power of the enemy, and such the condition of Denmark, "Is it possible," asked Lord Wellesley, "that any one of your Lordships can assert that the danger is not imminent? The case of danger, made out even in the imperfect manner I have stated it, is so great, that it concerned the very existence of the country as an independent power. Had ministers not acted as they had done, they would have fatally abandoned their highest duties; and I hope in God, that if ever similar circumstances should occur, the same wisdom will be found at the helm, to conduct the vessel of the state in security amid the shoals and rocks that threatened its destruction.

"The moment was precious: a few weeks, perhaps the progress of a single week, would have rendered the attempt unsuccessful, and we should have been exposed to all the dreadful consequences I have detailed. Addressing a British audience, I can scarcely justify arguing the subject: the peril to which the nation was liable called up every sentiment of affection to our constitution, to our liberties, and our laws, and in terms mandatory and irresistible dictated the course which must be pursued. The violence which has been attributed to this measure was unavoidable; every attempt at negotiation was unsuccessfully made; every offer of remuneration was insultingly rejected. It would have been useless to have extorted promises from a people wholly at the disposal of the enemy; nothing less than the resignation of the fleet was sufficient, and the means by which it was obtained were justified by every principle of truth, of equity, and honour. The great maxims of the law of nations are founded on the law of nature; and the law of security or self-preservation is, among these, the most important and sacred. It is a law equally to be obeyed by individuals and communities.

"The King, placed at the head of the great society subsisting in these islands, has no duty paramount to the protection of the people; and by the servants of the Crown this imperious duty has been, on this momentous occasion, vigilantly and ably discharged. The principle of the great law of nature and nations is clearly applicable to the case before your Lordships. *Here was an instrument of war within the grasp of our inveterate enemy: we interposed and seized it; and this act of energy and wisdom was to have the hard names of rapine and impiety ascribed to it!* To show that injury had been done to an innocent party in a transaction, was not to prove its iniquity. All war has the effect to involve in its horrors the helpless and innocent; but it is not on that account necessarily unjust. Let any man say how war can be conducted without it. As neutral individuals may be sacrificed in the common calamity, so also may neutral nations. In cases of this kind the party committing the injury is frequently mistaken; it is often done, not by the ostensible instrument, but by the silent agent who, by previous misconduct, has exposed the sufferer to such an unfortunate situation. Are not such principles fairly referable to every part of this extraordinary case? If I have accurately stated the relative rights of countries as founded on the laws of nature, the government of Great Britain had only to put into exercise that law of self-preservation that needed no learned and intricate disquisitions to justify. What signified reasoning on abstract rights, it may be said, when the general voice of Europe proclaims the criminality of our conduct? But is the tongue of Europe free as to the great principles of public law, affecting the interests of Great Britain, especially connected with our maritime claims? Can your Lordships point out any place on the map of Europe where any one dare breathe a sentiment adverse to the ruler of France? What flag is free? What ship navigates the ocean but under his orders? What commerce is there in Europe but under his appointment and control? What soldier, what lawyer, what churchman, what layman, dares to utter an opinion inimical to him? Is not the subjugation, not only of the continent, but of the body and mind of every individual on its surface, complete? It reminds me of the condition of humiliated Greece when the arms of Philip of Macedon were triumphant, and the Delphic Apollo was said by a distinguished orator of that time to speak only in the Macedonian dialect! Everywhere throughout Europe

the oracular decisions by which she is governed are French, and to them obedience is paid, due only to Divine authority. From these considerations I hope that the conduct of his Majesty's ministers will be respected and approved; that no proceeding in Parliament will tend to sully the glory of this most distinguished achievement; and that nothing will lead the world to suppose that the councils of the nation suspect the purity and honour of this great saving measure."

In 1809, Lord Wellesley was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Supreme Junta of Spain, which country had risen in arms against Napoleon. In this situation he was able to co-operate effectively with his brother, Sir Arthur, who was now at the head of our forces in the Peninsula. Lord Wellesley returned to England in the December of that year, to fill the arduous post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In this position in the Cabinet, he ably supported his great brother in the field until 1812, when his differences with Mr. Perceval on the Catholic question, and as to carrying on the Peninsular war on a more effective scale, led him to resign. He was at all times a consistent champion of the Catholic claims. He generally supported the government of Lord Liverpool in its coercive measures against the press and against public meetings. In 1825 he accepted the high office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He signalised his government by an impartiality that was then novel, and which exposed him to bitter attacks from the zealots of the usually dominant party. He was recalled from Ireland on the formation of the Wellington ministry in 1828. When Lord Grey came into power at the end of 1830, Lord Wellesley was made Lord Steward of the Household. He was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland a second time in 1833, and resigned that office in December 1834. His last public appointment was that of Lord Chamberlain, which he held for a short time in 1835, but in the May of that year he resigned it, and then, being in his seventy-fifth year, retired altogether from public life.

He passed the remainder of his days in dignified repose among a circle of friends who loved and revered him, and was honoured by all who had ever known him. The East India Company in 1837 voted him a munificent pecuniary grant, as a mark of acknowledgement of his services. Their predecessors had had angry differences with him; but now the high merits of the great public servant were felt and fully recognised. In 1841 they further resolved to place a marble statue to his honour in the India House, as *a public*

conspicuous and permanent mark of the admiration and gratitude of the East India Company.

Much of Lord Wellesley's time during the last portion of his life was passed in the vicinity of Eton, and now in the leisure of his old age he fondly recurred to those classical studies and compositions which had been the delight and the pride of his youthful days. A volume of poems, entitled "Primitiæ et Reliquiæ," was printed for private distribution in the eighty-first year of his age. Some of these had been recently written, and they exhibit in an astonishing degree his unimpaired vigour of intellect and his unaltered elegance of taste.

One poem in this volume justly attracted universal admiration. In the grounds of the house which was occupied by Lord Wellesley near Eton, there are some very beautiful willows overhanging the Thames, which are of the species introduced into Europe from the East, and called "The Willow of Babylon." Lord Wellesley composed the following Latin verses, which he himself translated into English, on this subject :—

SALIX BABYLONIA.

Passis mœsta comis, formosa doloris imago,
Quæ, flenti similis, pendet in amne salix,
Euphratis nata in ripâ Babylone sub altâ
Dicitur Hebræas sustinuisse lyras ;
Cum terrâ ignotâ proles Solymæa refugit
Divinum patriæ jussa movere melos ;
Suspensisque lyris, et luctu muta, sedebat,
In lacrymis memorans Te, veneranda Sion !
Te, dilecta Sion ! frustra sacrata Jehovæ,
Te, præsenti Ædes irradiata Deo !
Nunc pede barbarico, et manibus temerata profanis,
Nunc orbata Tuis, et taciturna Domus !
At tu pulchra Salix Thamesini littoris hospes,
Sis sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras !
Quâ cecidit Judæa, mones, captiva sub irâ,
Victricem stravit quæ Babylona manus ;
Inde, doces, sacra et ritus servare Parentum,
Juraque, et antiquâ vi stabilire Fidem.
Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
Umbra tua et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenuesque triumphos,
Sit revocare tuos, dulcis Etona ! dies.
Auspice te, summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Edidici Puer, et jam primo in limine vitæ—
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias :
O juncta Aonidum lauro præcepta salutis
Æternæ ! et Musis consociata Fides !

O felix Doctrina! et divinâ insita luce;
Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo!
Incorrupta, precor, maneas, atque integra, neu te
Aura regat populi, neu novitatis amor:
Stet quoque prisca Domus; (neque enim manus impia tangat;)
Floreat in mediis intemerata minis. [4]
Det Patribus Patres, populoque det inclyta Cives,
Eloquiumque Foro, Judiciisque decus,
Consiliisque animos, magnæque det ordine Genti
Immortalem altâ cum pietate Fidem.
Floreat, intactâ per postera secula famâ,
Cura diu Patriæ, Cura paterna Dei.

THE WEEPING WILLOW OF BABYLON.

Sacra, suosque Tibi commendat Troja Penates,
Hos cape FATORUM COMITES! VIRGILIUS.

Di Majorum Umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram!
Spirantesque crocos, et in Urnâ perpetuum Ver!
Qui Præceptorem sancti voluere Parentis
Esse loco. JUVENALIS.

DISHEVELL'D, mournful, beauteous type of Grief
That seem'st in tears to bend o'er Thames's tide,
And still to rue the day, when Babel's Chief,
High on Thy Parent stream enthroned in pride,
Beheld upon Thy melancholy boughs
The Harps unstrung of Israel's captive band,
When heart, and voice, and orisons, and vows
Refused the haughty Victor's stern command
To move great Sion's festal lay sublime,
To mingle heavenly strains of joy with tears,
To sing the Lord's song in a stranger's clime,
And chaunt the holy hymn to heathen ears.
Down by Euphrates' side They sat and wept
In sorrow mute, but not to memory dead;
Oh Sion!—voice and harp in stillness slept,
But the pure, mindful tear for thee was shed:
To Thee, beloved Sion! vain were given
Blessing and Honour, Wealth and Power—in vain
The glorious present Majesty of Heaven
Irradiated Thy chosen holy Fane!
Fallen from Thy God, the heathen barbarous hand
Despoils thy Temple, and thine Altar stains,
Reft of Her Children mourns the Parent Land,
And in Her dwellings death-like silence reigns.
Rise, sacred Tree! a monument to tell
How Vanity and Folly lead to Woe;
Under what wrath unfaithful Israel fell,
What mighty arm laid Babel's triumphs low.
Rise, sacred Tree! on Thames's gorgeous shore,
To warn the People, and to guard the Throne;

[4] (Lord Wellesley's note on this verse.) "A Reform of Eton College, on the principles of the new system of education, has been menaced by high authority."

Teach them their pure religion to adore,
And foreign Faiths, and Rites, and Pomps disown!
Teach them that their Forefathers' noble race,
With Virtue, Liberty, and Truth combined,
And honest Zeal, and Piety, and Grace,
The Throne and Altar's strength have interwined:
The lofty glories of the Land and Main,
The stream of Industry, and Trade's proud course,
The Majesty of Empire to sustain,
God's Blessing on sound Faith is Britain's force.
Me, when Thy shade, and Thames's meads and flowers
Invite to soothe the cares of waning age,
May Memory bring to Me my long-past hours
To calm my soul, and troubled thoughts assuage!
Come, parent Eton! turn the stream of time
Back to Thy sacred fountain crown'd with bays!
Recall my brightest, sweetest days of Prime!
When all was hope and triumph, joy and praise.
Guided by thee I raised my youthful sight
To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,
And hail'd the beams of clear ethereal light
That brighten round the Greek and Roman name.
Oh Blest Instruction! friend to generous youth!
Source of all good! you taught me to intwine
The Muse's laurel with eternal truth,
And wake Her lyre to strains of Faith Divine.
Firm, incorrupt, as in life dawning morn,
Nor swayed by novelty nor public breath,
Teach me false censure and false fame to scorn,
And guide my steps through honour's path to death.
And Thou, Time-honoured fabric, stand! a Tower
Impregnable! a bulwark of the state!
Untouch'd by visionary Folly's Power,
Above the Vain, and Ignorant, and Great!
The Mighty Race with cultured minds adorn,
And Piety and Faith; congenial pair!
And spread Thy gifts through Ages yet unborn,
Thy Country's Pride, and Heaven's parental Care.

The Marquis Wellesley died at his residence, Kingston House, Brompton, on the morning of Monday, 26th September, 1842, in the eighty-third year of his age.

According to the desire expressed by the Marquis Wellesley, in his will, that his remains should be deposited within the precincts of the ancient seminary where he had received his early education, the funeral took place in the chapel of Eton College: and he rests in that spot of earth, which, through a long and arduous life in many lands, was ever the nearest and the dearest to his heart.

In Mr. Moultrie's stanzas to Eton, which I have already referred to in the memoir of Grey, the following just and beautiful tribute is paid to the memory of Lord Wellesley.

FROM MOULTRIE'S STANZAS TO ETON.

Ah! well I ween, knew He what worth is thine,
How deep a debt to thee his genius owed—
The Statesman, who of late, in life's decline,
Of public care threw off the oppressive load,
While yet his unquench'd spirit gleam'd and glow'd
With the pure light of Greek and Roman song,—
That gift, in boyish years by thee bestow'd,
And cherish'd, loved, and unforgotten long,
While cares of state press'd round in close continuous throng.

Not unprepared was that majestic mind,
By food and nurture once derived from thee,
To shape and sway the fortunes of mankind;
And by sagacious counsel and decree
Direct and guide Britannia's destiny—
Her mightiest ruler o'er the subject East:
Yet in his heart of hearts no joy had he
So pure, as when, from empire's yoke released,
To thee once more he turn'd with love that never ceased.

Such is thine empire over mightiest souls
Of men who wield earth's sceptres; such thy spell,
Which until death, and after death, controuls
Hearts which no fear could daunt, no force could quell.
What marvel then if softer spirits dwell
With fondest love on thy remember'd sway?
What marvel if the hearts of poets swell,
Recording at life's noon, with grateful lay,
How sweetly in thy shades the morning slipp'd away!

Fain would he cast life's fleshly burden down
Where its best hours were spent, and sink to rest,
Weary of greatness, sated with renown,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast;
Proud mayst thou be of that his fond bequest,
Proud that, within thy consecrated ground,
He sleeps amidst the haunts he loved the best;
Where many a well-known, once familiar sound
Of water, earth, and air for ever breathes around.

(*Memoirs by Pearce.—Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches.*)

LORD HOWE.

THIS brave old Admiral, who commenced the splendid series of triumphs which signalised our navy during the last great war, was born in 1725. He was the second son of Lord Viscount Howe. He was educated at Eton, and at the age of fourteen entered on board the Severn of 50 guns, commanded by the Hon. Captain Legge, and which formed part of the squadron destined for the South Seas under Commodore Anson. He next served on board the Burford, which was one of the squadron detached in 1743 from Sir Chaloner Ogle's fleet, to reduce the town of La Guyra on the coast of Caraccas. The Burford suffered much in this enterprise, and Captain Lushington was killed. Mr. Howe was appointed acting-lieutenant by the commodore, and in a short time returned to England with his ship; but the commission not being confirmed by the Admiralty, he returned to his patron in the West Indies.

Sir Chaloner appointed him Lieutenant of a sloop of war; and being employed to cut out an English merchantman, which had been taken by a French privateer under the guns of the Dutch settlement of St. Eustatia, he executed the difficult and dangerous enterprise with the greatest gallantry and judgment. In 1745 Lieutenant Howe was raised to the rank of Commander, in the Baltimore sloop of war, which joined the squadron then cruising on the coast of Scotland under the command of Admiral Smith. During this cruise the Baltimore, in company with another armed vessel, fell in with two French frigates of 30 guns, with troops and ammunition for the service of the Pretender, which she instantly attacked by running between them. In the action which followed, Captain Howe received a wound in his head, which at first appeared to be fatal. He, however, soon discovered signs of life, and, when the necessary operation was performed, returned to the deck, and continued to fight his ship until the Frenchmen, notwithstanding their superiority in men and weight of metal, were glad to sheer off. For his good conduct in this action Howe was immediately made Post-captain.

After being employed on various stations, he about 1756 obtained the command of the Dunkirk of 60 guns, which was among the ships that were commissioned, from an apprehension of a rupture

with France. This ship was one of the fleet with which Admiral Boscawen sailed to obstruct the passage of the French fleet into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when Captain Howe took the Alcide, a French ship of 64 guns, off the coast of Newfoundland. A powerful fleet being prepared, in 1757, under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, to make an attack upon the French coast, Captain Howe was appointed to the Magnanime, in which ship he compelled the fort on the Isle of Aix to surrender.

In 1758, by the death of his brother, who was killed in action in America, Howe, who had now obtained the rank of Commodore, succeeded to the family estates and honours. But he still was true to the sea, and was in constant active employment. In 1759 he was on board of his old ship the Magnanime in the action between the English fleet and the French under De Conflans. Howe greatly distinguished himself in this battle, in which the Thésée and the Formidable were captured from the enemy. When he was presented to the King by Sir Edward Hawke on this occasion, his Majesty said, "Your life, my Lord, has been one continued series of services to your country." Lord Howe continued to serve, as occasion required, in the Channel; and in the summer of 1762 he removed to the Princess Amelia, of 80 guns, having accepted the command as captain to the Duke of York, Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and serving as second in command under Sir Edward Hawke in the Channel.

In October, 1770, he was made Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet. Hawke (then Lord Hawke) said publicly of him in the House of Lords, when some remark had been made about Howe's promotion, "I advised his Majesty to make the promotion. I have tried my Lord Howe on important occasions; he never asked me how he was to execute any service, but always went and performed it."

In 1776 he sailed on board the Eagle for North America. When France (in 1778) became a party in the American war, the French Admiral D'Estaing appeared on the 11th of July, in sight of the British fleet at Sandy Hook, with a considerable force of line-of-battle-ships in complete equipment and condition. Most of the ships under Lord Howe had been long in service, were not well-manned, and were inferior in size to the French vessels. But by judicious arrangement and firm resistance Howe made D'Estaing sheer off, and he throughout the rest of the summer

of that year held his own with an inferior force against D'Estaing.

Howe returned to England at the end of 1778, and he was sent to relieve Gibraltar, which he completely accomplished. Peace was concluded shortly after Lord Howe's return from performing this important service; and in January, 1783, he was nominated First Lord of the Admiralty. That office, in the succeeding April, he resigned to Lord Keppel, but was re-appointed on the 30th of December in the same year. On the 24th of September, 1787, he was advanced to the rank of Admiral of the White; and in July, 1788, he finally quitted his station at the Admiralty. In the following August he was created an Earl of Great Britain.

On the commencement of the war, in 1793, Earl Howe took the command of the western squadron at the particular and personal request of the King. On the 19th of May, 1794, his Lordship being off Brest, it was discovered that the French fleet had put to sea; on the morning of the 28th, the enemy was discovered to windward, and some partial actions took place. At last, on "THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE," Howe succeeded in bringing on a general engagement. He had twenty-five ships-of-the-line under his command: the French Admiral Villaret had twenty-six, but his ships were greatly superior in size, in their aggregate number of guns and men, and in their weight of metal. Lord Howe at daybreak stood towards them, and on coming abreast of them, at about seven in the morning, he wore to the larboard tack, while the French waited his approach in battle order. Having made the necessary arrangements in his line for opposing his largest ships to the largest ships of the enemy, Howe lay to, and intimated by signal that there was time for the men to breakfast before going into action. At about half-past eight he made the signal for the English fleet to form in close order. Our ships were ranged in one line abreast of each other, while the French line was formed lengthways with their broadsides to our bows. According to Lord Howe's orders our ships were to charge, as it were, the flank of the French line; each English ship was to single her opponent, and breaking through the French line close to that opponent's stern, to range along side of her and engage her to leeward, so that it would be impossible for the French ships, when beaten, to escape. Accordingly he himself in the Queen Charlotte of 100 guns steered for the Montagne, Villaret-Joyeuse's

ship, which mounted 120 guns. Howe kept the signal for close action flying, and the Queen Charlotte forced her way through the French line so close to the stem of the Montagne that the ensign on the French flag-staff brushed the Queen Charlotte's shrouds. As the Queen Charlotte thus passed, she poured a crushing broadside into the Montagne's stern, but could not round to and engage her as intended, as the Jacobin, a French eighty-four, which was next the Montagne in their line, had, just as the Queen Charlotte came on, quitted her position in order to avoid the raking fire which Howe's ship would have poured into her bows, if she had kept her place. She slipped to leeward of the Montagne, into the very position which the Queen Charlotte meant to occupy. The master of Howe's ship succeeded in placing her so as to ply both her broadsides with great effect on the two French vessels. The close firing between the Queen Charlotte and her two opponents began at a little after nine o'clock, and at nearly the same time the action became general along the line.

Unfortunately, only five of Howe's ships followed the example which he had so bravely given of forcing their way through the enemy's line and engaging to leeward. The rest of our fleet, to the infinite mortification of Howe, engaged their respective adversaries to windward, thus allowing the French, when beaten, to go off before the wind. But, notwithstanding the failures in the British manœuvre, a decisive victory was obtained. After fighting manfully for about an hour, the French Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse gave way, and stood off to the northward, and was followed by all the ships in his van that could carry sail. He left ten of his ships, almost all of them totally dismasted, and nearly surrounded by the English. But the uninjured state of some of the French ships, which still continued the engagement, and the dispersed and crippled condition of a part of the British squadron, (among others Lord Howe's own ship,) enabled many of the French to escape, though the only canvass three of them could spread was a small sail raised on the stump of the foremast. The retreat of these ships was covered by Villaret-Joyeuse, who, having lain to leeward and repaired his damages, brought up eleven or twelve of his ships, which had lost none of their masts, to the succour of his dismasted ones. Seven, however, of the French line-of-battle-ships were abandoned to their fate. Six of these were taken possession of by the English; but the Vengeur had received too many shots between wind and

water to remain a prize. She filled, and went down in deep water almost as soon as the English flag was hoisted on her. After securing his six other prizes, and giving assistance to the most shattered of his own ships, Lord Howe made the signal for the fleet to close round him. This was done with the intention of again attacking Villaret-Joyeuse. The French Admiral, however, aimed at nothing but securing his own retreat: he collected his nineteen sail-of-the-line, and made away for the coast of Brittany.

Some of our naval writers have censured Lord Howe's victory as incomplete, and have compared it with the utter destruction which Nelson used to inflict on an enemy. But it must be remembered that Howe had not such captains to back him up as Nelson had. If Howe's orders had been obeyed, in all probability not a French ship would have escaped; for though the Republican seamen showed great courage, they could not stand the fighting at close quarters. We should remember that the English navy, at the commencement of the war, was not what St. Vincent and Nelson gradually made it. There is an excellent work by Captain La Graviere,[5] a French officer, (now serving in the Indian Seas,) in which the progressive improvement of the English navy and the progressive deterioration of the French, as the war went on, are admirably pointed out and explained. In truth, Lord Howe's victory, coming at the very beginning of hostilities, was of incalculable importance. It gave our sailors the enthusiasm and confidence of success; and it went far in giving the youth of Republican France a dislike for the sea-service; which, if they had won the first battle, might have become popular, and might have produced almost as many distinguished leaders among them as their revolutionary army did.

Lord Howe was received in England after his victory with merited honour. He was now seventy years of age, and his robust constitution, which had been so long and so severely tried, at last began to fail. He lived, however, to do his country good service in winning back, by judicious kindness, many of our seamen to their duty in the time of the mutinies at the Nore and Spithead. He died of gout, which he had driven to his head by trying to cure it by electricity, on the 5th of August, 1799. (*Barrow's Life of Howe.—James's Naval History.*)

[5] Translated by Captain Plunkett.

GEORGE CANNING.

On commencing the memoir of a statesman whose fate still forms a topic of angry controversy between contending politicians, and much of whose career is well remembered, even by those among us who have scarcely attained to middle age, I feel the difficulty of keeping clear of present party politics, and yet treating my subject with the earnestness and the care which are due to the genius of Canning. In this, and some other biographical sketches which yet remain, before I close my list of Etonian statesmen,

> Incedo per ignes
> Suppositos cineri doloso,

and I must strictly restrain my pen to a statement of facts with but few comments; and I shall prefer to give those comments in the words of others to employing my own.

George Canning was born in London on the 11th of April, 1770. He was descended of an ancient and respectable family; but in the first year of his infancy his father died, leaving his wife and little son wholly unprovided for.

The early education of Mr. Canning was superintended by his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, a London merchant, who died a short time before his nephew went to the university. His grandfather also settled on him a small Irish estate, the income from which, though quite inadequate as a provision for life, was of great service as a fund for his education.

At twelve years of age George Canning was sent to Eton, where he was placed in the Remove, and where he remained till the age of seventeen. He was soon distinguished among his contemporaries at Eton as a sedulous as well as a brilliant student. He was keenly susceptible to emulation, and early felt the pleasure and the pride of being foremost in each intellectual contest, and also early learned and practised the steady discipline by which alone such success can be secured. Those who were near him in the school at Eton concur in describing him as possessing great quickness in mastering whatever he undertook to learn; as a boy of frank, generous, and conciliatory disposition, and of a bold, manly,

and unflinching spirit. The beauty of his Latin versification obtained him great distinction, and some of his compositions are preserved in the "Musæ Etonenses." It was not in the composition of Latin only that he showed his youthful ability. In connexion with some of the other leading boys in the school Canning projected the "Microcosm," a literary periodical, of which he was editor, in the pages of which his earlier English writing appeared. Several of these are of considerable merit, even when viewed without reference to their being the productions of a boy. One copy of verses on the Slavery of Greece has often been referred to, as showing how early Canning was zealous for that liberation of Greece from the Turkish yoke, which one of the last public acts of his life did much to accomplish.

At the close of the last essay which Canning contributed to the "Microcosm," he there expressed his love for Eton. "From her [Eton] to have sucked the 'milk of science,' to have contracted for her a pious fondness and veneration, which will blend me for ever to her interests, and perhaps to have improved by my earnest endeavours the younger part of the present generation, is to me a source of infinite pride and satisfaction."

Canning never lost his affectionate feelings for Eton; and when years had matured his judgment, he thus expressed his deliberate opinion of the value of a public-school education:—"Foreigners often ask, 'by what means an uninterrupted succession of men, qualified more or less eminently for the performance of united parliamentary and official duties, is secured.' First, I answer, that we owe it to our system of public schools and universities. From these institutions is derived (in the language of the prayer of our collegiate churches) 'a due supply of men fitted to serve their country both in Church and State.' It is in her public schools and universities that the youths of England are, by a discipline, which shallow judgments have sometimes attempted to undervalue, prepared for the duties of public life. There are rare and splendid exceptions, to be sure; but in my conscience I believe, that England would not be what she is, without her system of public education; and that no other country can become what England is, without the advantages of such a system."

At seventeen Mr. Canning left Eton for Christchurch, Oxford, where he more than sustained the reputation he had acquired at Eton. His course through the university was equally marked by

severe study and honourable distinction, and few statesmen have gathered from books so much actual, practical, and available knowledge of men. He there, among other connexions, formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, which had an important influence over his after-life.

Canning's college vacations were sometimes passed in the house of Sheridan, who took a lively interest in his fortunes, and introduced him to Mr. Fox, Lord John Townsend, the Duchess of Devonshire, and other leading persons, who were almost exclusively of the Whig party in politics.

Sheridan thought most highly of Canning's abilities, and, it is said, went the length of boasting in parliament of the brilliant recruit that was about to be added to the Whig party. There does not, however, appear to be any ground for asserting that Canning had ever shown any bias towards Sheridan's politics; certainly he cannot be taxed with ever having publicly professed them. His natural inclination seems to have been towards the school of Pitt, who, it is to be remarked, was in favour of Catholic Emancipation; and held, on many other subjects, views far different to those entertained by many who, both before and after his death, have called themselves his genuine followers.

Canning, on leaving Oxford, had entered at Lincoln's Inn; but his legal studies were soon abandoned for the brilliant political career that was opened to him. Mr. Pitt had heard of Canning's talents, and especially of the high powers of oratory which he had displayed in debating societies at Oxford, and afterwards in London. Mr. Pitt, through a private channel, communicated his desire to see Mr. Canning. With this requisition Mr. Canning, of course, readily complied. Mr. Pitt proceeded, immediately on their meeting, to declare to Mr. Canning the object of his requesting an interview with him; which was to state, that he had heard of Mr. Canning's reputation as a scholar and a speaker, and that, if he concurred in the policy which government was then pursuing, arrangements would be made to facilitate his introduction into Parliament. After a full explanation between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, of the feelings of each on all the important public questions of the moment, the result was, on Mr. Canning's part, the determination to connect himself politically with Mr. Pitt; and, on the part of Mr. Pitt, the offer of a seat in parliament. Accordingly, in 1793, at the age of three-and-twenty, Mr. Canning

having relinquished his legal studies, was brought into parliament by Mr. Pitt, and took his seat on the ministerial benches for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Canning's first care was to make himself well acquainted with the forms and usages of the House of Commons, and he prudently refrained from speaking during the first session that he sat in parliament. In January, 1794, he first ventured to address the House, and showed such powers as commanded respect and general attention. The subject of the debate on which he spoke was a treaty (coupled with a subsidy from England) with the King of Sardinia, to enable his Majesty to resist the invasion of Piedmont by the French. During the session, and the session of 1795, Mr. Canning spoke frequently, and at times was left by Mr. Pitt to bear the brunt of a formidable debate. At this time he supported the temporary suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and declared himself against parliamentary reform.

In 1796 Mr. Canning received the appointment of Under-Secretary of State. He now devoted himself assiduously to the duties of his office, but continued to be Pitt's ready and resolute auxiliary or substitute in the debates. In 1798 he made a speech which produced great effect, and added very much to his reputation, in reply to Mr. Tierney's motion respecting peace with France. The House was not the only arena of political warfare in which Canning exercised his wit and sarcasm at the expense of the favourers (real or supposed) of French democracy. In connexion with Frere, Giffard, and others, he started the "Anti-Jacobin," a periodical, in which every one who manifested either in speech, poetry, or prose-writing, or in vote, or in any way, a love of change, any admiration for anything connected with France, or a disbelief in the perfection of the existing state of things in England, was satirised, burlesqued, parodied, and held up as a laughing-stock to the public.

Canning was the chief support of this witty, but bitter, and frequently most unfair, periodical. The best known of his compositions in it, is "The Needy Knifegrinder;" but perhaps the following comical lampoon upon "Young Germany," as it even then began to display itself, though the name was not yet known, may serve as a fair specimen of his style in this literary warfare:—

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true,
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen.
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet 'kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen.
—niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift ye flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view,
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen.
—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins are clotting in;
My years are many, they were few
When first I enter'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen.
—niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
—tor, law professor of the U—
—niversity of Gottingen.
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water-gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen.
—niversity of Gottingen.

Mr. Canning bent the full force of his abilities to the promotion of the Union with Ireland, and he was from first to last the famed, the eloquent, and the consistent advocate of Catholic Emancipation. He also made himself honourably eminent by his efforts in co-operation with Mr. Wilberforce against the African slave trade. He was appointed one of the commissioners for managing the affairs of India; and in 1800 he married Joanna, the youngest daughter of General John Scott, of Balcomie, an officer who had

acquired great wealth. This union made Mr. Canning perfectly independent of place, for his wife's fortune exceeded 100,000*l.* On the dissolution of Mr. Pitt's cabinet in 1801, Mr. Canning retired with the rest, and attacked Mr. Addington's ministry both within and without Parliament with all his varied armoury of eloquence, parody, and lampoon. Mr. Canning has been severely censured for this part of his political life; and it is but fair to observe that he justified his hostility to Mr. Addington as a minister, on the ground of the perilous nature of the struggle in which we were then engaged against Napoleon, and of the imperious necessity of having a master-mind to direct our councils. He strongly and eloquently expressed this in one of the debates of that period.

"If," said he, "I am forced to speak my opinion, I have no disguise nor reservation. I do think that this is a time when the administration of the government ought to be in the ablest and fittest hands. I do not think that the hands in which it is now placed answers to that description. I do not pretend to conceal in what quarter I think that fitness most eminently resides. I do not subscribe to the doctrines which have been advanced, that in times like the present the fitness of individuals for their political situations is no part of the consideration to which a member of Parliament may fairly turn his attention. I know not a more solemn or important duty that a member of Parliament can have to discharge, than by giving, at fit seasons, a free opinion upon the character and qualities of public men. Away with the cant of 'measures, not men!' the idle supposition, that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draws the chariot along! No, sir, if the comparison must be made,—if the distinction must be taken,—men are everything, measures comparatively nothing. I speak, sir, of times of difficulty and danger,—of times when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is, that not to this or that measure, however prudently devised, however blameless in execution, but to the energy and character of individuals, a state must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall in proportion as they are upheld;—not by well-meant endeavours, (laudable though they may be,) but by commanding, overawing talents, by able men. And what is the nature of the times in which we live? Look at France, and see what we have to cope with, and consider what has made her

what she is?—A man! You will tell me that she was great, and powerful, and formidable, before the date of Bonaparte's government,—that he found in her great physical and moral resources,—that he had but to turn them to account. True; and he did so. Compare the situation in which he found France, to that which he has raised her to. I am no panegyrist of Bonaparte; but I cannot shut my eyes to the superiority of his talents,—to the amazing ascendant of his genius. Tell me not of his measures and his policy. It is his genius—his character—that keeps the world in awe."

On Mr. Pitt's return to office, in 1804, Mr. Canning was named Treasurer of the Navy. In 1805 he defended Lord Melville, the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, who was accused by Mr. Whitbread and others of having made an unfair use of public money. Canning's defence of his friend was eloquent and skilful, but it failed. Mr. Pitt died in January, 1806. Canning ever retained a just gratitude and admiration for the great minister, to whom he owed his own political existence. His tributes to the memory of Pitt were frequent, eloquent, and sincere; and one of them, which was uttered after both Pitt and Fox were gone, deserves quotation for the credit which it does to Canning's good feeling, as well as to his oratorical ability. Mr. Sheridan, in the debates on the Regency resolutions, in 1811, had spoken harshly and severely of Pitt; and Canning, in reply, said,—

"Sir, I have heard these things from my right honourable friend, Mr. Sheridan, with peculiar pain: but he is not the first that has resorted to this singular species of reasoning. What advantage any man, or any set of men, can propose to themselves from substituting for argument upon the question now actually under discussion, attacks upon the characters of persons now no more, and particularly (what from my right honourable friend I should have expected less than from any other) upon the memory of that great man, who bore a principal part in the proceedings of that period, I am utterly at a loss to imagine. Can it be necessary in our present difficult and distressing situation—a situation sufficiently full of divisions and distractions—to rake up the ashes of the dead, for the purpose of kindling new flames among the living? For my own part, I have the satisfaction to feel, that such is neither my opinion nor my practice. No man can accuse me of having ever gone out of my way, in any discussion in this

House, to speak with disrespect of those who differed from Mr. Pitt when living, and who are now gathered together with him in the peace and shelter of the grave. For myself, and I hope from all those who have imbibed their political sentiments from the same master, I can confidently say, that we do not desire to erect an altar to the object of our veneration, with materials picked from the sepulchral monument of his rival. The character of him whom we reverence and regret, we are satisfied, may safely be suffered to rest upon its positive merits. It shines without contrast;—its lustre is all its own, and requires not the extinction of the reputations of others to make it blaze with a brighter flame.

"I cannot—I own I cannot—conceive the feelings and policy of those who pursue an opposite system. I cannot understand the wisdom of reviving, at this moment, those party heats, and political and personal animosities, which the hand of death, one should have thought, might well be allowed to have closed; and which the progress of time might of itself be supposed to have obliterated. Is this the foretaste which the honourable and the right honourable gentlemen opposite think fit to give of the spirit in which their new government is to be conducted? Entering upon a new scene of things, in which, even if they could forget and cause to be forgotten every subsisting hostility, every partiality and prejudice, by which the political men now living are divided, they would still have difficulties enough to encounter; do they think their administration requires any additional embarrassment? Or do they think that it will be a facility to it that they should array against themselves the wishes and the feelings of every man in this House and in the country who shares those sentiments, which it is my pride and satisfaction to cherish and to avow for my late illustrious and venerated friend? I doubt, sir, if an undeserved attack upon that great man can add anything to the strength of their future government; I am sure it adds nothing to the force of their arguments on the question now before us.

"....Mr. Pitt, it seems, was not a great man. Is it then that we live in such heroic times,—that the present is a race of such gigantic talents and qualities as to render those of Mr. Pitt, in the comparison, ordinary and contemptible? Who, then, is the man now living,—is there any man now sitting in this House, who, by taking the measure of his own mind, or of that of any of his contemporaries, can feel himself justified in pronouncing that

Mr. Pitt was not a great man? I admire, as much as any man, the abilities and ingenuity of the honourable and learned gentleman who promulgated this opinion. I do not deny to him many of the qualities which go to constitute the character which he has described. But I think I may defy all his ingenuity to frame any definition of that character which shall not apply to Mr. Pitt, —to trace any circle of greatness from which Mr. Pitt shall be excluded.

"I have no manner of objection to see placed on the same pedestal with Mr. Pitt, for the admiration of the present age and of posterity, other distinguished men, and amongst them his great rival, whose memory is, I have no doubt, as dear to the honourable gentlemen opposite, as that of Mr. Pitt is to those who loved him living, and who revere him dead. But why should the admiration of one be incompatible with justice to the other? Why cannot we cherish the remembrance of the respective objects of our veneration, leaving to each other a similar freedom? For my own part, I disclaim such a spirit of intolerance. Be it the boast and characteristic of the school of Pitt, that however provoked by illiberal and unjust attacks upon his memory, whether in speeches in this House, or in calumnies out of it, they will never so far forget the respect due to him or to themselves, as to be betrayed into reciprocal illiberality and injustice, that they disdain to retaliate upon the memory of Mr. Pitt's great rival."

In April, 1807, Canning was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At the end of two years he resigned that office, in consequence of a quarrel with his colleague, Lord Castlereagh, respecting the Walcheren expedition. In 1814 he was sent as ambassador to Portugal, and in 1816 he was made President of the Board of Control.

In 1820 he resigned office in consequence of the proceedings instituted against Queen Caroline, of which he strongly disapproved. In 1822 he was appointed Governor-General of India, and was on the eve of embarking, when he was suddenly informed that Lord Castlereagh had died by his own hand; and Mr. Canning was entreated to resume his place in the cabinet. He now once more became Secretary of State for the Foreign Department; and he entered on a career of foreign policy which startled and offended many at the time, but which now commands the admiration of almost all who review it.

He boldly recognised the new States of South America, as independent States; and though he declined to plunge the country into a war, in order to support the liberals of Spain against the intervention of the French who had marched to re-instate Ferdinand the Seventh as unlimited despot at Madrid, he on that occasion announced England's true position, and true mission to be henceforth neither the indiscriminating supporter of intolerance and ancient abuse throughout the world, nor the Quixotic champion of insurrection, but to be the moderator between the two warring principles, and to show herself the pacific and rational friend of national civilisation and progress. His words had deep significance then; to us who have seen 1848, they are even still more full of wisdom and warning. In the debate on the 28th of April, 1823, on the negotiations relative to Spain, he thus concluded a long and able speech, in which he fully exposed the true nature of the conduct of the French Bourbons, and discussed the awful chances of a general European war:—

"I come next to consider the situation of this country. And first, as to our ability for the undertaking of a war. I have already said, that the country is yet rich enough in resources—in means—in strength—to engage in any contest to which national honour may call her; but I must at the same time be allowed to say, that her strength has very recently been strained to the utmost; that her means are at that precise stage of recovery which makes it most desirable that the progress of that recovery should not be interrupted; that her resources, now in a course of rapid reproduction, would, by any sudden check, be thrown into a disorder more deep and difficult of cure. It is in reference to this particular condition of the country, that I said on a former evening, what the honourable member for Surrey (Mr. Holme Sumner) has since done me the honour to repeat, 'If we are to be driven into war sooner or later, let it be later:' let it be after we have had time to turn, as it were, the corner of our difficulties; after we shall have retrieved a little more effectively our exhausted resources, and have assured ourselves of means and strength, not only to begin, but to keep up the conflict, if necessary, for an indefinite period of time.

"For let no man flatter himself that a war now entered upon would be a short one. Have we so soon forgotten the course and progress of the last war? For my part, I remember well the anticipations with which it began. I remember hearing a man,

who will be allowed to have been distinguished by as great sagacity as ever belonged to the most consummate statesman—I remember hearing Mr. Pitt, not in his place in Parliament, (where it might have been his object and his duty to animate zeal and to encourage hope,) but in the privacy of his domestic circle, among the friends in whom he confided—I remember well hearing him say, in 1793, that he expected that war to be of very short duration. That duration ran out to a period beyond the life of him who made the prediction. It outlived his successor, and the successors of that successor, and at length came suddenly and unexpectedly to an end, through a combination of miraculous events, such as the most sanguine imagination could not have anticipated. With that example full in my recollection, I could not act upon the presumption that a new war, once begun, would be speedily ended. Let no such expectation induce us to enter a path, which, however plain and clear it may appear at the outset of the journey, we should presently see branching into intricacies, and becoming encumbered with obstructions, until we were involved in a labyrinth, from which not we ourselves only, but the generation to come, might in vain endeavour to find the means of extrication.

"For the confirmation of these observations I appeal to that which I have stated as the last of the considerations in reference to which the policy of the British government was calculated—I mean, to the present state of the world. No man can witness with more delight than I do, the widening diffusion of political liberty. Acknowledging all the blessings which we have long derived from liberty ourselves, I do not grudge to others a participation in them. I would not prohibit other nations from kindling their torches at the flame of British freedom. But let us not deceive ourselves. The general acquisition of free institutions is not necessarily a security for general peace. I am obliged to confess that its immediate tendency is the other way. Take an example from France herself. The Representative Chamber of France has undoubtedly been the source of those hostilities, which I should not have despaired of seeing averted through the pacific disposition of the French King. Look at the democracies of the ancient world. Their existence, I may say, was in war. Look at the petty republics of Italy in more modern times. In truth, long intervals of profound peace are much more readily to be found under settlements of a monarchical form. Did the republic of Rome, in the

whole career of her existence, enjoy an interval of peace of as long duration as that which this country enjoyed under the administration of Sir Robert Walpole?—and that interval, be it remembered, was broken short through the instigation of popular feeling. I am not saying that this is right or wrong—but that it is so. It is in the very nature of free governments, and more especially, perhaps, of governments newly free. The principle which for centuries has given ascendancy to Great Britain, is that she was the single free state in Europe. The spread of the representative system destroys that singularity, and must (however little we may like it) proportionably enfeeble our preponderating influence, unless we measure our steps cautiously, and accommodate our conduct to the times. Let it not be supposed that I would disparage the progress of freedom, that I wish checks to be applied to it, or that I am pleased at the sight of obstacles thrown in its way. Far, very far from it. I am only desiring it to be observed, that we cannot expect to enjoy at the same time incompatible advantages. Freedom must ever be the greatest of blessings; but it ceases to be a distinction, in proportion as other nations become free.

"But, sir, this is only a partial view of the subject; and one to which I have been led by the unreasonable expectations of those who, while they make loud complaints of the diplomacy of England, as less commanding than heretofore, unconsciously specify the very causes which necessarily diminish and counteract its efficacy.

"There are, however, other considerations to which I beg leave to turn the attention of the House.

"It is perfectly true, as has been argued by more than one honourable member in this debate, that there is a contest going on in the world, between the spirit of unlimited monarchy and the spirit of unlimited democracy. Between these two spirits, it may be said that strife is either openly in action, or covertly at work, throughout the greater portion of Europe. It is true, as has also been argued, that in no former period in history is there so close a resemblance to the present, as in that of the Reformation. So far my honourable and learned friend (Sir J. Mackintosh) and the honourable baronet (Sir F. Burdett) were justified in holding up Queen Elizabeth's reign as an example for our study. The honourable member for Westminster, too, has observed, that in imitation of Queen Elizabeth's policy, the proper place for this country, in the present state of the world, is at the head of free nations

struggling against arbitrary power. Sir, undoubtedly there is, as I have admitted, a general resemblance between the two periods; forasmuch as in both we see a conflict of opinions, and in both a bond of union growing out of those opinions, which establishes, between parts and classes of different nations, a stricter communion than belongs to community of country. It is true—it is, I own I think, a formidable truth—that in this respect the two periods do resemble each other. But though there is this general similarity, there is one circumstance which mainly distinguishes the present time from the reign of Elizabeth; and which, though by no means unimportant in itself, has been overlooked by all those to whose arguments I am now referring. Elizabeth was herself amongst the revolters against the authority of the Church of Rome; but we are not amongst those who are engaged in a struggle against the spirit of unlimited monarchy. We have fought that fight. We have taken our station. We have long ago assumed a character differing altogether from that of those around us. It may have been the duty and the interest of Queen Elizabeth to make common cause with—to put herself at the head of—those who supported the Reformation; but can it be either our interest or our duty to ally ourselves with revolution? Let us be ready to afford refuge to the sufferers of either extreme party; but it is not surely our policy to become the associate of either. Our situation now is rather what that of Elizabeth *would have been*, if the Church of England had been, in her time, already completely established in uncontested supremacy; acknowledged as a legitimate settlement, unassailed and unassailable by papal power. Does my honourable and learned friend believe that the policy of Elizabeth would in that case have been the same?

"Now, our complex constitution is established with so happy a mixture of its elements—its tempered monarchy and its regulated freedom—that we have nothing to fear from foreign despotism—nothing at home but from capricious change. We have nothing to fear, unless, distasteful of the blessings which we have earned, and of the calm which we enjoy, we let loose again, with rash hand, the elements of our constitution, and set them once more to fight against each other. In this enviable situation, what have we in common with the struggles which are going on in other countries, for the attainment of objects of which we have been long in undisputed possession? We look down upon those

struggles from the point to which we have happily attained, not with the cruel delight which is described by the poet, as arising from the contemplation of agitations in which the spectator is not exposed to share, but with an anxious desire to mitigate, to enlighten, to reconcile, to save—by our example in all cases—by our exertions where we can usefully interpose.

"Our station then, is essentially neutral,—neutral not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles. The object of the government has been to preserve that station; and for the purpose of preserving it, to maintain peace."

On another occasion, about this time, Canning nobly pointed out England's position, England's duty, and also England's power, which some thought to have been set at defiance by the absolutist continental powers. He was returning thanks for the freedom of the borough of Plymouth, which had been conferred on him during a visit which he paid to that well-known seat of our naval power.

"Our present repose," he observed, "is no more a proof of our inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness,—how soon, on any call of patriotism or necessity, it wonld assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion,—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage,—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. As is one of these magnificent machines, when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself. While apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise! After a war, sustained for nearly a quarter of a century,—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arrayed at times against her, or at her side,—England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without misconstruction. Long may we be enabled, gentlemen, to improve the blessings of our present situation,—to cultivate the arts of peace,—to give to commerce, now reviving, greater extension and new spheres of employment,—

and to confirm the prosperity now generally diffused throughout this island."

Canning's words were no empty boasts. In December, 1826, when the Spanish absolute King attempted by force to overthrow the constitutional government of our ancient ally, Portugal, the Foreign Secretary instantly despatched an English force to Lisbon, to stop this insolent aggression. The speech in which Canning announced this expedition to Parliament is perhaps the noblest that he ever made. After referring to his desire and maintenance of peace, when the French entered Spain, four years before, Canning proceeded: "I then said that I feared that the next war which should be kindled in Europe would be a war, not so much of armies as of opinions. Not four years have elapsed, and behold my apprehensions realised! It is, to be sure, within narrow limits that this war of opinion is at present confined; but it is a war of opinion that Spain (whether as government or as nation) is now waging against Portugal. It is a war which has commenced in hatred of the new institutions of Portugal. How long is it reasonable to expect that Portugal will abstain from retaliation? If into that war this country shall be compelled to enter, we shall enter into it with a sincere and anxious desire to mitigate, rather than exasperate; and to mingle only in the conflict of arms, not in the more fatal conflict of opinions. But I much fear that this country (however earnestly she may endeavour to avoid it) could not, in such a case, avoid seeing ranked under her banners all the restless and dissatisfied of any nation with which she might come in conflict. It is the contemplation of this new power, in any future war, which excites my most anxious apprehension. It is one thing to have a giant's strength, but it would be another to use it like a giant. The consciousness of such strength is, undoubtedly, a source of confidence and security; but in the situation in which this country stands, our business is not to seek opportunities of displaying it, but to content ourselves with letting the professors of violent and exaggerated doctrines on both sides feel, that it is not their interest to convert an umpire into an adversary." After describing the position of England, as keeping in check the passions of the world, and the horror of the scene, if she were to descend from her post of arbitrament to lead the conflict, he continued: "This, then, is the reason,—a reason very different from fear—the reverse of a consciousness of disability,—why I dread the recurrence of hosti-

lities in any part of Europe,—why I would bear much, and would forbear long,—why I would (as I have said) put up with almost anything that did not touch national faith and national honour, rather than let slip the Furies of War, the leash of which we hold in our hands, not knowing whom they may reach, or how far their ravages may be carried. Such is the love of peace which the British government acknowledges; and such the necessity for peace which the circumstances of the world inculcate. I will push these topics no further."

These words of Canning thrilled far and wide throughout the world; and the expression of these sentiments made his countrymen think that they again had to guide the destiny of England a national and not a party statesman. These speeches, supported by corresponding actions, won for Canning the hearts of all England; save those of a few implacable politicians in the extreme of each great party. Some of these were startled and indignant at what they deemed the new-born and spurious liberalism exhibited by the Foreign Secretary; the others sternly remembered Canning's anti-reform harangues and anti-liberal lampoons, and prepared themselves to stand haughtily aloof if he ever should claim their sympathy or need their co-operation.

On the 18th of February, 1827, Lord Liverpool became incapacitated through illness from any further discharge of public duty, and in the April following all Europe heard with the keenest interest that George Canning was Prime Minister of England.

An immediate breaking up of the old party phalanx in which and for which Canning had so long combated, was the result. The greater part of his former colleagues refused to sit with him, and went into lamentably violent opposition: on the other hand, many of his old adversaries joined him; and when Parliament re-assembled in May, each of the former great camps seemed broken up, and the Minister appeared at the head of a band recruited from all quarters to struggle against that rancorous and savage opposition with which contending statesmen of the present time too often goad a rival Minister even to death, forgetful that the day may come when they may themselves be similarly circumstanced, and may have cause to deprecate the same remorseless persecution.

I have read in one biography of Canning, that in 1806, when Fox was sinking under illness and the burden of office, the vehement and incessant attacks of Canning contributed much to wear him

down to the grave. If this were so, there was a bitter retribution for it in Canning's sufferings twenty years afterwards: and some may think that other stages in the recurring series of the infliction and the endurance of such persecution have since that time been witnessed.

On the 2nd of July, 1827, the short but stormy session was ended. Canning's voice had been heard four days before for the last time that Parliament. The closing scenes of the great man's life have been so beautifully described, and his character drawn so forcibly (and I believe in most points justly) by the recent historian of the Thirty Years' Peace, that I gladly decline the painful and difficult duty of employing expressions of my own on these still contested topics. Harriet Martineau, after narrating the close of the session of 1827, says,—

"The time was now come for repose to many who greatly needed it after the excitement of a most stormy session, during which, if there was little done, there was more felt and said than some had strength of body and mind to bear. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson were both very ill. Mr. Huskisson was ordered abroad by his physicians. Mr. Canning could not, of course, leave his post: and those who watched him with the almost idolatrous affection which he inspired in all who were near to him, saw that no outward repose could be sufficient for his needs. Time was the only healer that could avail him; for his oppression was of the mind. He keenly felt the loneliness of his position,—estranged from those who had always been his comrades, and whom he loved with all the capacity of his large heart; obliged to bear with their misconstruction, more painful to him than the insults of their followers; and prevented by former passages of his life, and by many ghosts of departed sarcasms of his own, from throwing himself into intimacy with his new coadjutors. He had a bitter sense of loneliness on the pinnacle of his power; and bitter was it to bear alone the remembrance of the usage he had met with during the last few weeks. Time and success would set all right. Of success he was certain; for he was not one who failed in his enterprises. Whether time would aid him depended on whether his bodily forces would hold out. Those who looked at his care-worn face and enfeebled frame trembled and doubted: but here were some months before him of the finest season of the year, and it would be seen what they could do for him.—A week

after the dispersion of Parliament, he dined with Lord Lyndhurst at Wimbledon, and sat down under a tree while warm with walking; and upon this followed a feverish cold and rheumatism. On the 18th, Mr. Huskisson called to take leave before his continental journey, and found him in bed. He looked so ill, that his friend observed that he seemed the most in need of change and relaxation; to which Mr. Canning replied, 'O! it is only the reflection of the yellow linings of the curtains.' Mr. Huskisson went abroad the next day, to be brought back by the news of his friend's death.—Two days after this last interview, Mr. Canning removed to the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick, where Fox died, and inhabited the very room. He did not gain strength, though he attended to business, and on the 25th dined with Lord Clanricarde. He complained of weakness, and went home early. On the 30th he waited upon the King, who was so alarmed at his appearance, that he sent his own physician to him. Some friends dined with him the next day. He retired early, and never left his bed again. His illness—internal inflammation—was torturing, dreadful to witness; but there was yet much strength left, for he lived till the 8th of August. On the 5th, the Sunday before his death, he desired his daughter to read prayers, according to his custom when he could not attend church. His agony ceased some time before his death, when mortification had set in. It was a little before four in the morning of Wednesday, the 8th of August, when he breathed his last.

"For some few days before, the nation had been on the watch in fearful apprehension of the news; but yet the consternation was as great as if this man had been supposed immortal. Multitudes felt that the life most important to the world of the whole existing generation had passed away. It was a life in which men had put their trust,—(more trust than should perhaps be put in any life,)—from the isles of Greece to the ridges of the Andes. When those who had by their persecution sapped that life now awoke to a sense of its importance, they must have been amazed at themselves that they could have indulged spleen and passion in such a case, and have gratified their own prejudices and tempers at so fatal a cost. But thus it is when men serve instead of mastering their prejudices and passions;—they know not what they do: and if they discover what they have done, it is because

it is too late. All the honour that could be given now was given. All the political coteries, the whole country, the whole continent, the whole world echoed with eulogy of the departed statesman. From the most superficial and narrow-minded of his critics, who could comprehend nothing beyond the charm which invested the man, to the worthiest of his appreciators, who were sensible of the grandeur of his intellect and the nobility of his soul, all now joined in grief and in praise; and none with a more painful wringing of the heart than those who had but lately learned his greatness, and the promise that it bore.

"Mr. Canning was fifty-six years of age. He was borne to his grave in the Abbey on the 16th of August. His family wished his funeral to be as private as the funeral of such a man could be; and they declined the attendance of several public bodies and a multitude of individuals: but yet the streets were so thronged (in a deluge of rain) that a way was made with difficulty; and the Abbey was filled: and the grief of the mourners next the coffin hardly exceeded that which was evident in the vast crowd outside. The next morning, the King bestowed a peerage on Mr. Canning's widow. Statues of the departed statesman, and monuments, exist in many places in the world: and it is well; but the niche in history where the world holds the mind of the man enshrined for ever, is his only worthy monument.

"One of the strongest evidences of Mr. Canning's power is the different light in which he appeared to the men about him and to us. His accomplishments were so brilliant, his graces so exquisite, his wit so dazzling, that all observers were completely occupied by these, so as to be almost insensible to the qualities of mind which are most impressive to us who never saw his face. To us he is, as Lord Holland called him, 'the first logician in Europe.' To us he is the thoughtful, calm, earnest, quiet statesman, sending forth from his office the most simple and business-like despatches, as free from pomp and noise as if they were a message from some pure intelligence. We believe and know all that can be told of his sensibility, his mirth, and the passion of his nature: and we see no reason for doubting it, as, in genius of a high order,—in Fox, for instance,—the logic and the sensibility are so intimately united, that in proportion as the emotions kindle and glow, the reason distils a purer and a yet purer truth. But to us, to whom the fire is out, there remains

the essence; and by that we judge him. We hear of his enthusiasms, kindling easily at all times, but especially on the apprehension of great ideas: but what we see is, that no favourite ideas led him away from a steady regard to the realities of his time. We hear of his unquenchable fancy; but we see that it never beguiled him from taking a statesmanlike view of the society spread out below him, and waiting upon his administration of the powers of the government. He was one of the most practical of statesmen; and herein lay one of the most indisputable evidences of his genius. His genius, however, never was questioned. There might be, and there were, men who disparaged genius itself in its application to politics; but there were none who doubted Canning's having it,—whatever it might be worth.

"His faults were, not only unworthy of his genius, as all faults are, but of a nature which it is not easy to reconcile with genius of so high an order as his. Some of them, at least, were so. We may be able to allow for the confidence, and the spirit of enterprise—of adventure,—which helped to obtain for him the name of 'adventurer;'—the spirit which sprang into the political amphitheatre, ready for the combat on all hands, and thinking at first more of the combat than the cause: we can allow for this, because time showed how, when he knew life and its seriousness better, the cause of any principle became every thing to him, and the combat, a thing not to be sought, however joyfully it may be met. The name of 'adventurer' can never be given to him who resigned office rather than take part against the Queen, and gave up his darling hope of representing his University in order to befriend the Catholic cause. He was truly adventurous in these acts, but with the self-denial of the true hero.

"We may allow, again, for the spirit of contempt, which was another of his attributes, least worthy of his genius. It was but partial; for no man was more capable of reverence; and much of his ridicule regarded fashions and follies, and affectations of virtue and vice: but still, there was too much of it. It did visit persons; and it did wound honest or innocent feeling, as well as exasperate some whose weakness was a plea for generous treatment. For this fault, however, he paid a high penalty,—he underwent an ample retribution. Again, we may allow for some of his political acts,—such as countenancing restrictions on the press,—from the

consideration of the temper and character of the times, and of his politieal comrades; but they necessarily detract from our estimate of his statesmanship.

"The same may be said about Parliamentary Reform. It is exactly those who most highly honour the advocates of Reform of Parliament who can most easily see into the difficulties, and understand the opposition, of the anti-reformers in Parliament. But there is no knowing what to say about Mr. Canning's opposition to the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts. He knew the facts of the case, of course:—his advocacy of the Catholic claims shows that he knew the principle of it. His inconsistency in this case must be regarded as one of the waywardnesses,—one of the faults, at once intellectual and moral (for he alleged no reasons,—no plea which he himself would call reasonable)—which are the links that bind down even the greatest to their condition of human frailty.—As for all the rest of him, he was worthy of his endowments and his great function in life. He was an excellent son to his mother, who died, happily for herself, before him,—in March of the same year. He was nearly as large an object in the mental vision of all the leading men of his time as in that of his proud mother, or of his adoring family and private friends. His mind and his name did indeed occupy a great space in the world, from the year 1822 till his death: and when he was gone, there was a general sensation of forlornness throughout the nation which made the thoughtful ponder how such dismay could be caused by the withdrawal of one from amidst its multitude of men." (*Memoir prefixed to Speeches.—Bell's Life of Canning.—Pictorial History, &c. &c.*)

WILLIAM WINDHAM.

William Windham, son of Colonel Windham of Felbrigge, was born in the year 1750. From the age of seven to sixteen he was at Eton school; thence he went to the University of Glasgow for one year, and from thence to Oxford as a Gentleman-commoner of University College. He left Oxford in 1771.

Mr. Windham was in early life on intimate terms with Dr. Johnson, who felt and professed the strongest sentiments of esteem for him. The following expressions from one so little

prone to pay compliments as Johnson was, show what a favourable impression Windham must have made on the old man's mind. They occur in one of the letters printed by Boswell, addressed to Dr. Brocklesby, in which Johnson says, "Mr. Windham has been here to see me; he came I think forty miles out of his way, and stayed about a day and a half; perhaps I may make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Windham is '*inter stellas luna minores.*'"

Such was Windham in early life, and we learn what he was in more advanced years from Lord Brougham, who speaks of him from intimate personal acquaintance. "His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest of his company.

"The advantages of a refined classical education, a lively wit of the most pungent and yet abstruse description, a turn for subtle reasoning, drawing nice distinctions, and pursuing remote analogies, great and early knowledge of the world, familiarity with men of letters and artists, as well as politicians, with Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds, as well as with Fox and North, much acquaintance with constitutional history and principle, a chivalrous spirit, a noble figure, a singularly expressive countenance—all fitted this remarkable person to shine in debate, but were all, when put together, unequal to the task of raising him to the first rank, and were, besides, mingled with defects which exceedingly impaired the impression of his oratory, while they diminished his usefulness and injured his reputation as a statesman."

Lord Brougham goes on to point out Windham's strange love for paradox, which led him to advocate the slave trade, bull-baiting, the worst severities of our then sanguinary criminal code; in short, everything against which the current of popular feeling seemed to set most strongly.

Bentley's celebrated sarcasm upon Boyle [Phalaris Boyle] might be literally applied to Windham; for "his judgment, like other men's valour, had commonly the generosity to espouse the weaker side." He seems to have been a very effective, though very eccentric speaker in the House of Commons, of which he was a member for many years. He was, first, Secretary at War, and then of

the Colonies under Fox and Lord Grenville. On the dismissal of the "Talents" ministry Windham returned to the Opposition benches, which had been his original, and, indeed, his natural place. He died in 1810. Many very amusing stories of his oratory and manners are given by Lord Brougham in the memoir of him, contained in his Lordship's well-known collection; and Sir James Mackintosh has left us this elegantly drawn portrait of Windham:

"He was a man of very high order, spoiled by faults apparently small: he had acuteness, wit, variety of knowledge, and fertility of illustration, in a degree probably superior to any man now alive. He had not the least approach to meanness,—on the contrary, he was distinguished by honour and loftiness of sentiment. But he was au indiscreet debater, who sacrificed his interest as a statesman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtlety or a forcible phrase, he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity; his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency; though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman. Singular as it may sound, he often opposed novelties for a love of paradox. These novelties had long been almost established opinions among men of speculation; and this sort of establishment had roused his mind to resist them, before they were proposed to be reduced to practice. The mitigation of penal law had, for example, been the system of every philosopher in Europe for the last half century, but Paley. The principles generally received by enlightened men on that subject had long almost disgusted him as common places, and he was opposing the established creed of minds of his own class when he appeared to be supporting the established code of law. But he was a scholar, a man of genius, and a gentleman of high spirit and dignified manners."

SAMUEL WHITBREAD.

SAMUEL WHITBREAD was born in 1758: he was the only son of Mr. Whitbread, a brewer of great wealth, by his second wife Mary, third daughter of Earl Cornwallis. He was sent to Eton at a very early age, where he had Mr. Charles Grey (since Earl Grey) and many others who afterwards filled high stations, among his young contemporaries.

After leaving Eton he went to Oxford, and then he made a continental tour of more than usual extent; on returning from which, in 1790, he succeeded in obtaining a seat in Parliament as a member for the borough of Bedford.

He at once joined the party of Mr. Fox, and continued to be one of his most devoted adherents until that statesman's death in 1806; and after the death of Fox he still zealously advocated the same line of politics.

He was a prominent speaker soon after he entered into parliament; for we find him, on the 28th February, 1792, moving for a committee of the whole house respecting the Ockazow armament, and his name from this time is of frequent occurrence in the parliamentary debates.

The most prominent event in Mr. Whitbread's career is the impeachment of Lord Melville for imputed misconduct in the administration of the naval department.

On the 8th of April, 1805, Mr. Whitbread moved twelve resolutions on this subject. These resolutions were strenuously opposed by Mr. Pitt, who was supported by Mr. Canning, the Attorney-General, and the Master of the Rolls; while Tierney, Lord Henry Petty, Wilberforce, &c. spoke against the previous question. On a division the members proved exactly equal, there being two hundred and sixteen on each side; but the minister's motion—by which it had been intended to put an end to all inquiry—was negatived by the Speaker's vote. A few days after, Mr. Whitbread moved that an humble address should be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased to dismiss Lord Melville from all offices held by him during pleasure, and also from his council and presence for ever." This motion, however, was withdrawn; but a vote having been passed "that the former resolutions

be laid before his Majesty," and also "that they be carried up by the whole house," the name of Viscount Melville was struck from the list of privy-councillors. On the 11th of June Viscount Melville himself, having been admitted within the body of the house, entered into an elaborate defence; but on his retiring, Mr. Whitbread, after an able speech, moved "That Henry Lord Viscount Melville be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors." This proposition was baffled by various intervening debates till the 25th, when it was finally carried by a majority of one hundred and sixty-six against one hundred and forty-three. On the 26th Mr. Whitbread moved that the house should nominate twenty-one members to prepare and manage the articles, and was himself placed at the head of this list as manager, on the nomination of Lord Temple.

On the 4th of July Mr. Whitbread brought up the report of this committee, which was followed by eight articles of impeachment. The trial accordingly commenced in Westminster-hall on Tuesday, April 29th, 1806. Mr. Whitbread, as soon as the charges and answer had been read, rose and opened the accusations in a speech of great power. The trial then proceeded through fourteen days, and on the fifteenth day Mr. Whitbread closed the proceedings by a rejoinder to the counsel for Lord Melville. On the sixteenth and last day Lord Erskine pronounced a verdict of acquittal.

To have obtained a majority in the House of Commons against Pitt on this subject, was considered such a triumph for Whitbread, that he rose greatly in public estimation, which was not materially diminished by his not obtaining a verdict from the House of Lords.

Whitbread declined to accept any office from the Fox ministry in 1806, as he thought it would shackle his senatorial independence: and he is one of the few violent Opposition statesmen to whom the desire of place for themselves cannot be imputed as having acted as an incentive to their efforts to eject others from it.

Whitbread was an energetic and unremitting opponent of the slave trade; he was zealous in whatever concerned the diffusion of knowledge and the extension of education, and in every measure connected with the amelioration of the condition of the people, the mitigation of the penal laws, and the management of the poor. His thorough and well-known honesty, his fearlessness of incurring dislikes or of making enemies by denouncing what he thought to be wrong, and his steady resolution in following out a purpose, combined to give him weight in the House, and procured for him

a degree of respect and influence which his mere oratorical powers could scarcely have acquired for him; for though always fluent, and frequently forcible, he was deficient in all the arts and graces of elocution. Byron, who was a somewhat fastidious judge of eloquence, says, in a passage in his letters in which he reviews the various great speakers whom he had heard, "Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong and English."

He attended with honourable regularity to the large and flourishing business which his father had left to him, and which he had the good sense not to be ashamed to carry on. His private life was most exemplary.

A few years before his death he was induced, partly from motives of friendship and partly from a taste for the drama, to undertake to re-organise the chaos of the Drury-lane property, and to rebuild the theatre, which had been two seasons in ruins. The rogueries and annoyances which he encountered in theatrical affairs are said to have preyed much on his mind, and to have aggravated a natural tendency to disease of the brain. He was in vain recommended by his physicians to withdraw for a time from every kind of business and avoid all mental exertion. He persevered in attempting to fulfil his accustomed round of active duties, and the consciousness of his growing incapacity aggravated the disease which caused it. At length the intellect totally failed, and he died by his own hand on the 6th of July, 1815. The diseased state of the brain, as it appeared on a *post mortem* examination, showed conclusively that he must have been deprived of reason at the time when this melancholy act was committed.

Few men have been so universally regretted after death, by their political adversaries as well as by their friends, as was Whitbread. Out of many eulogiums that were pronounced on him in Parliament at the time of the motion being made for a new writ for the place which he had represented, that of Mr. Wilberforce deserves most respect.

"Mr. Wilberforce wished to add his testimony to the excellent qualities of the lamented individual whose death had rendered the present motion necessary; and, in doing so, he could with truth declare that he was only one of many thousands, rich as well as poor, by whom his character had been highly estimated. Well had it been termed by the noble marquis, 'a truly English character.'

Even its defects, trifling as they were,—and what character was altogether without defects?—were those which belonged to the English character. Never had there existed a more complete Englishman. All who knew him must recollect the indefatigable earnestness and perseverance with which, during his life, he directed his talents and the whole of his time to the public interest; and although he, Mr. W., differed from him on many occasions, yet he always did full justice to his public spirit and love of his country. For himself, he could never forget the important assistance which he derived from his zeal and ability in the great cause which he had so long advocated in that house. On every occasion, indeed, in which the condition of human beings was concerned,—and the lower their state, the stronger their recommendation to his favour,—no one was more anxious to apply his great powers to increase the happiness of mankind." (*Cunningham's British Biography.*)

SIR JAMES MANSFIELD.

This able and upright judge was educated on the foundation at Eton, and succeeded to a scholarship at King's in 1750. He applied himself, on leaving Cambridge, to the study of the law, and obtained great eminence in that profession. He attained, in succession, the rank of King's Counsel, and that of Solicitor-General, and had the distinction of being one of the representatives in Parliament of the university of Cambridge.

In Easter Term, 1804, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, to succeed Lord Alvanley, who had died on the spring circuit. The new Chief Justice was knighted on his appointment.

Sir James Mansfield presided in the Court of Common Pleas until Hilary vacation, 1814. During this period he earned, and retained, the respect both of the profession and the public in general. His decisions, as they are preserved in the reports of Bosanquet and Pullen, and those of Taunton, are much esteemed for the clearness and the fulness with which they frequently expound the principles, and define the practice, of our law.

Sir James Mansfield on his retirement was succeeded by another Etonian and King's-man.

SIR VICARY GIBBS.

THIS eminent lawyer was born at Exeter in 1750. He availed himself fully of the advantages which Eton gave him in acquiring a sound classical education, and when he went to King's he gained an university reputation for scholarship. After he had taken his B.A. degree he left Cambridge for London, and applied to the study of the law with an union of assiduity and ability such as is not often exhibited. He had the stimulant arising from necessity; and the *Res angusta domi*, was to him the motive for steady and systematic industry; and not, as it too often proves, only an incitement to occasional fits of violent intellectual exertion, mingled with long pauses of despairing inactivity, or wild ebullitions of reckless folly. His professional biographer says of Gibbs, "During the three years of his pupilage he carefully abstained from all clubs, either of a literary or social character, was a stranger to the west-end and to the parks, and in general only emerged from his chamber once in the day to eat, in haste and alone, his half-commons of minced veal, and then earth himself again in the midst of precedents and reports."

He made himself an excellent lawyer, and instead of being called to the bar as soon as he kept his full number of terms at Lincoln's Inn, he remained for nearly ten years more in laborious obscurity as a Special Pleader.

This most abstruse, complicated, and dry part of our law exactly suited Gibbs. I once heard the question whether it was probable that a certain young student would like Special Pleading, answered by the grim forensic veteran, to whom it was addressed, with the cross-interrogatory—"*Like* it, Sir? Can he eat sawdust without butter?"

If ever there was a man gifted with such peculiar taste, it was certainly Vicary Gibbs; and his was also a mind that could appreciate and adapt itself to the strict and logical order, and the minute and subtle analysis, and the merciless accuracy, which are the advantageous characteristics of our pleading system. Gibbs acquired large practice as a pleader, and when at length he was called to the bar in 1784, he had at once an extensive connexion

of clients, and soon was looked on in the profession as one of the soundest lawyers and most useful juniors of the day.

He was employed with Erskine (and, it is said, by Erskine's wish) in the celebrated Irish trials of 1794. This first brought him into public notice; and as he then was engaged on the popular side, many persons supposed (very unreasonably and very incorrectly) that he was a favourer of what are called popular principles. If they retained this opinion until Gibbs was made Attorney-General, he must then have quickly undeceived them; for no law-officer of the Crown ever assailed the press with such virulent animosity as did Sir Vicary.

In the course of 1794 Gibbs was made Recorder of Bristol, and a King's Counsel. His professional practice was now large and lucrative, especially in mercantile causes and others of the like description, in which a sound and ready knowledge of law, steady industry in learning the facts of each case, and strong common sense in dealing with them, make up far better materials for success in an advocate than eloquence however fervid, and wit however sparkling. In these last qualities Gibbs was wholly deficient. He made no pretence to oratory, and on the few occasions when he tried to be witty, it was truly said of him that "he capered like an elephant."

In 1805 he was knighted, and appointed Solicitor-General. At the general election of 1807 he became M.P. for Cambridge; in 1812, Attorney-General. In 1813 he was elevated to the bench as Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and soon afterwards Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, on the resignation of Sir James Mansfield, which important office he was himself obliged to resign in 1818, on account of ill health.

It has been already mentioned that he was distinguished, when Attorney-General, by his crusades against the press. "There were in his time no less than fifty-two newspapers published in London, one half of which are said to have been at one and the same period under prosecution. He hung them all on the horns of a dilemma. If the editor apologised for a libel, his apology came too late; for the Attorney-General would not allow him 'first to calumniate a man, and then to nauseate him with flattery.' If, on the other hand, the unhappy author made no apology, he obviously deserved punishment as a hardened offender."[6] In some

[6] Townshend's Eminent Judges.

of these prosecutions he received very mortifying defeats, in consequence of the good sense and good feeling of the juries.

As a judge, Sir Vicary was as unpopular as he had previously been while Attorney-General. His extreme irritability of temper, his petulant haste, and undisguised self-conceit, combined in making him one of the most disagreeable judges that ever sate in Westminster Hall, and must have very much detracted from his efficiency. But his sound legal knowledge was signally and constantly displayed by him in practice; and, as a criminal judge, he felt the peculiar moral responsibility of his station: he then kept a watch over his own temper, and never suffered himself to be hurried by passion or ill-humour into the infliction of one harsh sentence.

Sir Vicary Gibbs survived his retirement from the bench a little more than a year. He died on the 8th of February, 1820.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

From an Etonian who loved the English law, and thought it the perfection of human wisdom, we now turn to one who certainly seems to have thought it the perfection of human absurdity.

Christopher Anstey, the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, was born in 1724. Like the two learned judges whom we have last mentioned, Anstey was educated on the foundation at Eton, and there became a scholar of King's. Anstey took his Bachelor's degree in 1746, but became involved in some quarrel with the University authorities, in consequence of which the degree of M.A. was refused to him.

Anstey studied for the law, but the opinion which he had of the study may be inferred from his humorous publication entitled "The Pleader's Guide; a didactic poem, in two books, by M. Surrebutter."

In 1754 he succeeded, on his mother's death, to some family property at Trumpington, near Cambridge. He now resigned his fellowship, and lived an independent life, without following any profession. Bath was one of his favourite residences, and, in 1766, he published an amusing poetical sketch, which he had composed, of the amusements and the habits of the fashionable visitors of that celebrated watering-place. This poem instantly acquired

great popularity; so much so, that Dodsley, the bookseller, who had given Anstey 200*l.* for the copyright, returned it to him in 1777, stating that he had made more money by the book than by any other in space of time. Anstey generously devoted the profits of his poem to the Bath General Hospital.

Anstey translated several English poems ("Gray's Elegy" among the rest) into Latin verse, and published a small volume of these performances. He also wrote some other little poems in English; but his two "Guides" are the principal works, and of them the "Bath Guide" is the one to which he mainly owes his reputation. The versification of this is remarkably graceful, and the spirit of good-humoured raillery is admirably kept up. The similarity of the metre and the subject of Moore's "Fudge Family in Paris," suggests a comparison, which may be worked out not at all unfavourably to Anstey. Anstey's power of writing rhyming Latin was very remarkable. His Latin version of part of his own poem, where the young lady who has taken up with Methodism complains of the wickedness of her friends and relations, almost beats the English:

Simkins frater
Desperatur,
Ludit, salit turpiter;
Ridet Jana
Sacra fana;
Tabitha Runt deperditur, &c. &c.

Anstey spent the latter years of his life entirely at Bath, and died there in 1805.

RICHARD PORSON.

This Greek Emperor was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, on the 25th of December, 1759. He was the eldest son of the parish-clerk.

His father was a man of unusually good education for his station in life, and he was earnestly desirous of giving his children every possible intellectual advantage. He himself paid unremitting attention to them, and strove to teach them the rudiments of knowledge in the simplest and the most effectual manner.

The period of life from nine to twelve years was passed by young Porson under the superintendence of Mr. Summers, a village schoolmaster, whose power as a teacher did not extend beyond

his native language, writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin; but here again paternal care came in aid of the scanty means afforded for instruction; for the boy was accustomed every evening to repeat to his father the lessons of the day in the exact order in which they had occurred, so as at once to strengthen both his memory and his judgment.

The attention to study which had marked the character of Richard—his various acquirements, and his wonderful memory,—became the theme of the village. Through the medium of this report, they were heard of by the Rev. Mr. Hewitt, the clergyman, who immediately took the subject of this memoir and his brother Thomas under his care. The progress of both boys was great; but that of Richard so extraordinary, that his improvement became a topic of conversation far beyond the limits of the district.

A gentleman of literary taste and independent property, who resided in the neighbourhood, felt some curiosity to see this youthful prodigy, of whom he heard so much. He sent for young Richard, and examined him himself: the result of the examination was to fill Mr. Norris (the name of Porson's benefactor) with surprise and admiration at the great acquirements and still greater capabilities that the boy displayed. He determined on assisting him, by giving him the best education that could be obtained, and for this purpose he sent him to Eton, whither Porson went in 1774, being then in his fifteenth year. He soon attracted universal notice here for the extent of his knowledge of the classics, but more particularly by the extraordinary tenacity and comprehensiveness of his memory. To learn by heart was to him little more an effort than to read. At Eton he was taught to study with more critical accuracy than he had previously been trained to: but, by his own account, little addition was made to the range of his reading, which had indeed already extended over a wonderfully ample circle.

Porson was not only admired by his schoolfellows for his classical eminence, but he was popular in every pursuit and pastime. Some of the writers who have collected anecdotes respecting him, say that Porson used in after-life to dwell on these happy years of his youth with peculiar satisfaction. His literary talents are said to have taken a dramatic turn; and he would sometimes repeat a piece which he had composed for exhibition in the Long-chamber, and other compositions both of gravity and

humour, with that kind of enthusiasm which the recollection of his academic pleasures never failed to excite.

One anecdote respecting him is, that it was while at Eton that young Porson gave his celebrated answer to the question proposed for the subject of a Latin theme:—

"Cæsare occiso, an Brutus benefecit aut malefecit?"

A game being proposed, he joined the scholars in their youthful sports, and was so engrossed by them, that he entirely forgot the theme. When the time, however, arrived for handing up his production, he snatched a pen, and hastily scrawling

"Nec bene fecit, nec male fecit, sed interfecit,"

presented it to the master.

Mr. Norris died while Porson was at Eton. The death of his benefactor was a severe blow, and Porson long lamented the loss of his first patron; though, by the liberality of other persons, the means were provided for carrying on his education.

Porson was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the latter end of the year 1777. His reputation had travelled there before him, but he proved himself more than worthy of it; and in the larger sphere in which he now moved, he became as much an object of attention as he had been at Eton, or at the little Norfolk seminary. For him to win the university classical scholarship and one of the gold medals were matters of course. One of his papers (a copy of Iambics) in the examination for the scholarship was long preserved as an academical curiosity. He paid but little attention to mathematics, and only took a Senior Optime's degree. He was made a Fellow of Trinity at an unusually early period of his university career.

He now contributed various critiques on classical subjects to several periodicals of the day, which attracted much notice, and spread his name beyond the university. He became still better known by his series of letters to Archdeacon Travis on the contested verse, 1 John v. 7. Porson is considered to have completely settled this celebrated and long-agitated question. Not long after he had taken his first degree, it was in the contemplation of the Syndics of the University Press, at Cambridge, to publish Æschylus, with some papers of Stanley. Porson offered to undertake the work, provided he were allowed to conduct it according to his own discretion, but his offer was rejected. He some time afterwards

visited Germany: on his return, being much teazed by a loquacious personage to give some account of his travels, he replied,—

> "I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
> With that most learn'd professor, Brunck;
> I went to Worts, and got more drunken
> With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnken."

The memoir-writer from whom I take this anecdote, says that Porson made this reply *sarcastically*: if so, the sarcasm must have been against himself; for, unhappily, his habits of excess were already such, that his rhymes were most likely literally true.

In 1786 Nicholson, the Cambridge bookseller, being about to publish a new edition of Xenophon's Anabasis, prevailed upon Porson to furnish him with some notes, which he accordingly did. These occupy about nineteen closely-printed pages, and, although avowedly written in haste, attest the hand of a master. In 1790 a new edition of the very learned work entitled "Emendationes in Suidam et Hesychium, et alios Lexicographos Græcos," was published at the Clarendon press. To this Porson subjoined some critical notes, which were termed "Notæ breves ad Toupii Emendationes in Suidam," and "Notæ in Curas novissimas." These were never publicly acknowledged any further than by Porson's initials.

In consequence of his conscientious scruples respecting taking holy orders, Porson was obliged to resign his Fellowship at the end of seven years. He had no private funds whatever, and the contributions of those who had at first maintained him at Cambridge of course had ceased long ago when he seemed to have secured an independence by obtaining his Trinity Fellowship. One of his biographers remarks, that he was a painful example of the inefficacy of great talents and immense erudition to procure independence, or even the means of existence, without patronage, or those sacrifices to which few men of genius or talents will stoop. In this unpleasant situation, without hope from the public, he yet attracted the attention of some private friends; and he was soon after, by the unanimous voice of the seven electors, appointed Professor of the Greek language in the university of Cambridge. Although the salary annexed to this important situation is but 40*l.* per annum, its distinction was grateful to him. This new office not obliging him to reside permanently at the university, he settled in literary life in London. Here he is said to have passed much of his time in dissipation, amid the different convivial circles to which

his wit and agreeable conversation made him welcome. In 1795 he married the sister of Mr. Perry, of "The Morning Chronicle;" to which he contributed several papers, under the signature of "S. England," continuing at the same time to write criticisms for the magazines.

In 1797 his first edition of the "Hecuba" of Euripides appeared; but it was in the preface to his second edition of this play that he announced the new canons respecting the Iambic metre of the Greek tragedians, the discovery of which gained him so much celebrity in the learned world. One of these, that respecting the Cretic foot, is supposed to have been first observed by Porson about 1790. The writer of the memoir of him in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says, that he heard it alluded to in conversation with Porson in 1791. The anecdote respecting the circumstances under which the Cretic was spoken of is curious, and is evidently told by one who had been Porson's intimate associate. Porson, it seems, was "somewhat characteristically" attempting to fill his glass out of an empty bottle. Some Greek was ventured on, and it was observed how much better it was to say

Πᾶν ἐκπέπωκας· οὐδ' ἔνεστι κότταβος,

than

Πᾶν ἐκπέπωκας· οὐ λέλειπται κότταβος.

The last work which he published was a third edition of the "Hecuba." He continued to reside partly at Cambridge and partly at London, until his death in 1808. About a year before that event he had been elected principal librarian of the London Institution, Moorfields.

Porson's powers of mind were such as are very rarely found among men even of the most cultivated intellect. His memory was gigantic—perhaps "elephantine" would be the more proper epithet—on account of the power which it had of apprehending and retaining the minutest as well as the most important subjects.

"Nothing came amiss," says Mr. Weston, "to his memory. He would set a child right in his twopenny fable-book, repeat the whole moral tale of the *Dean of Badajoz*, a page of Athenæus on cups, or of Eustathius on Homer, even though he did every thing to impair his mental faculties."

Porson was conscious of his own powers; and though frank and good-humoured even to a fault with the unlearned, he was unbending among those who assumed the title of scholars. It has been observed that he neither would give nor take praise;

and when he was told that a person named had called him a giant in literature, he remarked that a man had no right to tell the height of that which he could not measure.

Like his great Cambridge predecessor Bentley, he wrote English with remarkable purity and force. His observations on "Gibbon's History" may rank among the best specimens of caustic sarcasm in the language. Without at all undervaluing classical studies, without undervaluing the necessity of those studies being carried on accurately as well as extensively, without undervaluing the importance of Porson's contributions to our knowledge of the great classical writers, it is impossible not to join in the regret, that partly from necessity, partly from choice, Porson so far limited the exercise of his surpassing intellect; and that the possessor of an undeniably great genius should be almost exclusively known as the verbal critic of the great works which the genius of others has bequeathed to us. (*Encyclopædia Britannica.*)

GEORGE STEEVENS.

The consideration of the life of the learned annotator on the ancient drama, reminds me not to pass unnoticed the celebrated annotator on the writings of our own great dramatist, Shakspeare.

George Steevens was born in 1736. He was educated first at Kingston-upon-Thames, and afterwards at Eton. On leaving Eton he succeeded to a scholarship at King's College.

Steevens possessed a good private fortune, and the whole object of his life seems to have been to illustrate and edit Shakspeare.

In 1766 he published twenty of Shakspeare's plays, in four volumes, 8vo. In 1773, with the assistance of Dr. Johnson, he published an illustrated edition of the poet's whole works, in ten volumes, 8vo, of which a second edition appeared in 1785, and a third, in fifteen volumes, in 1793. Mr. Steevens had studied the age of Shakspeare, and had employed his persevering industry in becoming acquainted with the writings, manners, and laws of that period, as well as the provincial peculiarities, whether of language or custom, which prevailed in different parts of the kingdom, but more particularly in those where Shakspeare passed the early years of his life. This store of knowledge he was continually increasing by the acquisition of the rare and obsolete publications

of a former age, which he spared no expense to obtain. Steevens died in 1800.

I come now to a group of statesmen, whom I ought perhaps to have introduced at an earlier part of the chapter. But Earl Grey is a statesman whose principal public actions have occurred so very recently, that it seemed desirable to defer any memoir of him until I had recapitulated those whose names are not so inseparably connected with the party disputes of the present time. There was not the same reason for deferring the notice of Lord Grenville; but his name and Lord Grey's are so generally mentioned together, that I have waited until immediately before the time of introducing the memoir of Earl Grey, before I have commenced that of

LORD GRENVILLE.

William Wyndham Grenville was born in 1753, and educated at Eton and Christchurch. In 1782 he became a member of the House of Commons, and he was soon afterwards made Paymaster of the Forces. He devoted himself to the support of Pitt, and steadily followed his fortunes through the disputes of the coalition, and the discussions and parliamentary struggles that arose on the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War.

As early as 1789, Mr. Grenville received the distinction of being made Speaker of the House of Commons. In the same year he was made Home Secretary, and in 1790 he was made a peer. He soon after that time exchanged the Home Secretaryship for that of the Foreign Department. He was a vehement enemy of the various French Revolutionary Governments, and lent the whole force of his great abilities to urging this country to the most zealous prosecution of the war.

In 1801 he left office together with Mr. Pitt, but he did not return to it with him in 1804. Lord Grenville was a warm supporter of the Catholic claims; he had also strongly promoted the union of this country and Ireland. Lord Grenville thought that the hope of Catholic Emancipation had been held out to Ireland as an inducement to consent to the Union; and accordingly, in 1804, he peremptorily refused to join the administration, unless on the terms of making a Catholic Relief Bill one of the government measures. Pitt abandoned the Catholic claims and took

office, and immediately Lord Grenville joined the Whig party, with whom to the end of his public life he continued to act.

Lord Brougham observes that "a greater accession to the popular cause and the Whig party it was impossible to imagine, unless Mr. Pitt himself had persevered in his desire of rejoining the standard under which his first and noblest battles were fought. All the qualities in which their long opposition and personal habits made them deficient, Lord Grenville possessed in an eminent degree: long habits of business had matured his experience and disciplined his naturally vigorous understanding; a life studiously regular had surrounded him with the respect of his countrymen, and of those whom the dazzling talents of others could not blind to their loose propensities or idle habits; a firm attachment to the Church as by law established attracted towards him the confidence of those who subscribe to its doctrines and approve its discipline; while his tried prudence and discretion were a balance much wanted against the opposite defects of the Whig party, and especially of their most celebrated leader."

Lord Grenville was Premier of the Whig ministry in 1806. On its dismissal he resumed his place on the opposition benches, and twice refused to return to office on terms which he deemed inconsistent with his duty and his principles.

This honourable and high-minded statesman died in 1834. The last years of his life had been spent in retirement, during which a renewal of the classical studies of his youth formed his principal occupation and delight. He had been distinguished at Eton for his Latin, and he formed a collection of very beautiful translations, which he had made into that language, from various pieces of Greek and modern poetry. These were printed for private circulation under the title of "Nugæ Metricæ." Lord Brougham says of him:—

"The endowments of this eminent statesman's mind were all of a useful and commanding sort—sound sense, steady memory, vast industry. His acquirements were in the same proportion valuable and lasting—a thorough acquaintance with business in its principles and in its details; a complete mastery of the science of politics as well theoretical as practical; of late years a perfect familiarity with political economy, and a just appreciation of its importance; an early and most extensive knowledge of classical literature, which he improved instead of abandoning, down to the

close of his life; a taste formed upon those chaste models, and of which his lighter compositions, his Greek and Latin verses, bore testimony to the very last. His eloquence was of a plain, masculine, authoritative cast, which neglected if it did not despise ornament, and partook in the least possible degree of fancy, while its declamation was often equally powerful with its reasoning and its statement." (*Biog. Dict.—Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches.*)

EARL GREY.

The time is not yet come for a full and fair biography of this great statesman to be written. The struggle of the Reform Bill is too recent,—the anger, the surprise, the triumph, the hopes, the disappointments, which that measure created, are still too active. It is too much connected with the question of other political changes, which some are fiercely seeking, and others sternly resisting, for us to be able to contemplate the Reform Minister with the calmness which history requires. Lord Grey, at some future time, will occupy a large space in every book that treats of any epoch, or any institution, with which his name is connected. But this work is designed to commemorate the past, and not to put forward any theories as to the state affairs of the present time. Its writer will therefore be pardoned if only a brief notice of the dates of the chief events in Lord Grey's life is here inserted; nor will the brevity of this memoir be imputed to an inability to appreciate the importance of Lord Grey's actions, or to any unwillingness to do justice to his character.

Charles Grey was born in 1764. He was educated at Eton and Oxford; and at the age of twenty-two became a member of Parliament. He was sincerely attached to Mr. Fox, both politically and personally. The best proof of the high opinion which Fox, Burke, and the other chiefs of the Whig party, at that time formed of Mr. Grey's abilities, is, that he was appointed one of the managers for the House of Commons in the celebrated impeachment of Warren Hastings.

Mr. Grey, like his leader, Fox, strongly opposed the war against France; and he was one of the small band of adherents, who, night after night, faced, by the side of Fox, the large and well-organised majorities of the minister.

Mr. Grey was, from the very outset of his career, a strong and consistent advocate of Parliamentary Reform. As early as 1786 he voted with Mr. Pitt for shortening the duration of parliaments; and he soon after voted for Mr. Flood's reform measure. In 1792, in 1793, in 1797, he himself brought the subject before Parliament; and when at last, in 1831, he stood forward as Prime Minister, to effect the greatest change ever known to have been introduced into our constitutional system by a single enactment, he could refer to more than half a century, during which he had unceasingly laboured—often as it seemed without hope—for the cause which was at last about to be victorious. He was also, throughout his long parliamentary career, the advocate of Catholic Emancipation.

In 1806, on the formation of the Fox and Grenville Cabinet, he was made First Lord of the Admiralty. He had now become Lord Howick, in consequence of his father having been raised in the peerage to the rank of Earl Grey.

He had the honour and the happiness to be actively engaged in passing through the House of Commons the Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, the one great measure of that short-lived Whig administration.

In November 1807, at the death of his father, he became Earl Grey, and took his seat in the House of Lords. In 1809, and again in 1812, he declined offers that were made to him to join the Tory administrations of those periods. In the troubled times that succeeded the peace, he vehemently opposed the Six Acts, and the other measures of a similar character, which were adopted by the statesmen then in power, with the object of putting down disaffection and discontent, which were at that time prevalent among large classes of the community.

He resisted strongly the penal measures which George the Fourth attempted to take against his Queen.

In 1827, on the formation of the ministry of Canning, Lord Grey sternly refused his confidence and support to that statesman, whose early opposition to parliamentary reform Lord Grey remembered but too well.

At length, in 1830, Lord Grey was himself called on to form a ministry, on the express understanding that a searching and comprehensive parliamentary reform was to be one of the measures of his government.

For reasons which I have already expressed, I forbear from entering into details of the Reform Bill, which Lord Grey then introduced, or of the long and passionate conflict which took place before the Reform Bill became the law of the land. I shall only advert to some of the other great measures of Lord Grey's government. Among these were the abolition of slavery in our West Indian colonies, a general reform of the municipal corporations of England, a series of extensive changes and improvements in almost every branch of our law, the introduction of a new system for administering parochial relief to the poor, and the throwing open of the trade to the East Indies.

Lord Grey retired from public life in 1834, and died on the 17th of July, 1845.

LORD HOLLAND.

Another Etonian statesman died a few years ago, who was engaged in the great political movements that marked the reign of King William the Fourth. Henry Richard Vassall, Lord Holland, was the son of Stephen Fox, the elder brother of the great Whig statesman. Stephen Fox died when his son was only a year old; and the young Lord Holland was educated under the care of Charles James Fox, his uncle, who placed him at Eton as soon as he was old enough to be sent to a public school. His education was afterwards completed at Oxford. He was there the companion of Mr. Canning, Lord Carlisle, and Lord Grenville; and, like them, as Lord Brougham remarks, he laid both at school and college a broad foundation of classical learning, which, throughout his after-life, he never ceased successfully to cultivate.

On attaining his majority, and entering the House of Lords, he naturally followed the same line of politics as his uncle. It had at that time few supporters in the House of Lords, nearly all the aristocratic members of the old Whig party having taken alarm at the excesses of the French Revolution, and having consequently become zealous supporters of Mr. Pitt and of the war which he maintained against France.

Lord Holland held office as Lord Privy Seal during the short existence of the Whig administration of 1806; and when the Whigs returned to power in 1830, after being excluded for almost a quarter

of a century, Lord Holland was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, an appointment which he retained until his death in 1840. Thus by far the greater part of his political life was passed in opposition; and he largely and systematically availed himself of his privilege as a peer to record his written protest against the numerous measures which he had opposed by his vote in vain. A collection of these protests was published soon after his death, and they form almost a complete history of his political opinions.

Lord Holland was fond of literature, both classical and modern, and was favourably known as an author by the publication of several works, which were principally translations from the Spanish.

His kind and hospitable disposition, and his singularly amiable temper, made him one of the most popular noblemen of his time; and though, of course, opinions have varied as to the merits of his political career, few men have ever been so universally esteemed during life, and so justly regretted after death, as was the case with Lord Holland. He died in the year 1841, aged sixty-seven.

LORD MELBOURNE.

The reasons already given for passing rapidly over some part of Canning's life, and still more rapidly over Earl Grey's life, in these Memoirs, apply *à fortissimè fortiori* to a Memoir of Lord Melbourne.

Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, during the first part of her reign, was the object of too many fierce attacks, personal as well as public, for it to be possible to discuss his career and conduct without enlisting in the ranks of one of two parties, whose animosities have not yet been cooled by time.

I shall therefore adhere to a statement of dates and simple facts, even more rigidly than I did in the notice of Earl Grey.

William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, was born in 1779. He received his education first at Eton, then at Trinity College, Cambridge, and then at Glasgow, where he formed one of the class to whom Professor Millar lectured on jurisprudence.

It is said that in a debating society, attached to that class, Mr. W. Lamb was distinguished among his contemporaries for historical knowledge, strong common sense, and great pleasantry.

In 1805 Mr. Lamb was elected one of the members for Leominster, and he forthwith took his place in the party of Mr. Fox,

to whom he had been for some time personally known, and who treated him with great kindness and attention. In 1806 he moved the Address in answer to the King's speech. He was a member of the House of Commons for more than twenty years, during the greater part of which time he was in opposition; but he never was indiscriminatingly violent in his politics, and frequently voted with Lord Liverpool's ministry.

He took office under Mr. Canning as Under-Secretary for Ireland, and remained in office under Lord Goderich. He was afterwards dismissed by the Duke of Wellington, in consequence of his vote in favour of the disfranchisement of East Retford.

On the 22nd of July, 1828, in consequence of his father's death, he became Lord Melbourne, and a member of the House of Peers. He was Home Secretary under Earl Grey; and while he held that office he signalised himself by great resolution and personal courage in putting down the disgraceful Calthorpe-street Riots.

In July 1834, on the resignation of Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne became Premier. He retired in the November of the same year; but on the fall of the short-lived Peel ministry, in 1845, Lord Melbourne again became Prime Minister of England, and retained that position till 1841.

Lord Melbourne died in November 1848. Without entering into his political merits or demerits, it may be safely stated of him that he was possessed of many estimable and of very many amiable qualities. He was a good scholar, and kept up his classical reading to the last. He was also well acquainted with modern literature. Lord Melbourne, at the time of his death, was in his seventieth year.

Among the Prelates who were educated at Eton during this century, were

BISHOP BARRINGTON.

Shute, the sixth son of John, Lord Barrington, was born at Becket, in Berkshire, and educated at Eton and Oxford. On the accession of George the Third, he was nominated one of the Chaplains in ordinary, and in 1761 was made a Canon of Christ-church. In 1768, after receiving a variety of minor appointments, he was consecrated Bishop of Llandaff. In 1781 he was translated from that see to the see of Salisbury, and ten years afterwards,

succeeded Bishop Thurlow in the see of Durham. He filled this latter bishopric for a period of thirty-five years, having attained the great age of ninety-two. Few prelates have been more universally respected. (*Cunningham's Biog. Dict.*)

BISHOP LLOYD.

Dr. Lloyd's father was rector of Ashton-sub-Edge, in Gloucestershire, and head of a well-known private academy at Peterley House. The future bishop was born at Downley, in Bucks, in 1784. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and took the first place in a severe examination for the degree of B. A. in 1806.

In 1819 he was named preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and appointed chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1822, on the death of Dr. Hodgson, he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. On the death of Bishop Legge, in 1827, Dr. Lloyd was elevated to the see of Oxford; but he enjoyed his high dignity only two years. He died on the 31st of May, 1829. Bishop Lloyd was considered by his Eton contemporaries to be one of the ablest scholars ever known in the school. His eloquence in the House of Lords during the short time that he sate there, commanded universal admiration.

Other Etonian dignitaries of the Church, whose names I find recorded in the "Alumni Etonenses," between 1700 and 1800, are:—

Edward Young, who went from Eton to King's in 1742. He was made Bishop of Dromore in 1763, of Ferns in 1765.

John Ewer (King's, in 1723), Bishop of Llandaff in 1761, of Bangor in 1768.

George Lewis Jones (King's, 1741), Bishop of Kilmore in 1774.

Thomas Dampier (King's, 1766), who became Bishop, first of Rochester, then of Ely.

John Luxmoore (King's, 1776), Bishop of Hereford and St. Asaph.

There are also two Judges among the *Alumni* of this century, besides Sir Vicary Gibbs and Sir James Mansfield. One of them is Henry Dampier, who left Eton for King's College in 1776, and became one of the Judges in the Court of King's Bench. The other is of earlier date; James Hayes, who went to King's College in 1733. He was made one of the Judges for Wales.

Archdeacon Cox, the historian of Sir Robert Walpole and

of Marlborough, and the author of several valuable works on German and Spanish history, was an Etonian of this period. He became a scholar of King's College in 1737.

The names of the Provosts of Eton, after the seventeenth century, are :—

Henry Bland, D.D., February 10, 1732. Admitted into King's College from Eton, in 1695; Chaplain to King George I. and to Chelsea Hospital; Head Master of Eton from 1720 to 1728; Canon of Windsor in 1723; Dean of Durham in 1727. Died May 24, 1746. Buried in Eton Chapel.

Stephen Sleech, D.D., June 4, 1746. Admitted into King's College from Eton, in 1723; Fellow of Eton, March 17, 1729; Chaplain to the King; Rector of Farnham Royal, then of Worplesdon. Died October 8, 1765.

Edward Barnard, D.D., October 25, 1765. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Head Master of Eton in 1756; Rector of Footscray and Ospring, Kent, 1756; Canon of Windsor in 1760, and Chaplain to the King. Died in 1781.

William Hayward Roberts, D.D., December 12, 1781. Admitted into King's College, 1752; Assistant Master of Eton, 1757; Members' Prize at Cambridge in 1758; Fellow of Eton, February 19, 1771; Chaplain to the King; Rector of Farnham Royal. Died December 19, 1791, æt. 58. Buried at Eton.

Jonathan Davies, D.D., December 14, 1791. Admitted into King's College, 1755; Assistant at Eton, and Head Master in 1773; Canon of Windsor in 1781; resigned when Provost, in 1791: founder of an University Scholarship in Cambridge, and two Exhibitions, one for a Scholar of King's College, the other for a Superannuated Eton Scholar; also Task and Declamation Prizes. Died December 1809. Buried at Eton.

Joseph Goodall, D.D., December 21, 1809. Admitted into King's College in 1778; Assistant of Eton in 1783; Head Master in 1801; Canon of Windsor, 1808; Rector of East Ilsley, Berks, and Hitcham, Bucks; founded an Exhibition, value £60 per annum, for a Superannuated Eton Scholar. Died March 25, 1840.

Francis Hodgson, B.D., May 5, 1840. Admitted at King's College in 1799; Assistant Master in 1807; resigned the same year; formerly Archdeacon of Derby, Vicar of Bakewell, and of Edensor; Rector of Cottisford. (*Registrum Regale.*)

CHAPTER V.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley—Winthrop Mackworth Praed—Changes and Improvements at Eton—The Newcastle Scholarship—The New Buildings—Prince Albert's Prize—Eminent Etonians now living.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

It has often been observed, that the biographies of men of high poetical genius are too frequently bitterly painful subjects. I know of no instance in which the truth of this observation is more strongly exemplified than in the life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. The sorrow which we feel for his sufferings, and the humiliation which we experience at witnessing his errors, are not checked by contempt for any such basenesses as those which alienate our sympathies from Rousseau; nor are they counteracted by disgust, such as we feel with the coarse licentiousness of Marlow, Savage, or Byron. Shelley was gentle, affectionate, sincere, pre-eminently unselfish, simple in his habits, and austerely pure in his morals. Yet was his life one long scene of misery to himself and to many others; and his works, with all their beauty, pathos, and power, have, it is feared, too often proved sources of misery to imperfectly instructed readers.

Shelley's poetry has had, and must continue to have, far too great an influence on our literature, to make it possible to omit his name in any work which professes to enumerate the great writers of any institution to which he ever belonged, or, indeed, in any series of memoirs of the English poets. Many of his contemporaries, and nearly all the poetical writers of any eminence since his time, bear visible traces of how much they imbued themselves with Shelley's poetry. I will mention, as instances of this, Keats, Miss Landon, Monckton Milnes, Browning, and Tennyson. No one, indeed, who is unacquainted with Shelley, can be aware of the full richness and melody of our language. Extracts from Shelley will be sure to fill a large space in those collections of specimens, by

which alone the greater part of the poets of the nineteenth century (like the greater part of the poets of the Elizabethan era) will hereafter be known by the majority of readers.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was drowned in the bay of Spezia, in the Mediterranean, on the 8th of July, 1822. This early death should be remembered by all who sit in judgment either on his writings or his actions. Coleridge has said of Lucan, that there ought to be written on every copy of the Pharsalia that its author was only twenty-four at the time of his death. So should it be emphatically recorded of Shelley that he was not thirty when he died. How many men, to whom a longer space has been allotted, have lived up to and beyond that age in folly, error, and guilt, but have commanded the admiration of posterity by the piety and wisdom of their later years!

The Shelleys, of Field Place, are a younger branch of that old county family of that name. Percy Bysshe Shelley's grandfather was made a Baronet in 1806. Sir Bysshe was a successful fortune-hunter in youth, and a recluse miser in old age. His son, Sir Timothy, the father of the poet, was an ill-educated, ill-conditioned, ill-judging man; lax in principle, loose in practice, but a rigid stickler for conventionalities. Captain Medwin, who knew the family well, says of him :—

"He was a disciple of Chesterfield and La Rochefoucault, reducing all politeness to forms, and moral virtue to expediency: his religious opinions were also very lax; although he occasionally went to the parish church, and made his servants regularly attend divine service: he possessed no true devotion himself, and inculcated none to his son and heir, so that much of Percy Bysshe's scepticism may be traced to early example, if not to precept."

Before Shelley was sent to Eton, he was placed for some time at a large private school called Sion House Academy. Some of the passages in Shelley's poetry in which he speaks of sufferings undergone by him in boyhood, have been supposed to refer to Eton; and while Shelley has been abused by some writers for hating Eton, Eton has been abused by other writers for being hated by Shelley. But the fact is, that Shelley in these passages was alluding not to Eton, but to Sion House Academy—a place where, as at most large private schools, there was infinitely more oppression practised by the strong towards the weak than can ever take place under our

public school system. Medwin, who was Shelley's schoolfellow at Sion House, expressly states this.

Shelley, when a boy, was tall for his age, slightly and delicately built, and almost femininely gentle and sensitive. He was fond of the classics, with which he ultimately became accurately as well as extensively acquainted. But he loved to give up his regular studies for some wild German romance, or, still better, for some chemical or electrical experiment. Mr. Moultrie, after his description of Gray the poet (which I have already quoted), thus beautifully describes Shelley's position and habits while at Eton:—

"Years came and went;—beside the poet's tomb,
The flowers of many a spring had bloom'd and died,
When times of fierce convulsion, rage, and gloom,
Arose, and shook the nations far and wide.
O then, my Mother, by the verdant side
Of thy bright river, lost in dreamy mood,
Was seen a stripling pale and lustrous-eyed,
Who far apart his lonely path pursued,
And seem'd in sullen guise o'er troublous thoughts to brood.

"Small sympathy he own'd or felt, I ween,
With sports and pastimes of his young compeers,
Nor mingling in their studies oft was seen,
Nor shared their joys or sorrows, hopes or fears;
Pensive he was, and grave beyond his years,
And happiest seem'd when in some shady nook,
(His wild sad eyes suffused with silent tears,)
O'er some mysterious and forbidden book
He pored, until his frame with strong emotion shook.

"Strange were his studies, and his sports no less.
Full oft, beneath the blazing summer noon,
The sun's convergent rays, with dire address,
He turn'd on some old tree, and burnt it soon
To ashes; oft at eve the fire balloon,
Inflated by his skill, would mount on high;
And when tempestuous clouds had veil'd the moon,
And lightning rent, and thunder shook the sky,
He left his bed, to gaze on Nature's revelry."

On leaving Eton, Shelley was placed at University College, Oxford. Here he read more wildly and discursively than even before; and the more strange the book, and the more unlawful the topic, the greater was the delight that he experienced in its perusal. This is but a common trait in human nature. But Shelley's impulsive and susceptible spirit adopted the tone of whatever, for the time, excited it. Hence he threw together disquisitions, trains of bold queries, and wild speculations, which his maturer judgment afterwards condemned, but which he for the moment,

not only professed himself, but strove to impress upon others. This lead him to compose, and show to some of his acquaintances, a poem tainted with the worst essence of the worst French school. This poem was afterwards surreptitiously printed and published, to the great grief of the author, who publicly stated that he had learned how erroneous it was "in all that concerns morals and political speculations, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrines."

Shelley sent copies of one of his speculative compositions of this class to several of the university authorities. They were anonymous, but the author was soon discovered, and Shelley was expelled from his college.

Soon after this, he committed the folly of marrying, with hardly any previous acquaintance, a young lady who was in the same boarding-school as one of his sisters. His father refused to see him, or to allow him to return home; and he and his young wife went to the neighbourhood of Keswick. Here Shelley became acquainted with Southey; and there is a letter of Southey's of this period, in which he is spoken of in terms which it is just to both poets to quote. Southey says,—"Here is a man at Keswick, who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with 6000*l.* a-year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father's power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed, at Oxford, into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism;' sent one anonymously to Copleston, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon 200*l.* a-year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he has got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and in the course of a week I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is, that he is nineteen and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say, it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great

deal of good, with 6000*l.* a-year; the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he did not set about it exactly in the right way."

Most unfortunately for Shelley, a series of domestic calamities soon drove him from the healing influence of Southey's advice and society. His marriage had proved, in every respect, most ill-assorted and unhappy. He and his wife separated by mutual consent, and some time after this had occurred, Shelley received the dreadful tidings that his wife had destroyed herself.

Her father applied to the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, to take away the children of the marriage from Shelley, on the ground that his impious character made it unfit that he should be entrusted with their education. The principal proof adduced in respect of this was the poem, to which reference has already been made, as having been composed by Shelley while at Oxford, (before he was eighteen,) and which had been surreptitiously printed and published. It was untruly stated to the Chancellor that Shelley himself had published it since the marriage. How Shelley shaped his defence, we know not. Probably he was irritated into the profession of such tenets as would be sure to shock Lord Eldon the most. Shelley loathed the semblance of hypocrisy, and in avoiding it sometimes ran into the error of avowing even more than could be truly charged against him. The result was, that Shelley was deprived of his children, and he never saw them more. He felt this bereavement most bitterly; and many of his subsequent extravagances in political and religious speculations arose from the tumult and agony of his spirit under what he deemed the persecuting oppression caused by the institutions of his country.

Shelley afterwards contracted a second marriage, which was in every respect as fortunate as the first had been calamitous. His second wife was the daughter of the celebrated Godwin; and in his union with this highly gifted and amiable lady, Shelley found the only source of happiness that he ever experienced during his brief but much-suffering existence.

Shelley had acquired at Eton a love of boating, which always made him choose his residence near the banks of some river or by the sea-side. He was a deep admirer of the scenery of the Thames; and for the greater part of the time which he spent in

England after his second marriage, he resided at Marlow, near Windsor. One of his longest poems (the "Revolt of Islam") was composed here. In the dedication of it to his wife he beautifully refers to the spot where it was written:—

"So now my summer-task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home;
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faery,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome;
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
A star among the stars of mortal night,
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and light.

"The toil which stole from thee so many an hour,
Is ended,—and the fruit is at thy feet!
No longer where the woods to frame a bower
With interlaced branches mix and meet,
Or where with sound like many voices sweet,
Water-falls leap among wild islands green,
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been."

With the exception of this residence at Marlow, and some brief tours in other parts of England, Shelley resided abroad after his second marriage. We have from his pen many exquisite descriptions of Swiss and Italian scenery. He continued to be an indefatigable student of the modern literature of England and other countries, and he kept up his study of the classics with earnest love,—Plato, Æschylus, and Sophocles being his favourite authors. I will extract a remark of his on the Œdipus Tyrannus, which will serve to show how accurate and observant a student Shelley became; and which may perhaps serve to remind others, besides myself, of the watchfulness and minute attention with which we must read Sophocles in order to appreciate the merits of that great poet.

Mrs. Shelley, in a note written after Shelley's death, says:—

"I find in one of his manuscript books some remarks on a line in the Œdipus Tyrannus, which shows at once the critical subtlety of Shelley's mind, and explains his apprehension of those 'minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us,' which he pronounces, in the letter quoted in the note to the 'Revolt of Islam,' to comprehend all that is sublime in man.

"In the Greek Shakspeare, Sophocles, we find the image,

Πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις.

A line of almost unfathomable depth of poetry, yet how simple are the images in which it is arrayed,—

Coming to many ways in the wanderings of careful thought.

If the words ὁδοὺς and πλάνοις had not been used, the line might have been explained in a metaphorical instead of an absolute sense, as we say, 'ways and means,' and wanderings for error and confusion; but they meant literally paths or roads, such as we tread with our feet; and wanderings, such as a man makes when he loses himself in a desert, or roams from city to city, as Œdipus, the speaker of this verse, was destined to wander, blind and asking charity. What a picture does this line suggest of the mind as a wilderness of intricate paths, wide as the universe, which is here made its symbol, a world within a world, which he, who seeks some knowledge with respect to what he ought to do, searches throughout, as he would search the external universe for some valued thing which was hidden from him upon its surface."

Shelley perished, as I have before mentioned, in 1822. In the month of June in that year he was residing near Lerici, a small town on the coast of the Bay of Spezia. He set sail from there on the 30th of that month with a friend, Captain Williams, and one seaman, in an open boat, to welcome Leigh Hunt, who had arrived at Leghorn. Mr. Trelawney, a friend of Lord Byron's, who had recently become acquainted with Shelley, has given the following particulars of his fate:

"Their boat had been built for Mr. Shelley at Genoa, by a captain in the navy. It was twenty-four feet long, eight in the beam, schooner-rigged, with gaft topsails, &c., and drew four feet water. On Monday, the 8th of July, at an early hour, they got under weigh to return home, having on board a quantity of household articles, four hundred dollars, a small canoe, and some books and manuscripts. At half-past twelve they made all sail out of the harbour with a light and favourable breeze, steering direct for Spezia. I had likewise weighed anchor to accompany them a few miles out in Lord Byron's schooner, the Bolivar; but there was some demur about papers from the guard-boat; and they, fearful of losing the breeze, sailed without me. I re-anchored, and watched my friends, till their boat became a speck on the horizon,

which was growing thick and dark, with heavy clouds moving rapidly, and gathering in the south-west quarter. I then retired to the cabin, where I had not been half an hour, before a man on deck told me a heavy squall had come on. We let go another anchor. The boats and vessels in the roads were scudding past us in all directions, to get into the harbour; and in a moment it blew a hard gale from the south-west,—the sea, from excessive smoothness, foaming, breaking, and getting up into a very heavy swell. The wind, having shifted, was now directly against my friends. I felt confident they would be obliged to bear off for Leghorn; and being anxious to hear of their safety, stayed on board till a late hour, but saw nothing of them. The violence of the wind did not continue above an hour; it then gradually subsided; and at eight o'clock, when I went on shore, it was almost a calm. It however blew hard at intervals during the night, with rain, and thunder and lightning. The lightning struck the mast of a vessel close to us, shivering it to splinters, killing two men, and wounding others. From these circumstances, becoming greatly alarmed for the safety of the voyagers, a note was despatched to Mr. Shelley's house at Lerici, the reply to which stated that nothing had been heard of him and his friend; which augmented our fears to such a degree, that couriers were despatched on the whole line of coast from Leghorn to Nice, to ascertain if they had put in any where, or if there had been any wreck, or indication of losses by sea. I immediately started for Via Reggio, having lost sight of the boat in that direction. My worst fears were almost confirmed on my arrival there, by news that a small canoe, two empty water-barrels, and a bottle, had been found on the shore, which things I recognised as belonging to the boat. I had still, however, warm hopes that these articles had been thrown overboard to clear them from useless lumber in the storm; and it seemed a general opinion that they had missed Leghorn, and put into Elba or Corsica, as nothing more was heard for eight days. This state of suspense becoming intolerable, I returned from Spezia to Via Reggio, where my worst fears were confirmed by the information that two bodies had been washed on shore, one on that night very near the town, which, by the dress and stature, I knew to be Mr. Shelley's. Mr. Keats's last volume of 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' &c., being open in the jacket-pocket, confirmed it beyond a doubt. The body of Mr. Williams was subsequently found near a tower on the Tuscan shore, about

four miles from his companion. Both the bodies were greatly decomposed by the sea, but identified beyond a doubt. The seaman, Charles Vivian, was not found for nearly three weeks afterwards. His body was interred on the spot on which a wave had washed it, in the vicinity of Massa."

As it was impossible to remove Shelley's body, it was burnt on the shore where it was found, and the ashes were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, a spot of which Shelley had said that "it was so beautiful that it almost made one in love with death." A child of Shelley's had been buried there, and his friend Keats had been laid there not long before Shelley's own death. In Shelley's poem of Adonais, written in honour of Keats's memory, he has thus described the spot that was soon to hold his own remains:—

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transform'd to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitch'd in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguish'd breath.

Here, pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consign'd
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,

Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is pass'd from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

This long but beautiful extract from one of Shelley's latest poems shows how incorrect it is to attribute to him that denial of the soul's immortality, which is generally implied in the charge of Atheism. In truth he approached most nearly to the Idealism of Berkeley.

I have mentioned, and already partly proved by quotations, Shelley's wonderful mastery over the English language and the exquisite melody of his rhythms. These qualities in a poet are most surely demonstrated when he is translating others, and when he is consequently compelled to find expressions for ideas which must follow in a defined order, and each of which must have an assigned share of prominence given to it. I will quote, therefore, some of Shelley's translations; giving the original texts, in order to show the astonishing accuracy of the versions; though Shelley com-

pletely followed out his own canon, that "translations are intended for those who do not understand the originals, and that they should be purely English."

FROM MOSCHUS.

Τὰν ἅλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν ἄνεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλῃ,
Τὰν φρένα τὰν δειλὰν ἐρεθίζομαι, οὐδ' ἔτι μοι γᾶ
Ἐντὶ φίλα, ποτάγει δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἅμμε γαλάνα.
Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἀχήσῃ πολιὸς βυθὸς, ἃ δὲ θάλασσα
Κυρτὸν ἐπαφρίζῃ, τὰ δὲ κύματα μακρὰ μεμήνῃ,
Ἐς χθόνα παπταίνω καὶ δένδρεα, τὰν δ' ἅλα φεύγω·
Γᾶ δέ μοι ἀσπαστὰ, χ' ἁ δάσκιος εὔαδεν ὕλα,
Ἔνθα καὶ, ἢν πνεύσῃ πολὺς ἄνεμος, ἃ πίτυς ᾄδει.
Ἡ κακὸν ὁ γριπεὺς ζώει βίον, ᾧ δόμος ἁ ναῦς,
Καὶ πόνος ἐντὶ θάλασσα, καὶ ἰχθὺς ἁ πλάνος ἄγρα.
Αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ὑπὸ πλατάνῳ βαθυφύλλῳ,
Καὶ παγᾶς φιλέοιμι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἦχον ἀκούειν,
Ἃ τέρπει ψοφέοισα τὸν ἄγριον, οὐχὶ ταράσσει.

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more:
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind.—But when the roar
Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody;
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey, the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

FROM DANTE.

(PURGATORIO. CANTO XXVIII.)

Vago già di cercar dentro e dintorno
La divina foresta spessa e viva,
Ch' agli occhi temperava il nuovo giorno,
Senza più aspettar lasciai la riva,
Prendendo la campagna lento lento
Su per lo suol che d' ogni parte oliva.
Un' aura dolce, senza mutamento
Avere in sè, mi feria per la fronte,
Non di più colpo che soave vento.
* * *
Già m'avean trasportato i lenti passi
Dentro all' antica selva tanto, ch' io
Non potea rivedere ond' io m' entrassi:
Ed ecco il più andar mi tolse un rio,
Che 'nver sinistrra con sue picciol' onde
Piegava l' erba che 'n sua ripa uscio.

Tutte l' acque, che son di qua più monde,
Parrieno avere in sè mistura alcuna
Verso di quella che nulla nasconde,
Avvegna che si muova bruna bruna
Sotto l' ombra perpetua, che mai
Raggiar non lascia Sole ivi, nè Luna.
Co' pie ristetti, e con gli occhi passai
Di là dal fiumicel, per ammirare
La gran varïazion de' freschi mai:
E là m' apparve, sì com' egli appare
Subitamente cosa che disvìa
Per maraviglia tutt' altro pensare,
Una donna soletta, che si gìa
Cantando, ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
Ond' era pinta tutta la sua via.
Deh! bella donna, ch' a' raggi d' amore
Ti scaldi, s' io vo' credere a' sembianti,
Che soglion esser testimon del cuore,
Vegnati voglia di trarreti avanti,
Diss' io a lei, verso questa riviera,
Tanto ch' io possa intender chè tu canti.
Tu mi fai rimembrar dove e qual' era
Proserpina nel tempo che perdette
La madre lei, ed ella primavera.

" Now earnest to explore within—around
That divine wood, whose thick green living roof
Temper'd the young day to the sight, I wound

Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof
With slow—slow steps—leaving the mountain's steep,
And sought those leafy labyrinths, motion-proof

Against the air, that in that stillness, deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare,
Like a sweet breathing of a child in sleep.

Already had I lost myself so far,
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I
Perceived not where I enter'd—but no fear

Of wandering from my way disturbed, when nigh,
A little stream appear'd; the grass that grew
Thick on its banks, impeded suddenly

My going on. Water of purest dew—
On earth, would appear turbid and impure,
Compared with this—whose unconcealing hue,

Dark—dark—yet clear, moved under the obscure
Of the close boughs, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine would endure.

My feet were motionless, but mid the glooms
Darted my charmed eyes, contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May-blooms

That starr'd that night ; when even as a thing
That suddenly for blank astonishment
Charms every sense, and makes all thoughts take wing,

Appear'd a solitary maid—she went
Singing and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.

Bright lady ! who if looks had ever power
To hear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower

Unto this bank—I pray thee, let me win
This much of thee—O come ! that I may hear
Thy song : like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,

Thou seemest to my fancy,—singing here,
And gathering flowers as that fair maiden, when
She lost the spring, and Ceres her more dear."

The next is from the "Magico Prodigioso" of Calderon. It is part of the scene where the voices of evil spirits tempt Justina.

Just. Pesada imaginacion, [*Asombrada é inquieta.*
Al parecer lisonjera,
¡ Cuándo te he dado ocasion,
Para que de esta manera
Aflijas mi corazon ?
¡ Cuál es la causa, en rigor,
De este fuego, de este ardor,
Que en mí por instantes crece ?
¡ Qué dolor el que padece
Mi sentido !
Tod. (*Cant.*) Amor, amor.
Just. Aquel ruiseñor amante [*Sosiégase mas.*
Es quien respuesta me da,
Enamorando constante
Á su consorte, que está
Un ramo mas adelante.
Calla, ruiseñor ; no aqui
Imaginar me hagas ya,
Por las quejas que te oí,
Como un hombre sentirá,
Si siente un pájaro asi.
Mas no ; una vid fue lasciva,
Que buscando fugitiva
Val el tronco donde se enlace,
Siendo el verdor con que abrace,
El peso con que derriba.
No asi con verdes abrazos
Me hagas pensar en quien amas,
Vid ; que dudaré en tus lazos,
Si asi abrazan unas ramas,
Como enraman unos brazos

Y si no es la vid, será
Aquel girasol, que está
Viendo cara á cara al sol,
Tras cuyo hermoso arrebol
Siempre moviéndose va.
No sigas, no, tus enojos,
Flor, con marchitos despojos ;
Que pensarán mis congojas,
Si asi lloran unas hojas,
Como lloran unos ojos.
Cesa, amante ruiseñor,
Desúnete, vid frondosa,
Párate, inconstante flor,
Ó decid, ¡ qué venenosa
Fuerza usais !

Tod. (*Cant.*) Amor, amor.

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought, which art
So fluttering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart ?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fever'd being move,
Momently raging more and more ?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses ?

ALL.

Love, O Love !

JUSTINA.

'Tis that enamour'd nightingale
Who gives me the reply ;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who, rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.
Be silent, Nightingale—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted sunflower, thou

Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour,
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamour'd tale,—
Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me—

ALL.

Love! love! love!

The last specimen which I shall give of Shelley's translations, is the celebrated "Song of the Archangels," in Goethe's "Faust:"—

Raphael.

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise,
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang;
Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag;
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

Gabriel.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht;
Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
Mit tiefer, schauervoller Nacht;
Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen
Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

Michael.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette,
Vom Meer aufs Land, vom Land aufs Meer,
Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher.
Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags;
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

Zu Drei.

Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Da keiner dich ergründen mag,
Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

RAPHAEL.

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle roll'd
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may;—
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land!
And, raging, weave a chain of power
Which girds the earth as with a band.
A flashing desolation there
Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may;—
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.

The last passage that I shall extract here from Shelley is an original poem, which I quote both for its beauty, and because it feelingly pourtrays the wretchedness of the heart, which, however good and gentle towards its fellow-creatures, has made shipwreck of its faith.

These stanzas were found among Shelley's other unfinished poems after his death; and it will be seen that the first stanza had not received the author's final corrections.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:

The breath of the moist air is light,
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown ;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born in 1802. He died of consumption on the 15th of July, 1839.

He had been member of Parliament for Aylesbury, St. Germain's, and Yarmouth, in successive Parliaments; and he had held the

office of Secretary to the Board of Control, from December, 1834, to the April following.

He was obliged to leave public life, and, as he himself expressed it, to retire to die, just as his eloquence and ability were winning for him a place in the first rank of one of the great parties in the State.

It is principally as a poet that he will be remembered. Many beautiful poems, which he contributed to the temporary periodicals of the day, lie at present buried in defunct annuals and old magazines. They well deserve collection. I quote from memory one of them, a spirited poem on the meeting between Arminius and his brother, mentioned in the second book of the Annals of Tacitus.[1] I have not had the resolution to plunge into the Dead Sea of the Keepsakes, Souvenirs, &c., of twenty or twenty-three years ago, and probably my version may not be accurate; but I believe that

> "I recall
> The sense of what he wrote, although I mar
> The force of his expressions."

ARMINIUS.

Back, back;—he fears not foaming flood
  Who fears not steel-clad line:—
No warrior thou of German blood,
  No brother thou of mine.
Go, earn Rome's chain to load thy neck,
  Her gems to deck thy hilt;
And blazon honour's hapless wreck
  With all the gauds of guilt.

[1] "Flumen Visurgis Romanos Cheruscosque interfluebat: ejus in ripâ cum ceteris primoribus Arminius adstitit, quæsitoque 'an Cæsar venisset?' postquàm 'adesse' responsum est, 'ut liceret cum fratre conloqui' oravit. Erat is in exercitu cognomento Flavius, insignis fide, et amisso per vulnus oculo paucis antè annis, duce Tiberio: tum permissum; progressusque salutatur ab Arminio: qui amotis stipatoribus, 'ut sagittarii nostrâ pro ripâ dispositi abscederent,' postulat; et postquàm digressi, 'unde ea deformitas oris?' interrogat fratrem: illo locum, et prælium referente, 'quodnam præmium recepisset?' exquirit. Flavius 'aucta stipendia, torquem, et coronam, aliaque militaria dona' memorat, inridente Arminio vilia servitii pretia. Exin diversi ordiuntur: hic 'magnitudinem Romanam, opes Cæsaris, et victis graves pœnas; in deditionem venienti paratam clementiam; neque conjugem et filium ejus hostiliter haberi.' Ille 'fas patriæ, libertatem avitam, penetrales Germaniæ deos, matrem precum sociam; ne propinquorum et adfinium, denique gentis suæ desertor et proditor, quàm imperator esse mallet.' Paulatim inde ad jurgia prolapsi, quominus pugnam consererent, ne flumine quidem interjecto cohibebantur; ne Stertinius adcurrens, plenum iræ, 'armaque et equum' poscentem Flavium attinuisset. Cernebatur contra minitabundus Arminius, prælliumque denuntians: nam pleraque Latino sermone interjaciebat, ut qui Romanis in castris ductor popularium meruisset."

But wouldst thou have *me* share the prey?—
By all that I have done,
The Varian bones that day by day
Lie whitening in the sun,
The legion's trampled panoply,
The eagle's shatter'd wing,—
I would not be for earth or sky
So scorn'd and mean a thing.

Ho, call me here the wizard, boy,
Of dark and subtle skill,
To agonise but not destroy,
To torture, not to kill.
When swords are out, and shriek and shout
Leave little room for prayer,
No fetter on man's arm or heart
Hangs half so heavy there.

I curse him by the gifts, the land
Hath won from him and Rome,
The riving axe, the wasting brand,
Rent forest, blazing home.
I curse him by our country's gods,
The terrible, the dark,
The breakers of the Roman rods,
The smiters of the bark.

Oh misery that such a ban
On such a brow should be!
Why comes he not in battle's van
His country's chief to be?—
To stand a comrade by my side,
The sharer of my fame,
And worthy of a brother's pride
And of a brother's name?—

But it is past!—where heroes press
And cowards bend the knee,
Arminius is not brotherless,
His brethren are the free.
They come around:—one hour, and light
Will fade from turf and tide,
Then onward, onward to the fight
With darkness for our guide.

To-night, to-night, when we shall meet
In combat face to face,
Then only would Arminius greet
The renegade's embrace.
The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
Upon his dying name;
And as he lived in slavery,
So shall he fall in shame.

During Mr. Praed's brief parliamentary career, he was the author of many gracefully sarcastic pieces of political poetry,

which were very successful at the time, but which it is now almost impossible to trace out and collect. One, which I believe I remember pretty accurately, was:—

ON SEEING THE SPEAKER ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR

IN ONE OF THE DEBATES OF THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair
If you mayn't in your bed, that you should in your chair.
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
Talking by night, and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker: slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill.
You have more need of repose than they,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time,
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord, how principles pass away!
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Both at Cambridge and Eton (the two places of his education) Praed was highly distinguished as a scholar and a poet. I shall here speak only of his literary achievements while at Eton. He there was the editor and principal writer of "The Etonian," the most brilliant of the numerous periodicals which have from time to time been conducted by students at the school. My last quotation (the last of the numerous ones contained in these pages) shall be from Praed's spirited description of the procession or rather "the race" of Eton boats by water, and Eton cavaliers and pedestrians by land, to Surly Hall on the evening of Election

Saturday. This was the last poem that Praed wrote while at Eton, and its concluding lines have found and yet will find an echo in many a heart.

The sun hath shed a mellower beam,
Fair Thames, upon thy silvery stream,
And air and water, earth and heaven,
Lie in the calm repose of even.
How silently the breeze moves on,
Flutters, and whispers, and is gone
How calmly does the quiet sky
Sleep in its cold serenity!
Alas! how sweet a scene were here
For shepherd or for sonneteer;
How fit the place, how fit the time,
For making love, or making rhyme!
But though the sun's descending ray
Smiles warmly on the close of day,
'Tis not to gaze upon the light
That Eton's sons are here to-night;
And though the river, calm and clear,
Makes music to the poet's ear,
'Tis not to listen to the sound
That Eton's sons are thronging round.
The sun unheeded may decline,
Blue eyes send out a brighter shine;
The wave may cease its gurgling moan,
Glad voices have a sweeter tone;
For, in our calendar of bliss,
We have no hour so gay as this,
When the kind hearts and brilliant eyes
Of those we know, and love, and prize,
Are come to cheer the captive's thrall,
And smile upon his festival.
Stay, Pegasus,—and let me ask,
Ere I go onward in my task,
Pray, reader,—were you ever here
Just at this season of the year?
No?—then the end of next July
Should bring you, with admiring eye,
To hear us row, and see us row,
And cry,—"How fast them boys does go!"
Lord! what would be the cynic's mirth,
If fate would lift him to the earth,
And set his tub, with magic jump,
Squat down beside the Brocas clump!
What scoffs the sage would utter there,
From his unpolish'd elbow-chair,
To see the sempstress' handy-work,
The Greek confounded with the Turk,
Parisian mix'd with Piedmontese,
And Persian join'd to Portuguese;

And mantles short, and mantles long,
And mantles right, and mantles wrong,
Misshaped, miscolour'd, and misplaced,
With what the tailor calls—a taste.
And then the badges, and the boats,
The flags, the drums, the paint, the boats;
But more than these, and more than all,
The pullers' intermitted call,
"Easy!"—"Hard all!"—"Now pick her up!"
"Upon my life, how I shall sup!"

* * * *

The boats put off!—throughout the crowd
The tumult thickens; wide and loud
The din re-echoes; man and horse
Plunge onward in their mingled course.
Look at the troop: I love to see
Our real Etonian Cavalry;
They start in such a pretty trim,
And such sweet scorn of life and limb.
I must confess I never found
A horse much worse for being sound;
I wish my Nag not wholly blind,
And like to have a tail behind;
And though he certainly may hear
Correctly with a single ear,
I think, to look genteel and neat,
He ought to have his two complete.
But these are trifles! off they go
Beside the wondering River's flow;
And if, by dint of spur and whip,
They shamble on, without a trip,
Well have they done! I make no question
They 're shaken into good digestion.
I and my Muse,—my Muse and I,
Will follow with the Company,
And get to Surly Hall in time
To make a Supper, and a Rhyme.

* * * * *

Hark! hark! a mellow'd note
Over the water seem'd to float!
Hark! the note repeated!
A sweet, and soft, and soothing strain,
Echoed, and died, and rose again,
As if the Nymphs of Fairy reign
Were holding to-night their revel rout,
And pouring their fragrant voices out,
On the blue waters seated.
Hark to the tremulous tones that flow,
And the voice of the boatmen, as they row!
Cheerfully to the heart they go,
And touch a thousand pleasant strings,

Of Triumph, and Pride, and Hope, and Joy,
And thoughts that are only known to Boy,
  And young Imaginings!
The note is near, the Voice comes clear,
And we catch its Echo on the ear,
  With a feeling of delight;
And as the gladdening sounds we hear,
There's many an eager listener here,
  And many a straining sight.
  One moment,—and ye see
Where, fluttering quick, as the breezes blow,
Backwards and forwards, to and fro;
Bright with the beam of retiring day,
Old Eton's flag, on its watery way
  Moves on triumphantly;
But what, that Ancient Poets have told,
Of Amphitrite's Car of Gold
With the Nymphs behind, and the Nymphs before,
And the Nerid's song, and the Triton's roar,
  Could equal half the pride,
That heralds the Monarch's plashing oar,
  Over the swelling tide?
And look!—they land, those gallant crews,
With their jackets light, and their bellying trews;

* * * *

Yet e'en on this triumphant day
  One thought of grief will rise;
And though I bid my fancy play,
And jest, and laugh through all the lay,
Yet sadness still will have her way,
  And burst the vain disguise!
Yes! when the pageant shall have past,
I shall have look'd upon my last;
I shall not e'er behold again
Our pullers' unremitted strain;
Nor listen to the charming cry
Of contest or of victory,
That speaks what those young bosoms feel,
As keel is pressing fast on keel;
Oh! bright these glories still shall be,
But they shall never dawn for me.

I have purposely avoided giving any account in these two last Chapters of the general progress of the School in modern times, or of its present system. Etonians do not require it, and I could not make the subject intelligible to non-Etonians without going into details too minute and prolix for these pages. Suffice it to say, that Eton has continued to flourish, and never stood higher than she does now. I will only allude to three recent events;—the munificent foundation of a Divinity and Classical Scholarship by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle in 1829, whereby a great stimulus was given to increased study throughout the School; the erection of new buildings for the accommodation of the Collegers, and the great ameliorations of their condition, which were effected in 1844; and to the recent institution by His Royal Highness Prince Albert of a prize for proficiency in modern languages.

If the province of the Memoir-writer were not limited to the biographies of the dead, I should now be very far from the conclusion of my work. Living Etonians are eminent in every rank of life, in every profession, in every department of literature and science. I will only name a few, but the list might be prolonged through several pages. Eton claims as her sons the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Winchester and Lichfield, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Denman, Lord Stanley, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Carlisle, Lord Lyttelton, and many more of the most eminent members of the British Peerage. Among the names of her most distinguished Commoners of the present day, that most readily occur to the memory, are those of Sir Stratford Canning, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Gladstone, Hallam, Milman, Moultrie, Mr. Justice Patteson, and Vice-Chancellor Shadwell. With heartfelt gratitude and pride I look on the time-honoured walls where so much of the worth of four centuries has been nurtured; and in confidence, as well as in sincerity, I repeat the old wish that so many lips have uttered, and which will be fervently breathed by so many thousands more,

FLOREAT ETONA!

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